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New Year's day, the first snow of the season. Otis was assigned to the task of clearing the snow from the front walk, which he did under protest. However, his reward came in the afternoon when he joined a group of neighborhood boys with his sled. A ^a caller was Prof. Jones of Clark University who desired information that would be helpful in making a survey of South American countries.

^{at} the office the next day & one of my callers was Dr. Sheppard of the University of North Dakota en route to Europe to make an intensive study of the bacon type of hogs; Mr. Finch, who collaborated with Dr. O.E. Baker in the preparation of an atlas of world agriculture, who wanted to know why there were so few railways in the eastern half of the Province of Buenos Aires. I was able to point out to him at once that the region in question is marshy and too wet for successful crop production, so that large portions of it are devoted mainly to cattle raising; and Mr. Haas, of the Northwestern University who said he was in Argentina in 1923.

On the 3d I had a very enjoyable oyster luncheon with a group of friends from the Crop Estimates Division. Otis and his friend Walker spent several days trying to install a small radio set which, after many failures, they succeeded in getting to work. Otis, 1²/₂, and Thelma, 14, were sent to school and assigned to the 4th and 5th grades respectively. The following week Thelma was dropped back to grade 4¹/₂ because of deficiency in arithmetic.

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On the 8th Dr. Taylor showed me a telegram from the Permanent Delegate at Rome urging me to accept the appointment as director of the world census project. Again I explained that it would involve a personal sacrifice that I felt I could not afford to make, and that under no circumstances would I accept the appointment unless it was as the recognized head of the project with complete freedom of action and full responsibility for its success. However, the persistence with which the offer continued to be made and the general understanding throughout the department that I had accepted caused me to consider it from various angles. For several days I thought out the pros and cons, the advantages and the disadvantages, the probable outcome and consequences, which I set down in parallel columns on a piece of paper. The argument for declining was mainly that it would enable me to live with my family and friends in Washington, to either resume my former permanent position or similar position among my colleagues and friends in the Department of Agriculture, or obtain employment at a higher salary with a private firm, sell my town house at an advanced price because of the high level of real estate values and the development in the immediate neighborhood, keep in touch with Sunny Hill Farm and get it in shape for retirement retreat, and the opportunity to exercise some control over the two adopted children and keep them in school. On the other hand a five year tour of duty abroad was attractive to me because not only would a successful conclusion of the world agricultural census project constitute a distinguished public service, laying the foundation for all future international censuses, but it would round out my career of public service, give me a unique opportunity to travel to many countries with a certain official prestige, but it would bring me in contact with the responsible

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officials of many governments, keep me on the alert, broaden my knowledge of international conditions and affairs. give me an opportunity to visit many of the art galleries, museums, botanical gardens and agricultural experiment stations of the world, all of which would be a postgraduate course in liberal education, and it would give me a fund of travel experiences and observations that would be a permanent possession and a source of satisfaction throughout the rest of my life; the salary would probably enable me to increase my small capital for fitting up Sunny Hill as a comfortable home upon retirement; and my long absence would give my wife a free hand to try out her theory of indulgence, and guidance by love, affection, and personal sacrifice, on the two children, without insistence on certain well recognized rules of conduct-- with which theory I was not in agreement; and there was the possibility that if I made a success of this international project I would return with increased reputation and prestige, there might be an opening in the department into which I could step in case I wished to remain in service. Furthermore, I believed that it would be possible to formulate plans, get them approved, and have them adopted by the various governments within three years, assuming that I would have a capable assistant who could visit some of the capitals while I was visiting others. I had also the feeling that if I did not accept this assignment I might regret it later. These considerations led me to decide that I would accept the assignment, provided I could be the recognized leader of the project and have a free hand so that the success of the project would not be jeopardized by the provincial ideas of Europeans who think in terms of kitchen gardens and empires little larger than a county in Texas or California.

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On the 13th began revising material for a report on the cotton industry of Brazil. At the Farm Hands Club luncheon I heard an interesting talk by Dr. Lane of the Federal Vocational Education Board on highways as a factor in rural education, and a talk by a Mr. Dodge, a newspaper correspondent on the history of propaganda, in which he asserted that practically all states and governments had prospered under many different forms of government. After much talking about it Otis undertook to sell Saturday Evening Posts for a news agency and was much elated at the prospect of parading up and down Connecticut Avenue with an armful of periodicals and exchanging them for money as he had seen other boys do. He brought his stock in trade to the house, sold one to his foster mother, one to the lodger upstairs, one to an old lady friend next door, and one to another neighbor who knew him, all of whom wanted to help him on his commercial career. Then he ventured out on Connecticut Avenue with a few copies under his arm, but returned within a few minutes without having made a sale. That ended his career as a salesman of periodicals. He not only lost all interest in the matter but conceived a decided aversion to making any further efforts, and it required urging on my part to induce him to liquidate his venture by turning in the 20 cents he had collected and the unsold copies.

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On the 15th I attended a meeting of the American Forestry Association at the Cosmos Club at which tropical agriculture was the topic of discussion. Major Ahern, who organized the Philippine forest service, said that he attributed his freedom from tropical diseases during the fifteen years of his ~~service~~ residence and exploration in the islands to the fact that he scrupulously avoided drinking water unless it was boiled and to the free use of alcoholic beverages. Some one in the audience spoke up and asked the major if he would advocate the free use of alcohol, beer, and whiskey, in the tropics and he replied emphatically that he most assuredly did because by their use he had escaped, whereas his colleagues and associates in the Philippines who insisted on limiting themselves to water were all in their graves. I also met my old friend, Dr. W. A. Orton, formerly of the Bureau of Plant Industry. I could scarcely believe my eyes. The last time I saw him before the Argentine trip he was emaciated, anemic, ghastly, as if death was about to claim him. Now he was large, hearty, robust, full of energy, with bright eyes, animated and vigorous. When I asked him the secret of the ⁱmiracle, he said it was "insulin"--a recently discovered remedy for diabetes. He also informed me that he had resigned his position in the Bureau of Plant Industry to become Manager of the Tropical Research Foundation at a much higher salary, and this was an organization for the study and promotion of tropical agriculture formed by a group of scientific men and supported by a small grant of private funds and such income as might be derived from contracts with governments and business organizations for research work on special problems in tropical countries.

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cion quoting interviews with me and speaking highly of my work in the Argentine Department of Agriculture. The Washington Star carried a statement to the effect that Mr. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, had declined to be transferred to the Department of Agriculture.

The following evening we had friends to dinner. One of them, Dr. Jones, failed to notice that the invitation included his children, so that there were several vacant seats at the table.

The next day was Sunday which I devoted to reading papers and magazines, making out an income tax return, visiting the Corcoran Art Gallery in the afternoon, and reading a book in the evening.

On the 19th I attended a bureau council meeting and later dictated a report on Brazilian cotton production. This was followed by an interview with Mr. Charles M. Steuart, a economist at the University of Illinois.

Thelma came home before the close of school because the doctor said she had a mild form of whooping cough and would have remain at home for a few weeks.

I attended the Farm Hands Club luncheon on the 20th and heard talks by Mr. Poteet of the Cooperative Council, Mr. Bauer who specialized on the Muscles Shoals project for the American Farm Bureau Federation, Dr. Nourse of the Iowa University, and others. One of the members called attention to an article in the Philadelphia Ledger advocating a complete reorganization of the Department of Agriculture, which confirmed my belief that the department had deteriorated greatly during the administration of Mr. Wallace. I spent the rest of the day studying the crop acreages of Argentina and estimated that crop production could be increased five times without any change in farm practice by simply turn-

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~~Industry~~ Chemistry, who said he was working on yerba mate; also an interview with Mr. Stuart, the economist, regarding Argentine cattle.

On the 23d I supplied the Argentine Embassy with some statistics regarding agricultural production in its country. In the evening ~~my wife and~~ I attended a meeting of the Potomac No.1 Grange and was initiated in the first and second degrees. The exercises are founded on ~~those of~~ Masonic rites and are supposed to be symbolic. I readily appreciated the symbolism, but to me the ritual seems to be mere mummary, unnecessary, rather childish, and very tiresome, especially after one has witnessed it repeatedly. I joined partly for the experience and partly because of my strong belief in the necessity and the advantage of farmers organizing.

I received a registered letter from Sister Nellie at Winworth saying that she had been offered a position in New York City at \$1,800, and asking me to visit her the following Sunday.

The 24th I had a request from the Argentine Embassy for detailed information on freight rates in the United States. Mr. Gilbert of the Office of Information asked me to prepare a short address for the radio on Argentina.

In the afternoon I went to Frederick by train and rode out to my Sister's in the farm truck. She was inclined to accept the New York offer, and I advised her not to let any consideration

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of Sunny Hill and its care interfere with her decision, she having managed the farm for me during the preceding two years. The next day, in spite of the extreme cold, I inspected Sunny Hill. In the afternoon my niece's husband took me to the railway station and I reached home in time for supper. The train was excessively hot and the passengers suffered much discomfort. I like to be warm enough to be comfortable in cold weather, but do not like to be roasted. The conductor refused either to turn off the heat or open some of the ventilators. I have suffered from the overheating of trains and hotels in the United States, and account for it on the theory that heat in cold weather is a luxury and those who control artificial heat believe in plenty of luxury that costs them nothing. Perhaps it is just another manifestation of a truly American trait, that of going to extremes.

On the 26th I attended the bureau council meeting in the morning and worked on the Argentine report. In the afternoon I heard an excellent address at the National Museum by Sir Daniel Hall, technical adviser of the British Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. For many years he was director of the celebrated agricultural experiment station at Rothamsted, and had just completed an extended tour of the British possessions. He spoke from years of observation and ripe experience and with regret that large scale machine agriculture seemed about to displace the old ideal of the farm family. Seeing him reminded me of the time I mistook him for a flunkey at the Hotel de Russie in Rome in 1920.

At the Farm Hands Club luncheon the next day Mr. Charles Holman, the dairy organization expert, related an amusing anecdote about a negro preacher who never looked up a text or prepared a sermon in advance. On a certain occasion, after the congregation

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was seated and the preliminary proceedings were over, he stepped up to the desk on which was a closed bible, shut his eyes, opened the bible at random, placed his finger ostentatiously at the middle of the page, and then proceeded to read the verse so indicated as his text. The verse contained the word "Psalter," and on this word he ~~stuck~~ faltered because he had never encountered it before. He hesitated, made several false starts, ~~each~~ time, each time daunted by the formidable appearance of this strange word, and then determined not to let his audience suspect his predicament, he pronounced the word with great emphasis, "Pee-zul-Tree," whereupon he launched into a ^{ph}graphic description of the nature, history, and fruits of the "Pee-zul-Tree," and its symbolic significance to mankind.

This reminded me of a negro sermon written by an American humorist, Bill Arp I think, ~~preached~~ from the text, "And the Whangdoodle mourneth for her young." Only those who have lived among the negroes of the South can fully appreciate such texts as the "Pee-zul-Tree" and the "Whangdoodle," and can visualize the scenes they suggest.

In the evening I attended a banquet at the Hamilton Hotel given by the officials and research workers of the Department of Agriculture to Sir Daniel Hall. It was a cold day and the temperature fell to two degrees fahrenheit. Otis lost all enthusiasm for snow after being required to clean it off the front sidewalk.

On the 29th, still working on the Argentine report. Dr. Taylor showed me a telegram from Mr. Hobson at Rome saying that the Permanent Committee of the Institute offered me the directorship of the world agricultural census project, and urging me to accept.

The following day I prepared a memorandum for Dr. Taylor

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outlining the conditions under which I would accept the Rome offer, the essential stipulation being that I should have complete charge of the project and a free hand, subject only to the approval of the Permanent Committee. I sent a telegram to Sister Nellie asking if she was willing to continue as manager of Sunny Hill farm in the event I accepted the Rome appointment.

That evening I took the third and fourth degrees at the O Grange. I tried to discuss the Rome project with my wife, but she refused to listen, which was a sore trial to me.

During the last week of January I suffered severely with eye strain.

The early days of February were anything but pleasant because of eye and tooth trouble necessitating visits to the oculist and the dentist.

On the 4th I began to dictate my report on Argentina. Received a telegram from my sister saying she would look after Sunny Hill for me if I went to Rome. I ascertained from the Disbursing Officer that I could legally draw part of my salary from the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the remainder from the International Institute of Agriculture

On the 5th I purchased a cheap crystal radio outfit as an experiment and was surprised at the clearness of reception. Otis spent a few minutes on the street trying to sell some picture post cards, and promptly quit.

The evening of the next day I took Otis to a meeting of boy scouts that was organizing under an energetic leader at the Church of the Covenant. He was interested but very shy in the presence of so many other boys of his own age.

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hand were "not inconsistent with the policy of the Permanent Committee," I formally notified Dr. Taylor that I would accept, and shortly thereafter my bureau appointment was reduced to \$1,000 effective May 1st, with the understanding that this would be supplemented by an appointment by the International Institute of Agriculture at \$5,000, which was the salary limit fixed in the grant of funds by the International Education Board.

On the 9th I attended a meeting of the Bureau council, followed by a meeting of bureau officials to consider a program of work in South America. At the Pan American Union that afternoon I saw a display of moving pictures taken ^{when} ~~in~~ South American ~~by~~ delegates in attendance at the International Road Congress were taken on a tour of inspection in the United States. At this function excellent music was furnished by the U.S. Marine Band.

On the 11th I bought a duplicate of my inexpensive crystal radio set for our friends who occupied the upper rooms of our house. There were three women, advanced in years, one of them blind, who rarely left their quarters. This little set gave them great pleasure, especially the blind ⁱ lady who could now hear church services and music.

On the 14th the children were greatly excited over the valentines they received and in comparing them with those received by their playmates.

On the 16th the chief of bureau formally announced my appointment by the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome as director of the world agricultural census project. This was followed by an interview with the bureau editor and the issuance of a press notice by Mr. Marquis, who supplemented this by an announcement at the Farm Hands Club luncheon the next day. The following day the Washington papers carried the press notice

hand were not inconsistent with the policy of the Permanent Committee, "I formally notified Dr. Taylor that I would accept, and shortly thereafter my bureau appointment was reduced to \$1,000 effective May 1st, with the understanding that this would be supplemented by an appointment by the International Institute of Agriculture at \$2,000, which was the salary limit fixed in the grant of funds by the International Education Board.

On the 9th I attended a meeting of the Bureau Council, followed by a meeting of bureau officials to consider a program of work in South America. At the Pan American Union that afternoon I saw a display of moving pictures taken ^{when} South American delegates in attendance at the International Road Congress were taken on a tour of inspection in the United States. At this function excellent music was furnished by the U.S. Marine Band.

On the 11th I bought a duplicate of my inexpensive crystal radio set for our friends who occupied the upper rooms of our house. There were three women, advanced in years, one of them blind, who rarely left their quarters. This little set gave them great pleasure, especially the blind lady who could now hear church services and music.

On the 14th the children were greatly excited over the valentines they received and in comparing them with those received by their playmates.

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of the appointment.

I accompanied Mr. Mitchell to his laboratory in the Bureau of Chemistry and sampled his "Casiana tea," which he had concocted and was promoting. It was similar to yerba mate. It was made from the leaves of a plant that grows wild in South Carolina. He said the plant could be cultivated and harvested by machinery.

On the 20th I accompanied my wife to the Grange meeting and she took the first and second degrees, my thought being that she would enjoy the meetings and that during my coming absence she would belong to a fraternal organization where friends could in a way look after her

The following day I was pleased to receive a refund of 25 percent of the income tax I had paid the preceding year. The wife bought a boy scout uniform for Otis of which he was inordinately proud. On the 23d he wore his uniform on an excursion to Mount Vernon. He was tremendously excited and important in the morning, but returned in the afternoon tired and cross.

At the Farm Hands Club luncheon on the 24th Dr. Carleton R. Ball gave an excellent talk on Prof. ~~Jordan~~ Jardine, President of the Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kansas, whose appointment as Secretary of Agriculture had just been announced.

On the 25th I bought a used Essex coach with the idea that my wife could learn to operate it and during my coming absence she could take the children up to Sunny Hill whenever she felt like it. I found that I had not forgotten how to operate a car and got much pleasure from driving this one. However, it was not suitable for my wife because the space between the front seat and the controls was too great for her to reach. The position of the seat could not be changed. I could find no device on the market to overcome the difficulty, so I took the car to a machine

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(1925)

E--1505.

1414

shop and had blocks of wood fastened to the pedals. The car was in the shop three days, the simple job was clumsy and unsightly, and the charge for bolting three blocks of wood to three pedals was fifteen dollars. I employed an instructor for my wife to teach her the use of the car, but she made slow progress, partly because of her difficulty in reaching the controls. A few months later she sold the car and purchased a Ford sedan, which was much more satisfactory to her.

During the last week of February I began revising the manuscript of my Argentine report. There were also a number of interviews regarding the proposed world agricultural census and its objects and value. One of my colleagues confided his ambition to tour the world and make an economic survey of its agriculture. Another leader of the Agricultural Sociological Project said he had been invited by the American Delegate to spend a year at the International Institute of Agriculture. He said also, that Dr. Mann, dean of the Agricultural College at Cornell, was spending two or three years in Europe with his headquarters at the Institute, promoting various projects.

March opened cold and disagreeable.

The 4th was especially raw and blustery to the many thousands who stood for hours on the Capitol plaza to witness the inauguration ceremonies of President Coolidge^d. With the little crystal radio set I heard the inaugural address and the description of the proceedings perfectly and in comfort. Otis wore his boy scout uniform on the street. Thelma was still ill.

The following day I received a cablegram from Mr. Hobson at Rome saying that the Permanent Committee had confirmed my appointment.

On the ~~5th~~ 6th the Washington papers carried the notice

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(1925)

E--1506. 1415

that Dr. E.D.Ball, my gratuitous enemy of three years previously, had resigned upon request of the new Secretary.

The following day I turned the manuscript of my report on Argentina and Paraguay over to the editorial section.

On the 8th Mr.Foley, our agricultural commissioner at London, was present at a committee meeting to consider the relationship that should exist between agricultural and commercial attaches Dr. Taylor confided to me that the Secretary ad interim, Mr.Gore, had twice asked for his ^(Dr. Taylor's) resignation, which was the reason he had absented himself so much from Washington.

On the 9th I had an interview with Secretary Jardine, who said that he fully approved of the contribution of the Department of Agriculture to the census project. I received a copy of the Manufacturers Record of the previous week containing a marked editorial entitled "Outrage,"referring to the fact that a man who had worked on a farm until he was 21 with little or no schooling had been appointed to head the world agricultural census project in preference to numerous university competitors at a time when Congress was being harassed with petitions from various educational organizations to pass a law that would prohibit boys from working until they were 17 or 18, the editor branding the proposed law as a blunder. I sent a cablegram to the Institute at Rome accepting the appointment to the census project. At the Farm Hands Club I heard an interesting talk by Mr.Sorenson, Danish Agricultural Attache, describing his recent visit to Australia, New Zealand, and Argentina. Attended a banquet at the Cosmos Club given by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics to the visiting representatives of European cotton exchanges at which Secretary Jardine was present. .

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(1925)

E--1507.

14/6

The evening of the 14th wife and I had dinner with Dr. Taylor, his family, and several other invited guests. He said that he expected to visit Europe in April and that he did not intend to resign so long as there was any discussion about it in the press, but after the discussion died down he would probably retire the following autumn.

On the 15th, Sunday, I took the family to Sunny Hill, having dinner with mother and sister at Winworth. The crocuses at Sunny Hill were at their best.

At the Farm Hands Club luncheon on the 17th I heard an interesting talk on British agriculture by Sydney Cates, and there I met the new Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Dunlap. At the office revising manuscript and arranging illustrations.

On the 20th I attended a ~~in~~ banquet of the Washington branch of the American Statistical Association at the Grace Dodge Hotel. About 150 members were present and it proved to be an enjoyable affair, some of the dry-as-dust statisticians who spoke having a happy and saving sense of humor.

The 22d I left on the Southern Railway at 1055 a.m. with a group of my colleagues to attend a meeting of field agents at Gulfport, Mississippi, where we arrived the morning of the 24th. Except for eye trouble it was an enjoyable trip for me because of the contrast I saw in scenery with that of Argentina. I noted also what to me was a remarkable change in the appearance of the towns and villages and country roads. On all my former trips between Washington and the Gulf of Mexico I had been depressed by the ^uinpaint~~ed~~ed slovenly appearance of the houses, the barren dooryards, and the execrable country roads. Now the houses and fences had been repaired and painted, many of the front yards

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(1925)

E--1508.

1417

had flowers in them, and parallel with the railway was an ~~ex~~ excellent country road.

At Gulfport we made our headquarters at the old Southern Hotel facing the smooth waters of the Gulf. The field agents from all the southern states were there and morning and afternoon sessions were held to discuss their problems. In the evening ~~z~~ there was a banquet with talks by Dr. Taylor, myself, and Mr. Gist, field agent for Alabama. There were two formal meetings the following day, after which Dr. Taylor left for Memphis. Mr. McCandliss, the Mississippi field agent took Mr. Gage and I to see his young pecan orchard a few miles out from Gulfport.

We finished our formal meetings at noon on the 26th and in the afternoon went on an excursion in a launch with a balky engine. It took us ~~thee~~^r and one-half hours to go twelve miles. We enjoyed the outing and did not mind the delay except toward the last when it became apparent that we might have difficulty in catching the 6.30 p.m. train. The field agents gave me a warm welcome and several of them remarked that it was generally understood that I had been squeezed out of my former position at the time the change in the organization of the bureau took place and all the field agents resented it greatly.

The next day we were travelling through Georgia and the Carolinas. Most of the trees and shrubs were covered with fresh spring foliage. We reached Washington at 3 a.m. on the 28th. At the house I let myself in with a latch key and in order not to disturb the family laid down in my basement den. The family were much surprised when they came down for breakfast to find that I was in the house.

On the 29th we visited my wife's brother, Roger, who was confined to his bed with heart disease and was gradually losing ~~z~~ strength.

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(1925)

E--1509.

1418

Mother came in to spend a week with us.

On the 31st I arranged photographs in the Argentine-Paraguayan report, began to select material to take with me, and started looking up passport renewals, visas, and steamer sailings.

On April 1st I began to sort out the material accumulated in Argentina, most of which I turned over to the bureau. In the evening with my family I inspected the newly completed Mayflower Hotel in the adjoining block. This had been erected on the old Convent lot during our absence in Argentina.

On the 2d I took the family to see a Department of Agriculture motion picture at the Central High School and heard Secretary Jardine speak. The next afternoon I took the family for a ride around the Speedway and to inspect the impressive Lincoln Memorial. In the evening wife and I attended a Grange meeting and heard an address by Assistant Secretary Dunlap.

The 4th I took mother to the Union Station on her return to Frederick. I prepared a written interview for Miss Sherman of the editorial section of the bureau for use in preparing an article on the world agricultural census for the American Banker.

On the 8th I attended to insurance on town house and farm buildings, and called on wife's brother, Roger. Also I bought a used Remington typewriter in excellent condition for the wife and children to write weekly letters to me while abroad. I asked both children to take the shorthand and typewriting course when they entered highschool.

The following day I bought a wardrobe trunk. I finished revising the report on Argentina and Paraguay and turned it in for printing as a bulletin, which in this case took more than a year.

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(1925)

E--1510.

1419

On the 10th Lewis Blank, the hired man at Sunny Hill, and a young man from the neighborhood, brought in some narcissus blossoms for the wholesaler in the farm truck and took back with them some furniture and boxes of books for storage at Sunny Hill. Wrote an article for the Bureau News.

After supper Otis attended a meeting of boy scouts at the Church of the Covenant, which is only about three blocks from our house. He did not return at the time expected and I was on the point of going after him when he was brought home in a car by the Scout Master with a slight cut over his left eyebrow which happened in a game. We took him down to the emergency hospital on New York Avenue and had the cut dressed and bandaged. Otis was naturally much impressed with the operating room and instruments, the doctors and nurses dressed in white, and while there he behaved with fortitude as became a boy scout. However, for days thereafter he was excessively proud of the bandage about his head and objected strenuously to having it removed.

On the 11th, a bright springlike day, we had an enjoyable drive to Sunny Hill Farm. We took luncheon in a restaurant in Frederick and stopped at Winworth a few minutes to see mother and sister. At Sunny Hill we found Sister Nellie and several neighborhood girls picking and packing narcissus blossoms for shipment to Washington and Baltimore. This was the first time we had occasion to occupy the Cricket House cabin since our return. Upon inspection we found many things, such as blankets and cooking utensils, had been removed by the former hired man, a rough diamond named Rostine. It was necessary to drive back to Frederick to replace some of these articles and to lay in a supply of provisions for the coming week.

The next day, Sunday, the weather was ideal and the scenery

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(1925)

1511.

1420

beautiful. We all helped pick narcissus blossoms until the middle of the ~~forenoon~~ afternoon, wandered about the place, and in the evening visited mother at Winworth.

Monday I took Otis to the doctor in Frederick to have his wound examined and dressed, and purchased a radio outfit for mother.

Tuesday we explored the lower farm and found some narcissus that had been planted by former owners. Gave my wife a lesson in driving the car on the mountain grades, but it was rather unsatisfactory to both. I suspect that no husband should ever attempt to teach his wife anything.

Wednesday we transplanted some iris, picked some narcissus, and got off a shipment. Explored lower farm again. The children had luncheon with sister Nellie, after which Eunice's husband took them to a picture show in Frederick. In the evening the entire family went to a picture show.

The next day Sister Nellie and her girl helpers picked, tied, and shipped narcissus blossoms. Wife drove the car to Frederick and back. While she was preparing supper I drove over the ridge to see George Masser, the local farmer preacher, who was suffering from heart trouble and not expected to live. I found him cheerful and much pleased to see me.

On the 17th a cold rain fell. I took mother and Otis in to Frederick and had the doctor remove the bandage from Otis' head.

The next day we put things in order, had a nice luncheon with sister and mother, and drove to Washington in the afternoon. We took dinner at a restaurant.

The 19th I began packing my trunk. Took wife over to see her Brother Roger, who showed no improvement. Left some roses for

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(1925)

E--1512.

1421

him and tried to cheer him up. He asked what provision had been made for his sister during my prolonged absence. I assured him that he could rest easy in his mind because she would have a town house to live in, a farm to spend her vacations on, ^{an automobile} a bank account to draw upon for all expenses, and life insurance in case anything happened to me, and we ^{should} ~~shall~~ write back and forth to each other every week. This seemed to satisfy him. It was the last time I saw him alive.

On the 20th I arranged all my office papers. In the evening I took the family to the National Museum where I gave a lecture on Argentina illustrated with lantern slides. Most of my office colleagues and associates were there with their families and at the conclusion of the lecture Dr. Jones presented me with a traveling case, and Mr. Gage presented an armful of roses, both as testimonials from the employes of the Crop Estimates Division. Dr. Taylor introduced me at the opening. In the audience I saw Dr. E. D. Ball who had been so active in trying to maneuver me out of the bureau three years previously.

The next few days were busy ones, interviewing officials of the department, visiting friends and receiving visits, packing trunks and suitcases for a long absence from home, arranging final details of passports, ~~visees~~ and transportation, and arranging to finance the family during my long absence. I saw that all insurance policies were renewed, listed tax dates and amounts, and other information for ^{the} ~~her~~ guidance, ^{of my wife.} and made a will leaving practically everything to her. I gave her a power of attorney to manage our small property, except Sunny Hill which was to be managed by my sister to whom I gave a similar power of attorney. I turned the keys of the safety deposit box over to my wife and made the bank account a joint one so that she could check against

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him and tried to cheer him up. He asked what provision had been

(1925)

E--1513.

(1422)

it freely. In this way I sought to make full provision for her during my absence and in the event anything happened to me.

On the 23d I bid good by to my associates at the office, arranged for the transportation of my baggage, took the family for a last drive around the Speedway, had a nice dinner with them, and sat talking with them until 10 p.m. Naturally we were all rather solemn and a little constrained. I had left them many times before, but never before had we faced such a long separation. I tried to reassure them by saying that by telegraph, ^{and} cable we could communicate within a few hours, and that by each writing to the other once a week we would feel very near as soon as the stream of letters began to arrive, and that I would try to so arrange my itineraries as to permit me to visit Washington at least once a year. At last the time of parting came, the taxi was at the door, the hand baggage was taken out, and in silence I kissed them all good by and, realizing that tears were coming and I did not wish to break down in their presence, I turned abruptly, entered the taxi and told the driver to go. As it started I waved my hand to the little group standing in the doorway, the dearest little group in all the world to me. And then the unbidden tears came and had to be mopped up with a handkerchief, but they seemed to bring relief, and before I reached the Union Station I had ~~I had~~ said to myself: "That's enough; that chapter is ended; a new one opens: it ought to be the brightest and most adventurous of a lifetime; just pull the curtain on the past and keep your eyes and ears ~~open~~ and mind open and make the most of a wonderful opportunity; remember, no regrets; just go ahead." And so I went ahead.

The next morning the train reached New York at 6.30 a.m. Again I went to the old Continental Hotel. After breakfast I re-

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for a last drive around the Speedway, had a nice dinner with

arranged for the transportation of my baggage, took the family

On the 25d I bid good by to my associates at the office,

during my absence and in the event anything happened to me.

it freely. In this way I sought to make full provision for her

1925) E-1513.

Departure from Washington for Rome to become Director
of the World Agricultural Census Project.

On April 23, 1925, at Washington, I bid good bye to my associates at the office, arranged for the transportation of my baggage, took the family for a last drive around the Speedway, had a nice dinner with them, and sat talking with them until 10 p.m. Naturally we were all rather solemn and a little constrained. I had left them many times before, but never before had we faced such a long separation. I tried to reassure them by saying that by telegraph and cable we could communicate within a few hours, and that by each writing to the other once a week we would feel very near as soon as the stream of letters began to arrive, and that I would try to so arrange my itineraries as to permit me to visit Washington at least once a year.

At last the time of parting came, the taxi was at the door, the hand baggage was taken out, and in silence I kissed them all good bye and, realizing that tears were coming and I did not wish to break down in their presence, I turned abruptly, entered the taxi and told the driver to go. As it started I waved my hand to the little group standing in the doorway, the dearest little group in all the world to me.

And then the unbidden tears came and had to be mopped up with a handkerchief, but they seemed to bring relief, and before I reached the Union Station I had said to myself: That's enough; that chapter is ended; a new one ^{begins} ~~opens~~; it ought to be the brightest and most adventurous of a lifetime; just pull the curtain on the past and keep your eyes and ears and mind open and make the most of a wonderful opportunity; remember, no regrets; just go ahead."

And so I went ahead.

The next morning the train reached New York at 6.30 a.m. Again I went to the old Continental Hotel. After breakfast I re-

(1925)

~~E-1514.~~ 1422

turned to the railway station to arrange for the transfer of my baggage to the steamer. Then I was whisked downtown on the subway and called at the offices of the United States lines, registered, and confirmed my information as to date, hour, and pier for sailing. *P* This over, I did some shopping and took the elevator to the top of the Woolworth Building from which one has a marvelous birds eye view of the skyscraper section of New York, the river, bay, and shipping. I was impressed by the diminutive appearance of the automobiles on the streets below and by the unceasing roar of the great city. *P* I rode uptown on top of a bus and was interested in watching the traffic, the traffic jams, and the skilfull driving of the chauffers. *P* After luncheon I had a long interview with Mr. Dana, Secretary of the American Forestry Association, who was very desirous that the world census of agriculture should include a census of forested lands. *P* After a nice dinner in a restaurant I walked up and down Broadway, admiring the well dressed crowds and brilliant electric displays, and sat through a combination moving picture and vaudeville performance, the most interesting feature of which was a display of feminine beauty in scant attire that paraded out on a bridge halfway up the central aisle. So I spent my last day in U.S.A. for many months.

On the morning of the 25th a taxi conveyed myself and hand baggage to the pier in Hoboken where the ^{S.S.} President Roosevelt was docked, for which I had to pay five dollars and tip, which seemed rather high. A large crowd of people was at the pier and much confusion. After getting a porter for my baggage and having my passport and ticket inspected I went aboard and was shown to my cabin, where I found a large boquet of roses from the wife

turned to the railway station to arrange for the transfer of my
 baggage to the steamer. Then I was whisked downtown on the rail-
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 the well dressed crowds and brilliant electric displays, and sat
 through a combination moving picture and vaudeville performance,
 the most interesting feature of which was a display of learning
 beauty in recent attire that paraded out on a bridge railway up
 the central aisle. So I spent my last day in N.Y.A. For many
 months.

On the morning of the 25th a taxi conveyed myself and hand-
 baggage to the place in Hudson where the President Roosevelt
 was booked, for which I had to pay five dollars and tip, which
 seemed rather high. A large crowd of people was at the pier and
 much commotion. After getting a porter for my baggage and having
 my passport / and ticket inspected I went aboard and was shown to
 my cabin, where I found a large pocket of roses from the wife

(1925)

~~E-1515~~ 1423

and children. I was ~~deeply~~ deeply touched by this evidence of thoughtful remembrance on their part and a little ashamed that I had sent them nothing, not even a telegram. However, as soon as I was alone I sat down and wrote them a letter of appreciation. Then I went on deck to watch other passengers come aboard, with their friends and relatives to see them off, to see them scatter when the whistle blew and all visitors were ordered ashore, to see the gang planks pulled away, the hawsers cast off, and the mighty little tugs slowly nose the great liner out into the channel, ^{and people lined} ~~the people lined~~ up on the pier and against the rail of the ship, waving handkerchiefs to each other and some of them hysterical. The engines begin to throb and the propeller to turn, and at high noon the great ship got under way and slowly slipped past the great metropolis of fairy land skyscrapers, past Ellis Island, the Statue of Liberty, and down the narrows and out to sea.

So ended the brief interval between my service in Argentina and the beginning of my service for the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, and the long separation from home, family and friends, and all that I held most dear. The new chapter had begun.

Sunday, April 26. Fair weather and a calm sea and no land in sight. A beautiful warm day and I spent it in exploring the ship.

The 27th was another beautiful day. I took advantage of the opportunity to inspect my baggage in the hold to see that it was all there. With three other passengers I was shown the mechanical devices for steering the ship, for determining the direction from which wireless messages are received, and for giving the alarm of fire and just where it was located.

(1925)

~~E-1516.~~ 1424

The 28th I had a long interview with Mr. G. Findlay Shiras, a Scotchman, author of several books, formerly chief of the statistical service at Bombay, and then chief of the labor bureau of that city. He had come to the United States to deliver a lecture at Princeton University and was very enthusiastic over his reception and what he had seen. He was much interested in the proposed world agricultural census and described conditions in India in great detail. Between sleeping, eating, promenading the decks, visiting the smoking room and lounge, I spent my time studying and reading French, the official language of the Institute.

The weather changed on the 29th with high winds, rain, and heavy seas that washed over the main deck. The wind and sea together made a tremendous noise.

On the 30th I had another conversation with Mr. Shiras who expressed the opinion that the future of civilization depended upon the cooperation of all English speaking peoples.

May 1, the bad weather continued and the combined noise and motion of the ship ^{made} it difficult to sleep. In the evening we sighted the ^{u i} ~~Mara~~ ^{Antania} going in the opposite direction. It was an impressive sight to see the great ship ^{if} ~~at~~ a mile distant, ablaze with electric lights, and volumes of black smoke pouring from four funnels. The steward said our ship had five thousand sacks of mail and five thousand tons of grain in the hold.

The following morning the weather was clearing and in the afternoon passengers began to play games on the upper deck. In the evening there was music and dancing in the social hall. The food was exceptionally good. It was suggested by a fellow passenger that because the ships of the United States Line could not serve alcoholic beverages they tried to compensate for this deprivation by extraordinarily good food and service.

(1925)

~~E-1517~~ 1425

May 3, cold and foggy. With a party of other men I inspected the engine room. I was especially interested in the great propeller and the shaft, of solid steel 180 feet long and 16 inches in diameter, ~~turning~~ ^{revolving} at 195 revolutions per minute. That was the largest single piece of steel I have ever seen. In the afternoon we could see the surf beating on the Irish coast and in a few hours the boat ~~and~~ stopped before Queenstown, or Cobb as the Irish now call it. Some of the passengers left at this point and others came on. - See page 1430 To 1436

On the 4th we were most of the time in sight of the English coast. We landed at Cherbourg about 3.30, passed through customs, and left on the waiting train for Paris about 5 p.m. So long as daylight lasted I was interested in the passing scenery, which was attractive with lovely lawns, neat houses and roads, an abundance of primulas and other early spring flowers, fresh green foliage, meadows and cows, and picturesque villages.

We reached the Gare du Nord about midnight and I had difficulty in finding a room for the night.

I spent most of the next day, May 5, in getting transportation to Rome and arranging to have my trunks forwarded without customs examination, and in making some purchases. I was fortunate in securing a sleeper reservation on the train leaving at 5.10 p.m. We crossed the French-Italian boundary in the ~~next~~ night and woke up the following morning in the Alps. We reached Genoa in the forenoon, passed through many tunnels, followed the sea/shore for many hours, passed Leghorn and Pisa, and reached Rome at 8.30 p.m. I went to the Flora Hotel and secured a room for the night only, the clerk advising me that all rooms were engaged more than a week in advance.

May 5, cold and foggy. With a party of other men I inspected the engine room. I was especially interested in the great propeller and the shaft of solid steel 180 feet long and 18 inches in diameter, turning at 135 revolutions per minute. That was the largest single piece of steel I have ever seen. In the afternoon we could see the great building on the Irish coast and in a few hours the boat dropped before Greenstown, on Cogh as the Irish now call it. Some of the passengers left at this point

and others came on. On the 4th we were most of the time in sight of the English coast. We landed at Cherbourg about 3.30, passed through customs, and late on the waiting train for Paris about 7 p.m. So long as daylight lasted I was interested in the passing scenery, which was attractive with lovely lawns, neat houses and roads, an abundance of primulas and other early spring flowers, fresh green foliage, meadows and cows, and picturesque villages. We reached the Gare du Nord about midnight and I had difficulty in finding a room for the night.

I spent most of the next day, May 5, in getting transportation to Rome and arranging to have my trunks forwarded without customs examination, and in making some purchases. I was fortunate in securing a sleeper reservation on the train leaving at 8.10 p.m. We crossed the French-Italian boundary in the night and woke up the following morning in the Alps. We reached Genoa in the forenoon, passed through many tunnels, followed the sea shore for many hours, passed Leghorn and Pisa, and reached Rome at 8.30 p.m. I went to the Flora Hotel and secured a room for the night only, the clerk advising me that all rooms were engaged more than a week in advance.

(1925)

E-1518.1426

The next day was beautiful and springlike. I transferred to the Hotel Minerva, arranged for the clearance and delivery of my trunks, and visited the ^{International of Agriculture} Institute. Had interviews with Mr. Hobson, the American Permanent Delegate, and Mr. Dragoni, the Secretary General.

The 8th was another lovely day with the temperature about 68 degrees. I had a long interview with Mr. Hobson concerning the census project. Together we had luncheon with Sir Thomas Elliott, the British delegate, and a Mr. Austead, agricultural commissioner of Madras, India. In the afternoon I met Dr. Mann of Cornell, representing the International Education Board, whom I had met several times in the United States. In the evening I began ~~wrote~~/a letter to my wife.

On the 9th, in company with Mr. Hobson, I visited the statistical division of the Institute and met the chief, Mr. Valentine Dore, and his principal assistant, Mr. Cesare Longobardi, both Italian, and other members of their staff. Mr. Dore ~~had~~ was a smooth faced, round headed, young man, full of energy, alert, intelligent, and a rapid talker in both Italian and French. He understood a little English, but not well enough to try to speak it. Communication between ^{him} ~~he~~ and ^{me} ~~I~~ was always somewhat difficult and subject to misunderstanding because of his imperfect knowledge of English and my inability to follow his rapid fire French or Italian well enough to appreciate fine distinctions and qualifying phrases. He was very proud and felt the dignity and responsibility of his official position, and he lacked a sense of humor and was ~~also~~ sensitive as to be "touchy."

Mr. Longobardi appeared to be slightly older, a little more bald, with a large head, amiable disposition and expression, and soft in speech. He seemed to speak Italian, French, and Eng-

(1925)

~~E-1519.~~ 1427

lish with equal facility, and the Italian and French he spoke was far easier to understand than that of Mr. Dore. His knowledge of English had been perfected by a year's residence in Washington where he had been sent by the Institute to study the statistical organization and methods of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. He was very enthusiastic about his visit. I learned later that he was a Neapolitan.

This was followed ^{by} ~~with~~ an interview with the Secretary General, Mr. Carlos Dragoni, who ~~remembered~~ appeared to be in his 50's, with the large frame and heavy features of the north Italian type, a shock of gray hair--a handsome man and very suave and courteous. His principal trouble as an administrative officer, according to Mr. Hobson, was his inability to stick to any determined course of action, the result being that after an agreement or understanding had been reached with him it would be canceled or changed at the first encounter with another person who urged a different course of action. Nevertheless Mr. Dragoni was a very capable and accomplished man and had many friends.

We visited the library on the first floor and I was introduced to Mr. Hodgson, a young American who had been engaged to reorganize the library system along modern lines, his project being financed by the International Education Board. Mr. Hodgson was a tall man of unusually dark complexion and a shock of black hair. He could easily have passed for a Spaniard, and when I made some remark about it ^{he} said that one of his ancestors was Portuguese. When I knew him better I came to regard him as a little erratic.

On returning to Mr. Hobson's room I was assigned a desk temporarily until other arrangements could be made. The room of the American Delegate was one of the most desirable in the Institute palace. It was on the second floor, reached by elevator or marble

(1925)

~~E--1520~~, 1428

staircase, and overlooked a large part of the city of Rome and across the wooded gorge that lies between the white marble palace of the Institute and the Pincio, a beautiful park opposite that also overlooks the city. In the room were several desks, an American flag, engravings of Washington and Lincoln, and several filing cases and bookcases, one of which contained bound volumes of the correspondence of David Lubin relating to the foundation and early years of the Institute as arranged and indexed by his secretary, Madame Agresti. Across the corridor was the room occupied by the President of the Institute. In the corridor was a ^obrânze bust of Lubin.

~~In the evening I finished writing a letter to my wife,
as follows:~~

~~(Insert letter to wife of May 8, 1925. ✓~~

~~Number pages 1520A, 1520B, etc)~~

(Note: In case of family letters, to save time and keep them informed I began the practice of making an extra copy. Thus, of the letters I wrote to my wife, I sent a carbon copy to my mother; and of the letters to mother or sister, I sent carbon copies to my wife. This kept both branches of my family informed, and to me seemed a happy thought, but my wife objected to it.) E

"We anchored in Queenstown harbor Monday afternoon and some Irish passengers came aboard, including some priests on their way to Rome. The weather was almost freezing cold. Several Irish women came aboard with linen, shawls, etc., but I did not buy any because of the difficulty of getting them to you.

"The next morning we anchored before Plymouth in the south of England from which the Pilgrims sailed in 1620. Because of the fog and rain I saw nothing but the vague outlines of some smooth green hills. Then we sailed for Cherbourg and were in sight of the English coast for several hours. Fortunately the English Channel was calm.

++ "We reached Cherbourg Tuesday afternoon about 3.30 and for two hours the sun came out and cheered us up. Getting through the customs with my valises was easy. The trunks went through to Paris without examination. I got a seat in the train for Paris with three Irish priests, and one American from Florida. The train left about five o'clock and it remained light enough to see until about eight o'clock. The country was superb. It is a rolling country, most of it in good cultivation and covered with green wheat fields, gardens and orchards. Apple trees and lilacs were just coming into bloom and the forest trees were leaving out, so that it was a vision of tender green spring. The roadsides were covered with violets and creamy white primulas. There were the loveliest roads and lanes with green grass, wild flowers, hedges and trees along the borders, and every few miles neat, interesting villages and curious houses. It made me long to see the country by automobile. When I saw the country before in 1920 it was midwinter and everything was frozen up and dead, but this time it was in the full flush of spring.

"We had a nice supper on the train and I enjoyed the first bottle of wine I have had since leaving the boat that brought us back from South America. We reached Paris at 11.30 p.m. There was great

confusion at the station and I was unable to get a porter and had to carry my four pieces of heavy hand baggage about two blocks to the entrance. There I got a taxi. Cook's guide at Cherbourg had given me the name and address of the Hotel Edward VII near the Place de l'Opera--the 'Opera' being about as well known in Paris as the Capitol in Washington. ¶ I gave this address to the chauffeur. He ran me at top speed up and down the streets of Gay Paree. After an unreasonable length of time I had him stop and inquire the way of some chauffeurs and you would have laughed to hear them guy him in French. They called him 'little ignoramus,' 'wooden head,' and 'Sacreblue.' Then he chased back the principal avenue for a mile or more, turned around and came back. Finally he asked a policeman to tell him the way, ^{and we} soon entered a cul de sac within two squares. Sure enough, there was a large building with the sign 'Edward VII,' but the building was closed and dark. Next to it was a large theater and the chauffeur rather insisted that I enter the theater. ¶ I laughed at him and inquired of an old man on the street who gave me the address of the hotel. We found it about six blocks away. The porter of the hotel advised that all rooms were taken but he could give me a room ⁱⁿ another hotel under the same management near the Chamber of Deputies at No. 7 Rue de Bologne. We went there, but No. 7 proved to be a garage that was closed. We rang the bell and a sleepy old watchman came out and told us that the hotel was around the corner. At the Hotel Borgogne I told the porter to settle with the chauffeur, and for some minutes thereafter there was a lively altercation between them on the street in which I heard the words 'robber,' 'thief,' 'liar,' 'beast,' 'camel,' and other choice French words. ¶ When I was shown to the room it turned out to be a suite of rooms with mahogany furniture and two bathrooms fit for a prince or an American bridal couple. I asked the price and was told it was 150 francs (about \$9.00) per day. The porter

confusion at the station and I was unable to get a porter and
 had to carry my four pieces of heavy hand baggage about two blocks
 to the entrance. There I got a taxi. Cook's guide at Chateaubert had
 given me the name and address of the Hotel Edward VII near the Place
 de l'Opera--the 'Opera' being about as well known in Paris as the
 Capitol in Washington. I gave this address to the chauffeur. He ran
 me at top speed up and down the streets of Gay Paris. After an un-
 reasonable length of time I had him stop and inquire the way of some
 chauffeurs and you would have laughed to hear them say him in French.
 They called him 'little ignorant', 'wooden head', and 'sacred'.
 Then he chased back the principal avenue for a mile or more, turned
 around and came back. Finally he asked a policeman to tell him the
 way. I soon entered a cab within two minutes. Sure enough, there
 was a large building with the sign 'Edward VII', but the building
 was closed and dark. Next to it was a large theater and the chauffeur
 rather insisted that I enter the theater. I laughed at him and in-
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 closed. We rang the bell and a sleepy old watchman came out and told
 us that the hotel was around the corner. At the Hotel Boissiere I
 told the porter to settle with the chauffeur, and for some minutes
 thereafter there was a lively altercation between them on the street
 in which I heard the words 'robber', 'thief', 'liar', 'beast', 'donkey',
 and other choice French words. When I was shown to the room it turned
 out to be a suite of rooms with mahogany furniture and two bathrooms
 fit for a prince or an American bridal couple. I asked the price
 and was told it was 150 francs (about \$2.00) per day. The porter

insisted these were the only rooms unoccupied and as it was then getting on toward two o'clock in the morning and I did not care to stay out all night in a taxi with a crazy villainous driver I took them.

"Wednesday, the 6th, I was up at eight o'clock, got a light breakfast in a restaurant and took a taxi to Cook's tourist agency where I bought a railway ticket to Rome, but was told to return in the afternoon to see if a sleeper reservation could be made. Then because my watch (father's gold watch) th~~at~~^a had kept good time for many years, went crazy the day before I left Washington and was losing from thirty minutes to two hours daily, I bought a cheap nickle watch guaranteed for three years for 350 francs (about \$20.00) that could be obtained anywhere in the United States for less than five dollars.

"Then I strolled down the street and bought a cigar lighter, because in these European countries matches are taxed by the government, kept under lock and key like so much money, can be bought only in certain places, and if one who smokes continuously runs out of matches he is in trouble unless he has a mechanical lighter to fall back upon. Afterwards I went to a sidewalk restaurant and had some dry bread and a bottle of wine. At one o'clock I found that Cook's agency had made a reservation for me. I spent the rest of the afternoon getting back to the hotel, settling my bill, getting from the hotel to the railway station (not an easy matter in the narrow, crowded streets of a large city where the traffic is constantly blocked), and at the station arranging for the transfer of my trunks from Paris to Rome without examination by the French customs officials. Every move I made cost money and lots of tips. Every body in Paris seems to expect a tip, sometimes simply for getting in one's way. All day it rained. It was raining all day five years ago when

I was in Paris. So I have come to think of France, or at least of Paris, as simply a sponge, always raining and the populace sponging on tourists. They can out-Jew all the Jews that ever lived in seeking to extract money from travellers.

"At five o'clock I was in my compartment on the International Paris to Rome Express Train de luxe that left promptly at 5.10 p.m. I had a nice little compartment all to myself and was very comfortable. During the three hours of daylight I saw some beautiful country, flourishing wheat fields, apple, pear, and cherry orchards in blossom, poplars and maples just leaving out, and we ran along the banks of the Seine for several hours. It is a quiet meandering stream about like the Monacasy. Also we passed through many small manufacturing towns. Had a good supper, a bottle of wine, and went to bed early.

"The train porter had my passport and special letter from the Italian Ambassador at Washington so that when we reached the French-Italian border after midnight I did not have to get up and go out to the railway station to open up my baggage for the inspections of the customs officials, as happened in 1920.

"The next morning I woke up in Italy about six o'clock, dressed and had the berth made up. When I looked out I saw a wonderful sight--high, abrupt, jagged, peaked mountains, close by, white with snow about one-third of the way down. At the snow line could be seen a belt of pine trees covered with glittering frost. The snow on the peaks was dazzling white from the reflection of the rising sun, although it was still twilight in the valleys. For several hours the train wound around in a valley, going through numerous tunnels, and always close by were the snow capped peaks of the Alps. The mountain sides were terraced with stone retaining walls and on the narrow shelves of mountain soil wheat and grass were growing up to the snow line. Many beautiful waterfalls and cascades were to be seen fed by the melting snows high-

er up. After travelling for perhaps two hours among the snow capped mountains we entered the foothills which are covered with vineyards growing on terraces. These terraces are narrow shelves, perhaps from ten to twenty feet wide. The stone retaining walls between the different levels are from three to nine feet high.

"At 8.30 a.m. we passed Turin and a number of small villages. The whole country is electrified, that is, the Italian government has developed water power that is converted into electricity ~~that is~~ ^{and} now used to run trains and factories. In the early forenoon we entered a plains region in which wheat, barley, rye, and oats were growing, the small fields being separated by rows of mulberry or poplar trees from which the tops and branches are trimmed off for fuel.

"At 11.30 a.m. we reached Genoa, the supposed birthplace of Columbus. It is on the shore of the Mediterranean in a hollow between high hills. From the train one could see the rippling, shining, deep blue sea, with a harbor full of ships and small boats.

"For about two hours after passing Genoa we passed through a succession of tunnels, each one going through a steep rocky ridge, and in each of the valleys or coves between the hills one could see a little village or cluster of buildings, some new and some very old, and always to the west was the shining blue sea.

"About the middle of the afternoon we crossed a low flat stretch of prairie country. Spring was farther advanced here, all trees being in full leaf, wheat just beginning to head, and corn coming up to a good stand. Most of the crops were grown in narrow strips from thirty to sixty feet wide, that is, there will be a strip of wheat, then a strip of rye, another of barley, or oats, or corn, or clover, broad beans, garden truck, and so on. One of the prettiest sights was the long strips of crimson clover in full bloom. The strips of meadow grass had many scarlet poppies in them. Along some of the

ditches between the strips a tall yellow flowered iris was in bloom. Most of the plowing^g is done with oxen. They are very large, long limbed, well formed, clean, gentle looking animals, with long horns. Some are mouse colored and some nearly white. Usually in plowing, whether ^{with} oxen or horses ~~are used~~, a boy leads the animals and a man guides the plow. The oxen move very slowly and one has to look twice to see if they are moving. I watched one outfit and counted five to ten deliberately between steps.

"The farm houses are either grouped in villages or far apart in the open country. They are always built of brick or stone and covered with stucco and usually have been painted yellow or red. They have tile, slate, or straw roofs. In one of the towns I saw a large building which may have been an old hotel or mill with a frieze of life-sized lions painted just under the eaves. Another building had a frieze of peacocks. It is not uncommon to see a pink house with a blue landscape painted on the outside wall. The farm buildings are large, two or three stories high, and the family lives in one end, the domestic animals in the lower story of the other half, with the farm machinery in the middle, and the hay and grain stored above. No other buildings are to be seen, the one building serving all the purposes of the farm. Between nearly all fields are rows of trees. Much of the low flat country is marshy and is cut up into squares by open drains. I heard frogs croaking but saw very few birds. One sees very little livestock, very few horses, some cattle and sheep, a ~~few~~ few goats and very few pigs. X Some of the farm machinery seems to be modern, but right next to a farm with horses and steel plows men may be seen plowing with oxen and crooked stick plows, men and women digging up the ground with heavy hoes, and men cutting hay with scythes. The roads are good, but few automobiles are to be seen outside the cities. P One of the striking features of Italy is the mixture of

old and new; newly built houses, freshly painted, by the side of old weather-worn houses made of flat Roman brick or stone that look as if they were a thousand years old, or more; automobiles and electricity ~~by~~ by the side of donkeys, or carts and crude ~~instruments~~ implements, and a civil monarchical government for the nation side by side with an international religious government; also undersized men and women from south Italia alongside of great big robust men and women from north Italy.

"We passed through Pisa about four o'clock in the afternoon and at a distance could see a large cathedral and the celebrated leaning tower. The tower seems to be over one hundred feet high, is round, has a series of marble columns from bottom to top, and it leans enough to one side to make one wonder why it does not tip over.

"The trains run through many towns, in and out among the hills, across several small streams, and follows along the shore of the Mediterranean for several hours. As we approach Rome we begin to see long rows and ~~patches~~ groves of large pine trees that are quite different from the pines at home. They have a thick trunk from one to three feet in diameter, run up twenty to forty feet without any limbs, and have a broad umbrella shaped top. I have since learned that they are called 'stone' or 'umbrella' pines. The soil is variable. Over a large part of Italy it looks like the mountain soil in Frederick County. In the valleys and low places some of it is dark colored rich looking loam, while in other places it is sand, clay or gravel. The portion that is planted to crops is cultivated like a garden and a great deal of manure is used. There is very little timber in Italy and rows of trees are grown between the fields and trimmed every year for fuel. All the chips, sticks and twigs are saved.

"We reached Rome at 8.30 p.m. and I went to the Hotel Flora, that had been highly recommended to me, and was given a room for one night only at a cost of one hundred lira (about \$5.00).

"Thursday morning, failing to get a room at the Flora, I went to the Albergo Minerva where I stopped in 1920 and was just in time to get a room and bath for 100 lira per day. I was told that in June the tourist crowd will leave and I can have my pick of rooms then. I hired a coach to take me to the International Institute of Agriculture and the 'cochero' drove me around through streets and parks for an hour without finding the Institute and I had to change to a taxi to get there. Ordinarily one can go from the hotel to the Institute in ten minutes. In fact, none of the chauffeurs or cocheros pretends to know anything about their city and they seem to expect strangers to direct them exactly how to go.

"At the Institute I saw Mr. Hobson, the American Delegate, and had a very satisfactory interview with him. I am to have a desk in his room until next week when special quarters will be ready for me and my staff. The Institute has outgrown the special building provided for it so that it has obtained from the City of Rome a small old building on the grounds next to the Institute Palace for my use. It has three rooms, basement, an ornamental portico, is made of old flat brick covered with stucco, and is said to have been used by Michel Angelo. At any rate it has some outside mural decorations said to have been painted by him. My only regret is that I cannot occupy one of the rooms for living quarters. It is surrounded by the beautiful Borghese Park.

"I met the Secretary General of the Institute who placed the facilities of the Institute at my disposal. I walked back to the hotel with the Delegate from Holland, Dr. VanRijn, and spent the afternoon moving from the Flora to the Minerva and in getting my trunks clear of the customs and delivered. Everything came through allright ex-

cept the trunks, the phonograph, and the typewriter, which were dented a little, and a bottle of medicine was broken.

"The Albergo Minerva is next door to the old Roman Pantheon, which is a picturesque, ~~and~~ imposing, and very ancient structure. It was four o'clock when I finally got installed and was able to unlock the trunks. It seemed almost like home to have all my things within four walls again. The first thing I did was to get out the phonograph and run over some of the old familiar pieces, which made me think of the study room at 3023 Calle Mendoza in Buenos Aires and 1026 17th Street in Washington, and you, Otis and Thelma, Rosita and the pajaros, Paita y Peru.

"Curiously enough while I was in New York and during the ocean voyage the scenes were changing so continuously and I was so occupied with various matters, and on the voyage the great gale with its terrific noise and movement, kept me from thinking much of home; but on the long ride from Paris to Rome, sitting all alone in the railway compartment, I got to thinking of you and the children, and the folks at Sunny Hill, and began to realize more than ever before what a sacrifice I had made, and what a sacrifice I was causing you and them to make, by my leaving to take charge of this long-time international project. I appreciated it all along, but realize more now than before, what a wealth of affection you have shown during the last year and what I lose by being separated from you during the coming year. However, somehow I do not regret that you are not taking this trip with me because I feel that you are far more comfortable and happy in the old familiar surroundings, but I do regret the separation and the fact that I cannot be with you. I would be happier with you and I miss you every day, but I feel that if I can accomplish what I have set out to accomplish it will not only be a valuable service to the U.S. but to all other countries as well--the improvement of the agricul-

kept the trunk, the phonograph, and the typewriter, which were
boxed a little, and a bottle of medicine was broken.

"The Alberto Rivera is next door to the old Roman Parthenon,
which is a picturesque, and very ancient structure. It
was four o'clock when I finally got installed and was able to unlock
the trunk. It seemed almost like home to have all my things within
four walls again. The first thing I did was to get out the phonograph
and run over some of the old familiar places, which made me think of
the study room at 5055 Calle Mendosa in Buenos Aires and 1016 17th
Street in Washington, and you, Otto and Thelma, Rosita and the boys-
ros, Maria y Peter.

"Curiously enough while I was in New York and during the ocean
voyage the scenes were changing so continuously and I was so occupied
with various matters, and on the voyage the great calm with its ter-
rible noise and movement, kept me from thinking much of home; but on
the long ride from Paris to Rome, sitting all alone in the railway com-
partment, I got to thinking of you and the children, and the folks at
Gunny Hill, and began to realize more than ever before what a sacrifice
I had made, and what a sacrifice I was causing you and them to make,
by my leaving to take charge of this long-time international project.
I appreciated it all along, but realize more now than before, what a
wealth of affection you have shown during the last year and what I
lose by being separated from you during the coming year. However,
nevertheless I do not regret that you are not taking this trip with me be-
cause I feel that you are far more comfortable and happy in the old
familiar surroundings, but I do regret the separation and the fact
that I cannot be with you. I would be happier with you and I miss
you every day, but I feel that it is an accomplishment what I have set
out to accomplish it will not only be a valuable service to the U.S.,
but to all other countries as well--the improvement of the world.

tural statistics of the world--and that you and I will be happier after it is all over and we are together again than we would have been if I had declined the opportunity for service. *P* I am glad that you did not go to the station or to New York with me, as I knew you wanted to do, because it is a great comfort to me to think of you and the children at 1026 17th Street as I saw you two weeks ago and as I will continue to see and think of you until I return. I cannot tell you how much I appreciated the letters that were delivered to me after the boat sailed, as well as the beautiful roses. *H* I think the children did very well with the typewriter and I hope that they will continue to practice until it becomes easy for them. I suspect the trouble with the capital letters was that they did not use the shift key. An instruction book came with the machine and I left it in the bookcase. *H* I shall take some pictures when I have a chance and will try to send you some.

"With love and kisses to all, including Rosita and the Pajaros,
Daddy."

(1925)

~~E-1521~~ 1440

On May 10, Sunday, I slept late. After the usual excuse for breakfast I read a morning paper and then spent an hour or more studying French. At 1 p.m. I took a carriage and was driven to the Hobsons for luncheon. The route lay through an ancient part of the city, across the Tiber, and into a newly constructed section with wide streets and large concrete buildings. The Hobsons occupied a suite of five or six rooms in a modern apartment house with a strip of lawn and a small yard full of flowering plants and young trees. At luncheon I met Mrs. Hobson, Dr. Mann, a young man named Gardiner who was an auditing clerk at the American Embassy, and Mr. Dore. Dr. Mann and I sat together and after luncheon discussed the proposed census project. He described to Mr. Hobson and ^{me} ~~A~~ some of the educational facilities of European countries which he had been studying for more than a year. Altogether it was a very pleasant occasion. After supper I wrote a letter to mother.

~~(Insert letter to mother of May 10, 1925)~~ ✓

1521--a 1441

"International Institute of Agriculture,
"Rome, Sunday, 10 May 1925.

"Dear Mother:

"I mailed a letter yesterday to Nellie, ~~of which I also mailed~~
^{with also} a copy to you, which ended with Thursday the 7th.

"Friday, the 8th, was a clear bright spring day, a little warm at noon and early afternoon. At the Institute I had an interview with Mr. Hobson, the American Delegate, regarding the details of the proposed world census of which I am to be in charge. Arranged for a secretary, Miss Broad, who will take up my work next week. She is probably over thirty and rather plain looking, but looks as if she ~~would~~ would be conscientious and hard working. She will be with me only a few weeks at first because she had already arranged for a three months vacation to visit her relatives in England. She speaks French and Italian. I met Sir Thomas Elliott, the British Delegate, and took ~~his~~ luncheon with him at ~~the~~ ^{his} apartment, together with a Mr. Anstead, Director of Agriculture, Province of Madras, India, and his wife, who are on a long vacation to their home in England. I learned many interesting things about India and how the farm population lives.

"Saturday, 8 9th. In company with Mr. Hobson I visited the statistical office of the Institute, the Library, which is being re-organized by a young man trained in library science from Arizona, and the Secretary General of the Institute, Dr. Dragoni, who promised co-operation in my work and agreed to arrange for me to meet the Permanent Delegates from the various countries. Most of the day I was preparing a statement of my expense account and interviewing officials of the Institute. In the late afternoon I called at the Berlitz School of Languages and arranged for a series of lessons in French and Italian. French is by far the most important language here, especially in the Institute, but I want to take enough Italian lessons to enable me to get about in the city.

1937-1941

"International Institute of Agriculture"
Rome, Italy, 1937.

"Dear Mother:

"I mailed a letter yesterday to Nellie, of which I also mailed
a copy to you, which ended with Thursday the 7th.

"Friday, the 8th, was a clear bright spring day, a little warm

at noon and early afternoon. At the Institute I had an interview with
Mr. Hobson, the American Delegate, regarding the details of the pro-

posed world census of which I am to be in charge. Arranged for a
secretary, Miss Brown, who will take up my work next week. She is

probably over thirty and rather plain looking, but looks as if she won't
be connections and hard working. She will be with me only a

few weeks at first because she had already arranged for a three months
vacation to visit her relatives in England. She speaks French and

Italian. I met Mr. Thomas Elliott, the British Delegate, and took a
luncheon with him at the apartment, together with a Mr. Anderson, Di-

rector of Agriculture, Province of Madras, India, and his wife, who
are on a long vacation to their home in England. I learned many in-

teresting things about India and how the fair population lives.
"Saturday, 9th. In company with Mr. Hobson I visited the sta-

tistical office of the Institute, the library, which is being re-
organized by a young man trained in library science from London, and

the Secretary General of the Institute, Dr. Drogoni, who promised co-
operation in my work and agreed to arrange for me to meet the French

Delegates from the various countries. Most of the day I was pre-
paring a statement of my expense account and interviewing officials of

the Institute. In the late afternoon I called at the Berlitz School
of Languages and arranged for a series of lessons in French and Italian

French is by far the most important language here, especially in the
Institute, but I want to take enough Italian lessons to enable me to
get about in the city.

"Sunday, today, 10th. I slept late and did some reading in guide books. At one o'clock took luncheon at the Hobsons' with Dean Mann of Cornell University and Mr. Gardiner of the American Embassy. ^mDean Mann is just finishing a year in Europe representing the International Education Board, which is a Rockefeller foundation. He is responsible for the allotment of funds by the Board for the International Census Project. Also he arranges for the Board to finance scholarships for deserving students of exceptional promise regardless of nationality, and for the financial support of various projects which promise to contribute to the betterment of mankind. Mr. Gardiner of the American Embassy is from southern Maryland and is looking forward eagerly to returning at an early date.

"The Hobsons walked through the city with ~~us~~ me to the hotel where we arrived at 5.30 p.m. In the old section of the city the streets and sidewalks are ~~very~~ narrow and walking is very inconvenient. Most of the streets are simply alleys and the wonder is that more accidents do not occur because they are usually crowded with pedestrians, and automobiles, buses, and carriages rush through them at full speed.

"My hotel, the Minerva, is next to the Pantheon, an old and very interesting pagan building. I stepped off one side of it this evening and found it 108 paces long--at least 250 feet. At the hotel I have fairly good meals for dinner and supper; usually soup, fish, chicken, peas, lettuce, ice cream or pudding, fruit and nuts, coffee, tea, or wine. I usually take wine.

"The city is full of tourists and they pass the hotel in regiments with their guides. As yet I have had no opportunity for sightseeing, but the ancient buildings and ruins, Egyptian obelisks brought over by the old Roman conquerors, the ornamented columns, the old Roman city walls with wide monumental gates, the old tri-

umphal arches, columns and monuments, meet one on every hand. [#] Today I crossed the Tiber. It is a small muddy stream, no larger than the Monocacy and not nearly so attractive, held in high stone retaining walls, and crossed by stone bridges every six or eight city blocks. Most of the buildings in Rome are from five to seven stories high, seem even higher because of the narrow alleys between them, and, of course, are without elevators, water or artificial heat, except in a few modern buildings. The alleys are crooked and wind in and out in a series of semicircles and triangles, many of them ending abruptly in a blank wall, so that it is very confusing to a stranger. Street names, where there are any, are stuck up on the second story about the middle of the block and are hard to find. People find their way about in this maze of 'vias' like cats-- simply from a sense of direction and the general appearance of things that in time become familiar. I am hoping that next Sunday I will have no engagements and can do a little sightseeing.

"I hope all is well with you and at Sunny Hill. I should get some mail from home within the next week or two. Boats are sailing all the time and it only takes two weeks for mail to cross.

"Newspapers here are a disappointment. The best will not compare favorably with the little Frederick News.

"Love to all from

"Lee"

(1925)

~~E-1522.~~ 1444

Monday was a day of sunshine and showers and a springlike atmosphere with the temperature about 66 degrees. I spent the forenoon working on my expense account for the trip from Washington to Rome. In the afternoon Mr. Edwin Smith came in. He was a marketing specialist on fruits employed by our Washington bureau, and like all Americans who have been traveling in foreign countries, was obviously delighted to sit down and talk freely with some of his countrymen. I took him to dinner with me and afterwards to my room where I entertained him with my portable phonograph. No one who has not traveled in foreign countries for several months can realize how good familiar music sounds. My room at the hotel, for which I paid 100 lira a day, was very small. It was just long enough to take a bed and only wide enough for the bed on one side and a trunk and chair on the other, leaving a narrow passage between. The phonograph was set on the trunk, my visitor sat in the chair, and I sat on the bed. I had an ample supply of cigars, a bottle of wine, and a collection of excellent phonograph records, and we spent the evening very agreeably.

I spent the 12th reading the record of the action taken by the Institute with respect to the census project after it had been authorized by the General Assembly. I dictated the following memorandum to accompany my reimbursement account. It should be understood that under the rules and regulations of the U.S. Government it is a high crime and misdemeanor for an official to use a taxi when street cars are available, as well as many other charges usual and customary in traveling. The official traveler having paid for such expenses out of his own pocket must then make up a reimbursement account and explain every item in an effort to get his money back.

~~(Insert Memo. of May 12/25--blue folder.)~~

Following is a copy of such a memorandum of explanation which accompanied my first expense account after reaching Europe:

"12 May 1925.

"Memorandum to Accompany Reimbursement Account,

"April 23 to May 7, 1925.

"Regarding such items as special transportation, tips and excess baggage included in the attached account, it should be borne in mind that my work in Europe and other foreign countries with the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome as headquarters will necessitate a long absence from headquarters at Washington and from the U.S., certainly for a year and possibly for five years. For this reason it was necessary to take with me a complete outfit of clothing and equipment without which I could not expect to perform my official duties efficiently and satisfactorily. This equipment was carried in the following form:

"One strong, heavy wardrobe trunk for clothing, especially for official functions &/WH/ at which formal dress is required.

"One large square trunk containing a typewriter, dictionaries of various languages, atlases, maps, guide books, economic geographies, statistical forms, reports, etc., for use in my official work--all very heavy.

"Four pieces of hand baggage:

"One large telescope suitcase full of clothing and a supply of stationery for use en route.

"One large satchel or bag containing toilet outfit, medicines, camera and films, and miscellaneous articles.

"One large brief case bulging full of maps and documents for use in official work.

"One long leather carrying case for umbrella, cane, etc.

"I have had no convenient means of weighing these containers

without paying transportation and portorage but estimate that the square trunk weighs about 150 pounds, that the wardrobe trunk weighs about 120 lbs., that the ~~1st~~ large suitcase weighs about 60 lbs., the satchel about 30 lbs., the brief case about 20 lbs., and the carrying case about 8 lbs. The only reason for taking all this baggage is that my trip will be a long one and the material I take with me is necessary for the efficient performance of my official duties.

"Obviously a man with only two hands and limited strength can not himself carry four pieces of hand baggage aggregating approximately 118 lbs in weight. He must have a porter and for distances greater than one or two city blocks he needs a conveyance. Bearing the foregoing in mind, note the following items in the account:

"Special Conveyance.

"(1) April 23, transfer of self ~~and~~ and four pieces of hand baggage from residence to railway station, Washington, \$1.00. Distance from 1026 17th St. to Cor.of L St., about half a square; Cor. L to St.car on Conn.Ave., nearly a square;--too far to attempt to carry four pieces weighing over 100 pounds. At 11 p.m., when I left residence, I could not very well carry two ~~pieces~~ pieces to Conn.Ave., leave them and return for the other two. No porters were available. To employ a laborer to help carry them to the street car at that hour would cost more than a taxi, so I took a taxi to the station and avoided the expense of a laborer and the inconvenience to the public of handling four pieces of baggage on and off the St.car. If the Accounting Office cannot see the justice of allowing this item after this lengthy explanation, please explain how I should have proceeded in the circumstances.

"(2) April 25, New York, transfer of self and four pieces of baggage from hotel in New York to pier of steamer in Hoboken, N.J., \$5.00. I did not go directly from Washington to Hoboken instead of

New York because I had an important appointment to meet the Chairman of the International Committee of the American Forestry Association in New York to discuss matters of importance to the Association and to the world census under my charge. I did not take a street car, subway or elevated train from hotel in N.Y. because men living in N.Y. whose business it is to know the transportation facilities available (guide at the U.S.S.Lines, policeman, and hotel clerk) whom I consulted could not tell me how to get to the pier by any means other than automobile, except at a probable loss of time that would probably cause me to miss the boat on which I had engaged passage, which would involve additional expense to the government, or greater expense for transfer than automobile. I did not start earlier in the morning because in the course of human events hotels and restaurants have come to have fixed hours for meals, and I cannot conceive of any accounting officer denying the right of a government official getting the customary meals at the customary hours. It was about 9.30 a.m. that an automobile was secured through the hotel clerk and the chauffeur refused to take me and my baggage to the pier in Hoboken for less than \$5.00, which in the circumstances I reluctantly agreed to pay. Nearly two hours later on arriving at the pier I paid the amount stipulated but because of the confusion incident to the late arrival and the crowd I forgot until it was too late to demand a receipt.

"⁽²⁾~~(3)~~ May 4, Paris, taxi to various hotels 24 francs. On getting off train at Paris at 11.30 p.m. I was unable to secure a porter and had to struggle with my baggage the distance of a city block or more to the exit where a porter was obtained. I took the only automobile in sight, no street cars being visible, and gave the chauffeur oral and written instructions where to go. I gave the address of a hotel recommended by a fellow passenger. The chauffeur drove up and down various streets and avenues until I stopped him and inquired of a police-

man who gave specific directions; after a reasonable length of time I stopped the chauffeur again and inquired the way; when he finally stopped at the address given we found the hotel closed. From a bystander I got the new address to which the hotel had moved. At the new address the manager said all rooms were taken. I had him telephone to different hotels until he found a room vacant which he said would cost thirty francs. We went to the address given and found it was a garage and was closed. We rang up a porter (it was then after 1 a.m.) and he said the hotel we were looking for was around a corner. We found it and I asked the night clerk to settle with the chauffeur. For some minutes there was a heated altercation between them and they finally settled on 24 francs. (Incidentally the hotel clerk insisted there was only one room vacant and that the price was 150 francs--about \$9.00--instead of 30 francs. As I did not care to spend the night on the streets, I took the room and paid the price).

"In the event that the accounting officer feels that this expense cannot be allowed under the regulations I respectfully ask for detailed instructions as to how a stranger in a foreign city should proceed in such circumstances in order to avoid additional expense to the government, and loss to himself, keeping in mind that sleeping in railway stations, in the streets, or in the public parks is prohibited.

"Tips.

"I am in a most unholy state of mind regarding tips because I personally dislike to pay them. I am under the impression that the fiscal regulations allow reimbursement for tips of 10 cents each for each piece of hand baggage used in connection with official business for hotel, railway, and pier porters. From the time I left my residence I did not encounter a single porter who was satisfied with 40 cents for my four pieces of baggage, although I usually car-

ried the lighter pieces myself. As a matter of fact I took counsel with fellow passengers, officials of the ~~the~~ steamship company, Cook's agency and others and in accordance with their advice usually paid more than is charged in the account. The custom of tipping is universal and has become an unwritten law in Europe. When services are employed at a fixed price one can usually get by on the basis of ten per cent for tips in addition to the price agreed upon. But the ten per cent rule does not work where no price is fixed in advance. Nor does it work where exact change cannot be made. The people with whom travellers deal never have change, or at least they profess not to have exact change. It is not always convenient or possible to get bills changed in the vicinity; and they always refuse to accept less than the amount to be paid and insist on keeping any excess that cannot be recovered as change. The result is that in many cases the tips are larger than ten per cent of the basic charge for the service. This was the case with the charge for tips to the interpreter and the baggage master of Cook's agency in Paris on May 5. They arranged for the clearance of the trunks through the customhouse without examination and their transfer from one railway station to another, a rather difficult operation. The total expense was 356 ~~740+34~~ francs. I proposed to give them each 16 francs, but they said they could not make change and we could not conveniently get change elsewhere, so I gave them a bill for 50 francs and they gave me back 10 francs. Considering the time these two men spent on the job--several hours---the charge was not excessive.

"Excess baggage.

For a short trip one can get along with a large suitcase; but for a trip involving absence from home and official station in the U.S. for a year to five years trunks are necessary. My two trunks contain probably 200 lbs. excess weight. This accounts for the

charges on April 23, Washington to N.Y.; May 1, Cherbourg to Paris; and May 5, Paris to Rome. All I can say is that the equipment in these trunks is necessary for the efficient performance of my official duties during a protracted period abroad. Obviously the charges for excess weight of equipment already in my possession is less expensive to the government than to buy new equipment in Europe at government expense, which would have been necessary if I had not brought a typewriter and certain books and records needed in my official work. If the accounting office can suggest a better or more economical method I would be pleased to have it for my future guidance.

"Disallowances.

"If certain items have to be disallowed under the regulations please make them definitely and settle the account, because further correspondence regarding them would cost more than the amount involved.

"Check.

"Please mail check in settlement of account to 'The Federal American National Bank of Washington, D.C.,' to credit of my checking account.

"Very truly yours,
(Signed) "Leon M. Estabrook,
"Agricultural Commissioner.

"P.S.--Please bear in mind that I did not ask for this assignment, that its acceptance involves considerable financial and personal sacrifice, and that my actual expenses are about twice the amount charged in the account for the period covered by it."

¶The foregoing is quoted in full simply as an illustration of the meticulous care with which a traveller on official business for the government must explain every item of expense for which he does not submit a written receipt. The explanation must be repeated

each time a similar charge is made or the item will be disallowed. Nothing can be taken for granted because accountants are notoriously lacking in imagination, some of them equally lacking in intelligence, and all of them say they have no discretion; and all are equally suspicious and prone to assume that responsible officials of the government are habitually dishonest.)

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government are habitually dishonest.)

(1925)

~~E-1523.~~ 1452

~~(Insert letter to Dr. Taylor, May 12--blue folder.)~~

~~(Also letter to Dragoni, same date and folder.)~~

The 13th was a lovely spring day. I began indexing material regarding the census project so that I could have an inventory available of such material ^{and} ~~so that I might~~ be able to find anything promptly. This was interrupted by interviews with Mr. Hobson regarding the census project; with Mr. Hubback, an old English gentleman employed by the Institute as a specialist on grain exchanges, he having been connected with the Liverpool Exchange and helped organize the grain exchange at Rosario, Argentina; and with Prof. Ricci, former Secretary General and then professor of economics in the University of Rome, regarding the employment of an assistant director of the census project; also we canvased the statisticians of Europe and discussed a conference of statisticians regarding the census project in connection with the General Assembly of 1926. I began taking French and Italian lessons on alternate afternoons at the Berlitz School of Languages. In the evening I wrote the following letters, ^{to the} ~~out~~

~~adopted children!~~

~~(Insert letters to Thelma and Otis, May 13, pink folder).~~

~~omitted~~
page 1453

(1925)

~~E-1524~~, 1453

May 14. Another lovely spring day of bright sunshine, fresh green foliage, and gentle breezes. Had another interview with the Secretary General, who gave the impression of being exceedingly busy and kept me waiting. Also had an interview with Mr. Dore, chief of the statistical division, regarding the transfer to my office of one of his men who could act as a sort of liason officer between the census office and the division. Both Mr. Longobardi and Mr. Caproni had been recommended by Mr. Hobson and Prof. Ricci. These assistants were getting about \$1,000 a year. I had an allotment for an assistant of \$2,500. I offered to increase the salary of either who might be transferred to me by one-third or one-half, and stated that I did not offer more lest it cause trouble with other employes in the statistical division and other branches of the Institute. I expressed a preference for Dr. Longobardi because of his knowledge of English.

The following day I had an interview with Mr. Hobson regarding the proposed transfer. In the afternoon I moved my equipment and papers into the "Casetta," a small outbuilding on the grounds of the Institute that had been fitted up for my office, there being no space for me in the main building. It was reputed to be very old and the guides pointed it out to tourists as having been occupied as a studio at one time by Michael Angelo. At the Berlitz School I was introduced to and took my first lesson from a most beautiful Italian lady teacher. She was lovely and animated and I confess I was much interested in her efforts to put a finger on fleas that seemed to be troubling her. I would gladly have assisted her had it not been for the unfeeling and unyielding pine table between us, and the fact that she did not understand a word of English and I understood very little Italian, so all I could do was to smile and look at her appreciatively.

~~(See or insert 3 letters May 15, blue folder).~~

(1925)

~~E-1525.~~ 1456

~~(Also letters to Dragoni and Dore, May 16, blue folder.)~~

Sunday, the 17th, was another ideal day. I hired a carriage and drove to the Colosseum, the Forum, the Circus Maximus, the Baths of Caracalla, and along the Appian Way, and stopped to inspect the Catacombs, saw the ruined watch towers and fragmentary aqueducts across the Campagna, and the Alban Hills and mountains beyond--a sight to stir the imagination of any one.

~~(Insert letter to mother, ^{sister} May 17, pink folder).~~

(1925)

~~E-1526~~. 1461

On the 18th I wrote to the librarian asking that certain trade and technical journals that I listed be sent to my desk regularly.

I was much pleased to receive a visit from an old friend, Sr. Patroni, chief of the Office of Information of the Argentine Department of Agriculture. He spent most of the forenoon with me. For some minutes I experienced difficulty in conversing in Spanish, but as I listened to him it all came back and thereafter I had no trouble. The next day he brought his wife with him and I showed them through the Institute palace. In the afternoon Mr. Hobson and several of the officials of the Institute called, and later a Miss Anderson. She was an employe of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics at Washington and had been sent over to the Berlin office to compile data for Dr. Schoenfelt, who was in charge, and he in turn had sent her to Rome to look up certain information at the Institute, all of which she was enjoying greatly, so greatly that it seemed to me that her official mission had fallen somewhat into the background of her mind. She had experienced difficulty in finding a room and temporarily was staying with the Hobsons.

At dinner at my hotel in the evening I encountered three Irish priests who occupied the same compartment with me from Cherbourg to Paris. Although we had not spoken to each other on the train there was mutual recognition this time and I found them very friendly. One of them was introduced as a bishop.

~~(Memo. to Secretary Genl. May 19--blue folder.~~

~~(Letter to Mr. Dore, same.~~

Gmit

(1925)

~~E-1527~~ 1462

Sr. and Sra. Patroni took luncheon with me at the hotel, which they seemed to enjoy. In the afternoon I attended a meeting of the Permanent Committee. It was held in the General Assembly room and was a formal affair. There was a good attendance of delegates representing the adhering governments, with many employees of the Institute to assist in reporting the proceedings.

I was invited to address the meeting, for which I had prepared

~~a seven-page~~
~~the following memorandum~~ outlining the census project as I understood it and a tentative program in which I emphasized

(Copy statement, May 20, blue folder).

the importance of keeping it simple and practical.

(1925) Rome.

~~E-1528~~. 1463

In accordance with my custom I did not read this statement, but gave its substance rather freely. At intervals Madame Agresti interpreted my remarks in excellent French with her usual intuitive comprehension of the thought and happy use of words to express it.

After dinner in the evening I sat in my closet bedroom, smoking, playing the phonograph, sipping a glass of wine, and relaxing, when the chambermaid came in to see that all was in order. She was a neat, cheerful little body and, as was the case with all the help in this Italian hotel, she was imported directly from Germany and could speak no English, French, or Italian. I tried all these languages on her but got no response, but when I tried "Was sagen sie," she responded so volubly that I was at once swamped. All I understood clearly was that she and the other servants enjoyed hearing my phonograph in the evening. This explained why, when I played the phonograph evenings, I heard footsteps in the corridor outside, some of which seemed to pause near my door. It was the servants who made it convenient to pass ~~my~~ ^{the} door when word circulated through the ranks that there was music in my room. I could not blame them, because the Hotel Minerva specialized on catering to priests who came to Rome in swarms and therefore the hotel was a little funereal in its appearance and management.

~~(Letter to wife, May 20, pink folder).~~

omitted

(1925--Rome).

~~E--1529.~~ 1464

On the 21st I had an interview with Messrs.Dore and Longobardi and it was agreed that as a temporary arrangement Mr.Longobardi should work half the time for the statistical division and half the time in my office on the census project. In the afternoon I met Madame Agresti, for whom I had the highest regard and admiration because of her personality, her life, and her extraordinary ability as an interpreter. After office hours I called on a Miss Wallace, a woman real/estate agent, who promised to find a cheap room for me. She gave me the address of an apartment overlooking the Piazza de Spagna. I took luncheon with Sr.and Sra.Patroni at their pension. It was a typical Italian meal with everything drenched in olive oil, which to me is the same as castor oil, boiled fish--which I particularly detest, and unlimited quantities of slippery spaghetti, which always reminds me of angleworms. They ate the food with great relish. I did my poor best to disguise my repugnance, but the only thing I really enjoyed was the wine. The dining room of the pension was of noble proportions, with beautifully carved wooden wainscoting and ceiling, being one of the many rooms in an old Roman palace.

On the 22d I had an interview with the Secretary General and Mr.Dore regarding the proposed transfer of Mr.Longobardi on a half-time basis to my office, to which they definitely agreed. Later Mr.Hobson said the transfer would have to be considered and approved by the Permanent Committee. Later I went to the railway station to bid farewell to Sr.and Sra.Patroni who were leaving for Genoa on their return trip to Buenos Aⁱres. During the day I examined critically the Yearbook of the Institute, and dictated a memorandum of the information to be compiled regarding the countries to be included in the proposed census.

(Index of relative importance, etc. blue folder.)

Pages 1465 - 1466 - 1467 omitted

Following is a copy of the memorandum I prepared listing the information I wished to have compiled in the Institute for my guidance in connection with the census project:

"Index of Relative Importance of Agricultural and Livestock Industries in various countries of the world.

"(From data contained in the Year-Book of the International Institute of Agriculture and other publications for 1923.)

"Tabulate on sheets opposite alphabetical list of all countries (about 200) grouped by continents in the Northern Hemisphere and in the Southern Hemisphere data as follows:

"A) Relation of countries to the International Institute of Agriculture:

- "1) Indicate adhering countries (Yes or No).
- "2) Classification or rank of each adhering country (i.e., according to amount it contributes to support of Institute).
- "3) Date each country joined the Institute (year only).
- "4) How represented at the Institute (for Permanent Delegate note 'PD'; for other official 'OO'; without representation 'No.')
- "5) Number of delegates representing each country at the last General Assembly Meeting in 1924.
- "6) Whether or not the country has a statistical department or bureau (Yes or No).
- "7) Whether or not the country has a crop reporting bureau or service (Yes or No).
- "8) Whether or not the country reports regularly and promptly on crops and livestock to the Institute (Yes or No).
- "9) The year in which the last agricultural census was taken (Year or No).
- "10) The year in which the last livestock census was taken (Year or No).
- "11) Whether or not an agricultural and livestock census is periodically (No for countries where census is not periodical; for periodical indicate period as 5, 10, 15 years and so forth).

- "12) Whether or not notification of proposed census of 1930 was sent to each country (note date notification was ~~sent~~ sent, or No if not sent.)
- "13) Whether or not reply has been received to such notification (date reply was received, or No if not yet received.)
- "14) Nature of replies:
- a) Definite.
 - b) Provisional (indicate briefly nature of uncertain element in reply.)
 - c) Favorable without reservation.
 - d) Favorable with reservation (indicate nature of reservation).
 - e) Objections (state the objections briefly).
 - f) Unfavorable (state briefly reasons).

"Note: The foregoing section could probably go on one set of sheets, with space on right hand margin to indicate nature of replies received.

"B) Land Area and Population (thousands of hectares for classification of land, and thousands of square^a kilometers for total area; for number of inhabitants round to even thousands by dropping the three right hand figures if less than 500, and if more than 500 add 1 to the thousands).

- "1) Area tillable and per cent of total.
- "2) Area used for pasture and per cent of total.
- "3) Area in woodlands and per cent of total.
- "4) All other lands and per cent of total.
- "5) Total land area.
- "6) Number of agricultural establishments and average area.
- "7) Number of livestock establishments and average area.
- "8) Total number of agricultural and livestock establishments and average area.
- "9) Total area of country in square kilometers.

"10) Total population.

"11) Number of inhabitants per square kilometer.

"C) Crop areas, Production, Exports and Imports (to be shown for each of the crops named in the following groups).

1) Cereal Crops:

- a) Wheat.
- b) Rye.
- c) Barley.
- d) Oats.
- e) Maize.
- f) Rice.

2) Forage Crops:

- a) Alfalfa.
- b) Clover.
- c) Vetches.
- d) Tame grasses.
- e) Sorgo.
- f) Root crops for forage.

3) Industrial crops:

- a) Cotton.
- b) Cotton seed.
- c) Sugar cane.
- d) Cane sugar.
- e) Sugar beets.
- f) Beet sugar.
- g) Flax for linseed.
- h) Flax for fiber.
- i) Tobacco.
- j) Wine grapes.
- k) Wine.
- l) Olives.
- m) Coffee.
- n) Tea.
- o) Hemp.
- p) Ramie.
- q) Peanuts.
- r) Rubber.
- s) Rape seed.
- t) Broom corn.
- u) Soy beans.
- v) Coconuts.
- w) Silk cocoons.

4) Vegetables:

- a) White potatoes.
- b) Sweet potatoes and yams.
- c) Beans, dry edible.
- d) Peas and lentils, dry edible.
- e) Onions.
- f) Cabbage.
- g) Turnips.
- h) Tomatoes.
- i) Cantaloupes and water melons.

"5) Fruits and Nuts:

- a) Apples.
- b) Pears.
- c) Peaches, Apricots and Nectarines.
- d) Plums and cherries.
- e) Citrus fruits.
- f) Figs.
- g) Table grapes.
- h) Raisins.
- i) Pineapples.
- j) Bananas.
- k) Walnuts.
- l) Almonds.

"6) Seed Crops:

- a) Alfalfa.
- b) Clovers.
- c) Grass.
- d) Sugar Beet.
- e) Onion.

"7) Forest Products (exports and imports in millions of square feet or cubic meters or value, as may be most readily available.)

"D) Livestock: Total number of head of all ages and sexes.

"1) Cattle.

"2) Sheep.

"3) Goats.

"4) Swine.

"5) Horses.

"6) Mules.

"7) Asses.

"8) Hives of bees.

"9) Poultry (Chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese, and other domestic fowls).

"10) Ostriches.

"E) Livestock products: (thousands of tons).

"1) Meats, production, exports, and imports.

"2) Dairy, " " "

"3) Wool, " " "

"F) Census schedules used by various countries (list for comparison of items on the census questionnaire forms used in the last

census of each country, showing subject matter, kinds of crops, area, production and value; kinds and number of livestock with age and sex classifications; livestock products, quantity and value; and so forth.)"

The information compiled as the result of this memorandum was w very usefull in dealing with individual countries thereafter in connection with the census.

On the 23^d, Saturday, as on all Saturdays, the offices *were* closed in the afternoon. I spent the forenoon indexing correspondence, walked through the beautiful Pincio park in the bright spring sunshine, had luncheon at a restaurant, and a long nap in the afternoon. In the evening I went to the railway station with Mr. Hobson to meet Dr. Taylor, chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

The next day, Sunday, Mr. Hobson had arranged an outing for Dr. Taylor and *Mr.* Together we rode on the trolley car to Albano and from there walked to the lake of the same name, descended the steep banks of the crater to the water level, and *walked* several miles around the lake. Unfortunately it was raining, the path we followed was muddy, and we were soon wet through. It was cold, wet, dark, gloomy, and disagreeable. At noon the combined efforts of the three of us succeeded in making a sickly little fire in the rain from wet branches and twigs with which to warm up some coffee. Mr. Hobson was quite enthusiastic, Dr. Taylor non-committal, and I refrained with difficulty from expressing my opinion of three grown men who would spend a day in the rain, mud, and discomfort within a few miles of a great city full of hotels and attractive restaurants. On the whole it was one of the most disagreeable days I ever spent.

~~(letter to mother, May 24, pink folder).~~ ✓

"Roma, le 24 Mai de 1925.

"Dear Mother:

"It is your turn for a letter. Your welcome letter of the 10th reached me on the 22d. Needless to say I was glad to hear that Sunny Hill is looking its best in spring garb. I was also glad to hear that you are getting your place fixed up and that your garden is coming on. I hope that you will soon learn the combination to your radio so that you can listen to some of the fine musical programs that are available from New York and Washington.

"This week I succeeded in finding a room, but cannot get possession until June 1. It is on the top floor (6th) of No.81 Piazza d'Espagna, about half a mile from my office. This is much more convenient than the hotel, which is about a mile from the office. I usually walk this distance four times a day, and going through narrow crowded streets makes it tiresome and causes me to lose much time. Hotels here are on the so-called American plan, that is, one must take his meals at the hotel. Under the new arrangement I will have a large, light, furnished room and private bath, with breakfast (a hard roll and a cup of black coffee), and will be free to take the noon and evening meals where I please.

"Friday afternoon I appeared before the Permanent Committee of the International Institute of Agriculture, composed of the permanent delegates of the adhering nations resident in Rome, and outlined my tentative plans for the world agricultural census of 1930. At the conclusion of the address the president of the committee commented favorably on my talk and promised the full cooperation of the Permanent Committee and of the Institute.

"This week I had a visit with two Argentine friends who looked me up at the Institute, Señor and Señora Patroni. Sr. Patroni is Chief of the Office of Information of the Argentine Department of Agriculture and is in Italy on a special mission for his government.

I had them to dinner at the hotel one day and took dinner with them at their Italian pension another day. The dinner was entirely Italian and I confess I had difficulty in keeping up my end except for the bread and wine. These people are enormous eaters and they especially like things swimming in olive oil--which I instinctively detest. The first dish staggered me. It was a plate heaped up with half cooked vermicelli covered with olive oil. Sr.y Sra.Patroni shovelled it in with great fork-fulls and apparently did not chew it but swallowed it whole. I stopped to chew it. The result was that they cleaned up their plates in a hurry, before I had made any impression on mine. I struggled bravely on, but finally had to excuse myself by saying that evidently it took a good deal of practice to eat vermicelli.

"Last evening Dr.H.C.Taylor, Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, arrived from Paris, and Mr.Hobson, the American Delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, and I met^{him} at the railway station. He came through directly from Liverpool where he succeeded in getting the Liverpool Cotton Exchange to formally adopt the American universal standards of cotton. This is an achievement because it will greatly facilitate trading in American cotton and for many years the Liverpool Exchange had refused to accept the standards established by the U.S.Department of Agriculture.

"Today (Sunday) Dr.Taylor, Mr.Hobson, and I took a trip to Albano on the trolley cars, walked around the lake, and returned by train in the afternoon. Albano is a historic town, more than 2000 years old, about fifteen miles southeast of Rome and only a few miles from the coast. The trolley runs through an old part of Rome, past many old cathedrals, monuments and ruins, through a gate of the great city wall, within sight of the great Appian Way and the old Roman aqueduct for many miles, across the famous Campagna, which is a flat plain of rich farming land, mostly sown to wheat

and barley,^{and} with many vineyards and market gardens. The last part of the journey the train ascends^d the Alban Hills from which a fine view of the Campagna is to be had, as well as the City of Rome in one direction and the blue Mediterranean in another direction. It takes a little over an hour to make the trip. Unfortunately we had a cold, cloudy, rainy day for the trip, with showers every few minutes. In fact, several times we were on the point of turning back, but having started we decided to keep on.

"On reaching Albano, and after waiting a few minutes for a heavy shower to pass, we started out afoot for the lake. The going was uphill for about a mile through a narrow lane between high stone walls, with an occasional ancient churches, some of which were ringing their old bells. On the roadside were green grass and flaming scarlet poppies everywhere, with a few very old olive trees and occasionally a eucalyptus tree. Finally we reached the crest of the high hill and there we had a wonderful view of Lake Albano, which is in the hollow of an ancient crater. The lake is almost a perfect circle, about two miles in diameter and six miles around, surrounded on all sides by precipitous slopes covered with a heavy growth of trees, shrubs, grass, and flowering plants, the rim being apparently about five hundred feet above the surface of the water. The water is deep and green in color. Today the surface was rippling from a strong wind, the waves breaking in whitecaps and giving off the sound of a great waterfall.

"We turned to the left and followed a beautiful road along the rim of the crater bordered on both sides by velvety green turf and rows of majestic knarled oaks until we reached a medaeval town on a high peak, passed a monastery and a number of shrines, and turning to the right followed a path that descended gradually to the water's edge. Soon after leaving the main road we passed a picturesque

stone hut and a small corral with a few brown Swiss dairy cows and sheep. This place was perched on a steep slope facing the lake, and in the rear of the corral were great caves cut in the solid rock that evidently served as a barn for the livestock. Along the path we followed there was rich pasture with an abundance of grass, clovers, vetches and other legumes growing wild. Also there was the greatest variety of wild flowers. There were scarlet poppies everywhere, white and crimson clover, purple vetch, perennial daisies, the yellow flowered broom, sky blue forget-me-nots, purple and cream colored perennial wild sweet peas, a purple flowered malvacea, buttercups, great patches of a deep pink spike flower like our antirrhinums, and innumerable other flowers that were strange to me. The trees were mostly chestnut, which showed no signs of blight, alders, mountain ash, elm, some holly, hawthorn, and dogwood. Occasionally we came upon remnants of old Roman ruins, a piece of stone wall, a beautiful arch, made of old Roman brick or stone and almost overgrown and hidden by vegetation. Maidenhair ferns, sweet fern and bracken grew everywhere. Occasionally little springs and streams trickled out of the precipitous wall. High up could be seen perpendicular cliffs, some with caves in them. Occasionally we came to a marshy spot where we had to step from stone to stone. At noon we made camp among some rocks near a spring, built a fire of twigs, made coffee and had luncheon. It would have been most delightful had it not been for the succession of heavy showers.

"After luncheon we proceeded on our way, following the shore of the lake. Two swallows were the only birds I saw. (By the way, I have seen no English sparrows ~~in Italy~~ and very few other birds in Italy. The most common bird, almost as common as our English sparrow, is the chimney swallow. They are everywhere and have a very fine piercing cry. Also there are many bats about at night.) We saw no rabbits,

squirrels, or other small animals, except some giant toads. I saw a few black slugs and some large snails with shells on their backs in the path, and millions of pollywogs in the water near the shore of the lake. During the last third of our walk the slope from the water's edge to the rim of the crater was less steep and there were vineyards and olive orchards with a few stone cabins to be seen. At the end of our walk we climbed a steep slope through an old olive orchard about half way up. We passed a ~~flck~~ flock of sheep in this orchard tended by an old woman and a little boy, each with a large umbrella.

"While waiting for the train the sun came out for a few minutes. A wonderful vista was disclosed. The surface of the lake was full of changing tints of green and blue, rippling, and with flakes of white from the breaking waves. The slopes of the crater, six miles in circumference and five or six hundred feet high, were clothed in emerald green with splashes of pink and red cliffs. Surrounding peaks were crowned with castles and towns. White clouds were scurrying across the mountain peaks beyond. And along the railway and nearby slopes were carpets of waving grass and crimson poppies.

"We got comfortable seats in the little bobtailed train shortly after two o'clock and almost immediately plunged into a tunnel through the rim of the crater. In the tunnel it was the densest, darkest darkness I ever experienced, there being no lights in the coaches. We came out on the other side and had a fine view of the Campagna, with the old, arched, Roman aqueduct of solid masonry stretching across it. This aqueduct is from thirty to sixty feet high, probably eighteen feet thick, and had from one to two channels or conduits for conveying the water. These were about three feet square. Evidently the conduits were not constructed to withstand much pressure and therefore had to be on a standard grade. After leaving the tunnel we passed

for a mile or more a succession of quarries in which were great excavations or caves with smooth sides and supports. Apparently the stone or tufa is soft and can be cut with saws. Out on the plain or *campagna* we passed a great number of old Roman watch towers. Apparently ^{these} these are twenty or thirty feet square and about forty feet high.

"In the railway station is a great iron barrier or partition with gates and guards. To pass through one must present a ticket from the train conductor showing that the fare has been paid. Then the passenger must pass before a customhouse official to see that he is not bringing in anything he did not take out. A tax must be paid on everything brought into the city for the first time. That means that a farmer or anybody else who brings in ~~fruit~~ fruit, vegetables, or anything ~~Y~~ else must have it examined and pay a tax before he is admitted.

"I separated from my companions at the station, took a coche to the hotel, had a bath and change of clothing, and feel none the worse for my long walk through the rain and wet grass.

"Have had no letter from la señora since leaving New York, although letters have come through from the children. Naturally I am anxious to hear from her.

"I realize that the peony campaign is probably on at Sunny Hill and that Sister Nellie is driven hard to get through. I hope the dear peonies will do their best and that the good fairies will make conditions propitious so that she will be rewarded and not disappointed as she was last year.

"All is well with me and my project. I have fought my first battle with the force in the Institute and simply outgeneraled them and do not anticipate any further trouble. Hobson says it was the

~~1530--g~~ 1480

best piece of strategy he had ever seen put across. Hope all is well with you, the folks at home, and at Winworth.

"With love to all,

"Lee."

(1925--Rome)

~~E-1531~~. 1481

On Monday, the 25th, I felt rather tired from the ordeal of the previous day. Both Mr. Hobson and Dr. Taylor called at my office. Dr. Taylor seemed to be much troubled about his official position in Washington. He knew that his resignation was desired and he expected to resign, but not until it suited him to do so. He said he had a 120 acre farm near Madison, Wisconsin, bringing in a fair income, a small cash surplus, and expected to accept a satisfactory position with the Northwestern University at Evansville near Chicago.

(Memo. "For Checking Countries", just
before May 27, blue folder.) *Romit*

(1925--Rome).

~~E-1532.~~ 1482

On the 26th, Dr. Taylor, as chief of bureau, agreed that \$2,500 be reserved from bureau funds, if necessary, to supplement the fund made available by the International Education Board for the census project. Afterwards we had luncheon together at my hotel. In the afternoon I had interviews with Mr. Dore and Sir Thomas Elliott.

On the 27th printed letterheads for the census office were delivered. Wrote to the Secretary General asking for a cardⁿ or other means of identification that I might carry in my pocket, and that an appropriate sign be placed on the Casetta. Spent a good part of the day listing the crops, animals, and commodities mentioned in commercial geographies. Had dinner with Dr. Taylor and Mr. Hobson. Wrote the Secretary General about Miss Broad, who had been assigned to my office as secretary, had reported for duty, and wanted a vacation of three months. Wrote regarding the census project to Mr. R.G. Thom^pson of the British Ministry of Agriculture, who had attended all the meetings of the General Assembly since I met him in 1920 and who had taken a keen interest in the project.

(Letter to Thompson, May 27, blue folder.) *omit*

(1925--Rome)

~~E--1533.~~ 1483

The 28th was a beautiful day of bright sunshine, gentle breezes, twittering birds, nursemaids, children, and lovers in the park surrounding the Casetta. Had a long talk with Dr. Taylor, who was evidently mentally distressed, and walked with him through the Villa Borghese, the Pincio, to the Piazza de Spagna. It was dark when we separated. During the day I wrote a letter in Italian to an old friend in Argentina from Italy, which Miss Broad corrected and typed. Also I dictated a memorandum about a proposed glossary for the world census of agriculture that certain members of the Institute and the Permanent Committee were advocating.

(Memorandum of May 28, blue folder.) o

I noted in my diary that on this date, the 28th, my laundry was ten days in arrears at the hotel.

C The following morning there was great excitement at the Casetta because it had been entered during the night and a typewriter borrowed from the American Embassy was missing, together with various articles of little value, such as office scissors, paper weights, rulers, and the like. In the forenoon I was invited to see a beautiful display of sweet pea blossoms grown by Mr. Montgomery, acting chief of the Division of Agricultural Economics, which was set up in the library of the Institute. Had luncheon with Dr. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Hobson, Mr. Hobson's mother, and Miss Anderson, at the Ristaurante San Carlo. In the evening Dr. Taylor, accompanied by Mr. Hobson, called at my hotel to say good bym

On the 30th Sr. Diocletio de Campos, Brazilian delegate, accompanied by his son, called at my office and after discussing the census project, I took a snapshot photograph of them outside the ~~office~~ Casetta office.

The last day of May the weather turned hot. In the early morning I walked past the Pantheon near the hotel, through an old section of Rome, along the Tiber and across the bridge opposite the Castello d'Angelo, and on to St. Peter's. St. Peter's and the great open space in front of it was crowded with thousands of pilgrims, mostly of the peasant class, brought in by the train load from other sections of Italy, from Spain, France, Austria, and Germany. Later I walked to the Villa Borghese and inspected the Galery of Modern Art and enjoyed looking at the beautiful paintings and statuary.

At noon a ~~young~~, rather slippery looking young man called at the hotel to see me about the room I had agreed to rent on

(1925--Rome.)

~~E-1535~~ 1485

the top floor of an apartment house overlooking the Piazza de' ^aEspagn^a, which suited me exactly and into which I had expected to move the following day. I had given notice to the hotel and begun to pack up my things. This young man said he was a bank clerk. He was greatly excited and laboring under a nervous strain because he was occupying the room I had engaged and his landlady had told him he must either pay up his back rent or move out. He said he could do neither, and so he refused to move. As man to man he appealed to me to simplify matters by cancelling my engagement. In the circumstances I could do nothing but conclude that the room was not available. I asked the young man if there was any other reason than nonpayment of rent why the landlady wished to get rid of him, and he admitted that she objected to his attentions to her daughter.

~~(Letter to Wife, May 3¹, pink folder).~~ ✓

Pages 1486 - 1487 omitted

"After breakfast this morning I walked along the Tiber (which here is called the 'Tevere') to the bridge that crosses to the Castello d'Angelo. The Castlo d'Angelo is a ~~very~~ ^{structure} very imposing pagan temple, to me the most imposing in all Rome except the Pantheon. From the bridge I had a fine view of St. Peter's, which has a dome much like the dome of the Capitol building in Washington. The Tiber is a muddy, bad-smelling stream about a hundred yards wide, flowing through the center of the city between high stone or concrete walls. The bridges are arched and lined on both sides with statuary. ^{From} the Castello d'Angelo to St. Peter's is a walk of about half a mile through narrow streets or alleys, filthy and bad smelling beyond description. Then one comes out suddenly in-~~front of~~ ^{to} the great open space in front of the largest church in the world. This open space is about two city blocks in diameter, is circular, more than half its circumference is surrounded by high colonades, with a great red granite Egyptian obelisk in the center, two ^{large} beautiful fountains, one on either side, throwing beautiful cascades of water to a height of thirty or forty feet, and on the opposite side a bank of white marble steps leading up to the various entrances. The great open space in front is paved with little square blocks of stone worn smooth by the feet of uncounted thousands of pilgrims. Today thousands were standing patiently in the hot sun waiting for the gates to be thrown open. The front or facade of the building is ugly, being nothing but a great wall of masonry and so high that it hides the beautiful dome above. To see the dome one must be at a considerable distance from the building--at least four or five city blocks away--and to see it best he should be a mile or more away. In fact the dome is most impressive when seen ten or twenty miles away.

"On the way over and back from St. Peter's I stepped into a number of churches. There seems to be one or two cathedrals or great

churches in almost every block in the older part of Rome. Anyhow there are more than two hundred of them in a relatively small space and the smallest of them is larger than the largest in Washington. They are all pretty much alike. Each has a long central part with a very high ceiling, usually painted with big heavy looking angels floating on little thin clouds; at the rear end is usually the principal altar, with a row of altars on each side. These are ornamented with innumerable figures, paintings, and candles. Some of the candles are eight feet or more in length and several inches in diameter. People come in, dip their fingers in a bowl of holy water, curtsy, make motions with their hands and fingers, kneel down before different altars, and then pass out to the street and are lost in the crowd.

"I also walked across to the Pincio, which is a ~~series of~~ beautiful parks on ^{one of the} ~~some~~ high hills overlooking Rome. Rome is huddled along the Tiber in a bottom, flat and low, so that from the hills near by one can look down upon and over the entire city. The domes of churches and public buildings are the most conspicuous objects. The parks were full of people, especially young couples walking arm in arm and more interested in each other than ⁿanything else. P" On the other side of the ^{Borghese} park I entered the Gallery of Modern Art. This is a beautiful white marble palace full of paintings and statuary. ~~Like~~ ~~all art galleries~~ Some of the paintings were very good, but like all art galleries most of the pictures are neither true to nature nor attractive and one wonders how they ever got there. When I came out of the art gallery I saw a Dodge closed car in front with a sign 'Michigan University.' I waited around awhile hoping to see a Michigan-der, but without success.

"I have seen only two or three American cars in Rome. The Fiat, made in Italy, seems to be the most popular car and I was told it is a good one. Bicycles are in use here, about like they were at home

fifteen or twenty years ago. Old carriages with broken-down horses are the commonest means of conveyance. They charge about ten cents to go a mile. The street cars and electric buses charge only two ^{several} cents fare for the run, which may be from one to ~~twenty~~ miles.

"Clothing and food are cheaper here than in the U.S. Hotels and rooms are higher just now because of the deluge of tourists. At my hotel the meals are always the same. For breakfast one hard, dry roll and a cup of coffee which may be diluted with scalding hot milk. Butter is also served at breakfast, but not at any other meal. The midday meal opens up with hors d'oeuvres, which turns out to be cold sausage and cold potato salad with olive oil. Then soup and boiled fish. The fish is always boiled, ^{with} the flesh ~~is~~ white as marble and absolutely tasteless. Next one has a choice of roast ^(vitello, which may be any age and tough as tripe) spring chicken or veal. Following this will come a pudding, a custard, or an ice. Lastly oranges, almonds, or figs. Wine is almost universally drunk, although in this hotel water is also served. I have never seen anyone here take tea or coffee at the midday meal.

"The evening meal is a duplicate of the noon meal, except that macaroni may be served, or in lieu of veal there may be a small steak. The chicken I found always to be good, so I ^{have} had chicken twice a day for nearly a month; but all other meats are unsatisfactory.

"This evening I took a walk around a few squares in the neighborhood. There must be some sort of a celebration on because most of the buildings--and practically ~~of~~ all of them are six stories in height--had Japanese lanterns in the windows. Another thing I notice is that women go singly on the streets here, day and evening, and are not molested as they are in Paris or in most of the cities of South America. Also I notice that in spite of the fact that the drinking of wine and beer seems to be almost universal here, less

drunkenness is to be seen than on the streets of Washington, or even in little Frederick. It speaks well for the Latin race that they do not go to extremes.

"Yesterday was the 30th of May. Being Saturday I worked the first half and stayed at the hotel the second half. I wondered what you all were doing--and what the peonies at Sunny Hill had done to help celebrate our great national holiday.

"Please write.

"Love to all.

Daddy.=

1955-1956

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"Yesterday was the 30th of May. Being Saturday I worked the first half and stayed at the hotel the second half. I wondered what you all were doing--and what the people at Sunny Hill had done to help celebrate our great national holiday.

Please write.

Daddy.

Love to all.

June opened with a succession of clear hot days. On the first, having been disappointed in getting the room at the Plaza d'Espagna, I decided to ^eremain a month longer at the hotel and subrent Mr. Hobson's apartments during the summer months while he and his family were absent on vacation. Began reading the proceedings of the General Assembly meetings and looking up the geography of the 200 countries listed by the Institute.

On the 2d I wrote letters to the Secretary General regarding ~~travel~~ official travel and clerical assistance. With letters from home was a newspaper clipping recording the death on May 10 of my wife's brother, Roger. This was not unexpected because for many months he had been confined to his bed with heart disease. His passing was to be regretted because he was amiable, gentle, and considerate of everyone, with much good sense. His patience with a trying wife was rare.

(Letter to wife, June 2, pink folder). ✓

"Roma, il 2 Guigno 1925.

"Dear Mommie:

"Today I received the two short letters from the children written the 18th of May. I was more than glad to get them because they broke what to me seemed a long silence and I was getting apprehensive that something had happened to you. I was fearful that possibly you had met with an accident with the machine, how serious I could only imagine, which prevented you from writing even a postcard. However, the copy of the Evening Star of May 11 with the notice of Roger's passing explains it all. I appreciate what a loss his going is to you, and also to Emma, and I wish I could have been there to comfort you; but I also feel sure that you and Emma are both sensible enough to realize that in spite of your loss it is better for Roger and for those who loved him that his suffering should end quickly. Of course, while there is life there is always hope, and I had hoped that there might be a turn for the better--if not, I had hoped that the end might come soon, and as it did come soon I cannot but feel ~~that~~ that ~~it~~ it is better so than that he should have lingered and suffered.

"I realize what a trying time you must have had, both before and after. I sympathize with Sallie, who, in spite of her peculiarities and limitations worshipped Roger and was a true wife to him; and I have no doubt that Roger loved her--and if the comparison might not be misconstrued I should say it was ~~and~~ much the same relation that exists between Rosie and I, because affection begets affection and love overcomes all obstacles. I shall be interested in knowing in what situation Sallie was left financially. I shall hope to receive a letter from you giving more details when you feel that you can write about them.

"The writing of this letter after office was interrupted by my French lesson, then supper, and then some pieces on the dear little phonograph that is such a consolation to me. All the time it is

playing its merry tunes I am conscious of furtive steps in the corridor outside and I know that the chambermaids and the camerieri (men servants) are finding excuses to loiter and listen. Thank all the good fairies, pagan or Christian, this is a land and a people of alegria. They like music, color, and laughter, and are not so filled with a false sense of dignity as to be ashamed of it. Even the poor and distressed, and God knows there is more here than should be, seem to get some joy out of life, which to me is a hopeful sign, and it makes me long to do something to help them. God only knows how some of them manage to exist and support families on \$4.00 to \$6.00 per month. They are a prolific people and always have a bunch of bambinos who are as dear to them, and perhaps dearer because it is all they have, than our own children are to us. And one sees so many dwarfed, stunted, deformed people, and so many very old and helpless people that it makes one's heart ache. And the children are so ubiquitous, so bright-eyed, so lovely, so beautiful, so intelligent looking, so frolicsome, like kittens and puppies, little and fussy, that one loves them at first sight and wonders what their future will be. I saw a troop of little boys the other day marching through the streets, all dressed in black, with long pants and military caps, all about ten years old and tender as pink rose buds, and they had the sweetest and most lovable faces, all smiling and chattering to each other. I should like to have adopted the whole troupe and taken them to Sunny Hill and see what they would do to the trees full of ripe cherries. Orphans all, I suppose, and yet as merry as a lot of little magpies.

"As I become more familiar with the Italian people, it seems a pity that so many of them are excluded from the United States--except a certain element, which I believe to be in the minority, that are venomous reptiles and Italy and the world would be better ^{off} if they

were exterminated. But the real people of Italy, the joyous, light-hearted, artistic, scientific, energetic, constructive Italians--we need them badly as a leaven to the unholy, ungodly, diabolical New England conscience and selfsufficiency and the dignified lethargy of lots of other people who consider themselves human beings that infest the blessed land of Uncle Sam. To me it is a great joy to live in the warm sunshine and under the deep blue sky of Italy, among the bright colors, the gray and crumbling ruins of a by-gone past, decorated and made beautiful by the delicate tracery and colors of spring foliage and flowers; to see the gay wine carts pulled by drowsy donkeys with sleepy drivers, the beautiful young men and women like Greek statues dressed in modern clothes, the picturesque old men and women with bent shoulders, gray hair and wrinkled faces that tell a story of a long life of patient, peaceful, pleasant toil and hardship, and the smiling faces and animated actions of the people on the streets and everywhere. These people do not look solemn anywhere, even in church. They kneel down, say their prayers with a quiet demure look, but always with a smile lurking in the corners of their eyes and lips, and then go out to live a natural, sincere life as before. They are blessed because they can smile. The man, woman or child that cannot smile is condemned and foreordained from the beginning to the end of time and eternity to perdition--and doubly damned is he or she who thinks it is his or her mission in life to reform the lives of others. Ecco, them's my sentiments.

Paper 1496-1497-1498-1499 omitted

Letter to children

"And now, deary, try to write me a letter. If you are so awfully busy, so overwhelmed with duties, etc., at least take a postal, write my address on one side, and on the other put a date and write your initials and put it in the mail box. It will eventually reach me and I will know that you were alive in Washington on the date named. I, too, am busy and have a thousand things to do but sacrifice many of them in

(1925--Rome)

E-1537. 1500

In an interview with Mr. Hobson on the 3d he outlined some of the troubles of the Institute, one of which was the need for a new Secretary General. He admitted Prof. Dragoni was a good linguist, a good economist, knew the Institute thoroughly, its personnel and history from the beginning, and was a pastmaster in handling meetings of every description; but ^{said} his good nature made him weak and a poor administrator, because he could never bring himself to say "No" and stick to it.

On the 5th I wrote my sister:

~~(Letter to Sister Nellie, June 5, pink folder).~~ ✓

"Roma, il 5 Guigno de 1925.

"Dear Sister Nellie:

"It's your turn for a letter. I was very glad to get your letter of May 17th and the diary. This is just what I want, because it gives me a picture of what is happening at Sunny Hill.

"If conditions were favorable you probably started cutting the peonies about the 25th, are still cutting, and will finish next week. I am praying that all goes well so that you can come out ahead of the game. I shall look forward to getting a letter from you about the last of June telling me all about it.

"The presence of the preacher sounds good to me". (She had written that a Holy-Roller preacher was to occupy the house at Sunny Hill rent free as care-taker). "Maybe you can give him and the family something to do occasionally that will help eke out his slender salary. I was filled with joy to hear that the children were digging up the dandelions. I offered the Masser children, and the Rostine children, good wages to do that very thing but neither they nor their parents could understand why and they were not interested. There were only a few at first and they could easily have been kept out.

"I had expected to move last Monday, June 1, into a room I had engaged nearer the office. It was a nice room and I very much wanted to move into it and had made all arrangements. However, on Sunday a dapper little French gentleman called at the hotel and informed me that he was occupying the aforesaid room and didn't propose to move out until he got good and ready. I said that was perfectly satisfactory so far as I was concerned, and then asked him why it was the landlady wanted him to move. He said she had a daughter who was engaged, or hoped to be engaged, or expected to be engaged, or would like to be engaged, and in such circumstances

in this country the chaste young virgin would be compromised if a single gentleman lodged in the same house with her, and as he was single and therefore dangerous the mother wished to get him out and a venerable married man like me in his place. From his appearance and manner I judge that perhaps the mother was right. I have therefore decided to stay on at the hotel for awhile longer, in spite of the inconvenience and discomfort of a small room--none other can be had--and have agreed to take the flat of Mr. Hobson after he and his family leave about the first of July. There I will have a suite of five rooms, bath, kitchen, and flower garden, for about half what I pay at the hotel. The rooms are comfortably furnished and I will have Mr. Hobson's books to read.

"Now for some rambling observations:

"We have become so accustomed to many things in the land of Uncle Sam that contribute to our comfort, well-being and happiness that we think nothing of them and do not realize what they mean until we have to go without them. For example, in Rome, I wanted some cigars. I had to walk many squares before I found a cigar store. In practically all countries except the U.S., Germany, ^{Holland} and Scandinavia, tobacco in all forms is subject to heavy taxes, especially cigars. This, of course, discourages smoking of anything but the cheapest form, cigarettes. A ~~real~~ ^{real} honest-to-goodness cigar costs a lot of money, say from five to ten times the price in the United States. The result is that those who smoke cigars and try to find something at a moderate price ~~get~~ get stung with some rotten stuff. I am pretty well seasoned and tough, as most sinners of my age are, and drink any kind of coffee or anything else ever made and thought I could smoke any kind of tobacco ever grown, but I have met my match and am becoming more cautious. I bought a native cigar known here and in South America as the "Toscano." It is about

in this country the estate young virgin would be disappointed if a single gentleman lodged in the same house with her, and as he was single and therefore dangerous the mother wished to get him out and a venerable married man like me in his place. From his appearance and manner I judge that perhaps the mother was right. I have therefore decided to stay on at the hotel for awhile longer, in spite of the inconvenience and discomfort of a small room--none other can be had--and have agreed to take the list of Mr. Hobson after he and his family leave about the first of July. There I will have a suite of five rooms, bath, kitchen, and flower garden, for about half what I pay at the hotel. The rooms are completely furnished and I will have Mr. Hobson's books to read.

"Now for some wandering observations:

"We have become so accustomed to many things in the land of Uncle Sam that contribute to our comfort, well-being, and happiness that we think nothing of them and do not realize that they mean until we have to do without them. For example, in home, I wanted some cigars. I had to walk many squares before I found a cigar store. In practically all countries except the U.S., Germany, and Scandinavia, tobacco in all forms is subject to heavy taxes, especially cigars. This, of course, discourages smoking of anything but the cheapest form, cigarettes. A tall, honest-to-goodness cigar costs a lot of money, say from five to ten times the price in the United States. The result is that those who smoke cigars and try to find something at a moderate price get stuck with some rotten stuff. I am pretty well seasoned and tough, as most smokers of my age are, and drink any kind of coffee or anything else ever made and thought I could smoke any kind of tobacco ever known, but I have met my match and am becoming more cautious. I bought a native cigar known here and in South America as the "Tobacco". It is about

six inches long, medium size in the middle, tapering to a point at both ends, black as ink, hard as wood, and venemous in appearance. Well, I lit one and started to smoke it while studying. It was so dense and woody that it was hard to draw, so I puffed away harder and harder, trying to get some satisfaction out of it. My attention was concentrated on trying to read some Italian and automatically I kept on puffing at the piece of hard, condensed native tobacco without noticing its effect. Gradually I became concious that something was wrong. The Italian words I was reading began to behave queerly and seemed to squirm and crawl on the page like a lot of worms. I had a feeling of nausea, stopped reading to find where I was at, and realized that the Toscano was stronger than I-- the first and only one of many thousands of cigars that I have smoked in the last twenty years. I felt as if I had been hit on the back of the head with a stuffed club. Later I learned that the Toscanos are intended to be cut in two in the middle, so I was really smking a double dose.

"Then, too, little things like matches are important. In this country they are not easy to obtain because they are subject to a heavy tax. You can get them only at tobacco shops, which are few and far between and have to be looked for and jotted down on a memorandum book so they can be found again.

"I wanted a vase for my office in which to keep flowers. I walked a mile or more through the business section, saw clothing stores, shoe stores, jeweler shops, etc., but no place where one could purchase a cheap glass vase.

"I wanted a ^{pair} ~~couple~~ of nails with which to hang ~~two~~ pictures in the office. For more than two weeks I looked in the windows of shops but failed to see any indication that nails or tacks were for sale. Finally I had to ask the porter of the hotel to tell me where

I could buy them. He was very doubtful but did direct me to a place in an alley where I found what I wanted. It was the only place in Rome that I have seen where one can buy nails, screws, hinges, and the like.

"I have my portable phonograph with me and it is my greatest comfort, because when I hear the old familiar tunes of the Land of Uncle Sam all feeling of loneliness vanished^s. My supply of needles is running low. For a month I have been looking for a place to buy some in Rome. Only yesterday did I succeed in trailing down the only phonograph salesroom in Rome to its lair--as usual I found it in a back alley. The only variety of phonograph which this establishment had was the portable--not a single standard machine. While the Italians are musical and one hears music as he passes along the streets, there are very few music stores to be seen.

"Did you ever think what a convenience the ten-cent stores of the Land of Uncle Sam are to the common people? Nothing like them in all Europe. And the semi-ten-cent stores, that is, the places that sell all kinds of common things at low prices, with the prices displayed in full view, and ~~at~~ prices that are fixed--take 'em or leave 'em. Few people realize what a public service these little stores perform. In most countries outside the Land of Uncle Sam the prices are not displayed and are not fixed, and the dealer does not expect to get the asking price and the customer does not expect to pay the asking price, the ultimate price depending ~~on~~ largely on how much time and disposition and patience the customer has to argue about the matter. Think what a lot of time and energy is wasted and the annoyance and distrust caused by such a system.

"One day last week I saw a procession on the Corso (the Pennsylvania Avenue of Rome, but not as wide as F Street in Washington or Market Street in Frederick). It was a procession of the Juvenile

Red Cross Society of Italy and was made up of several thousand children from ten to fourteen years old. There were three boy bands and they played well some lively marching tunes. There were several floats, big, slow moving trucks, decorated with evergreens and flowers, full of pretty girls in the uniform of little Red Cross nurses, all singing as they marched. They sang well and it was a pleasure to hear them. The boys were dressed in knee pants, white ~~M~~ shirts, and white caps with a red cross. The girls were dressed in white, with white caps and red crosses, and over their heads a white veil fell behind their shoulders. It was a pretty sight and the best thing about it was the childish glee and spirit of joy and playfulness which they displayed. The crowds along the Corso smiled in a good natured way in admiration of the marching children.

"Little handbills were distributed by the boys in the procession. I inclose one and think it is fine. It is in Italian, of course, but you will see that it is headed 'Juvenile Red Cross of Italy,' and that it reads: 'Children and youths of Rome. Would you be a member of the greatest society of the world? Write to the J.R.C.I. (Juvenile Red Cross of Italy). Would you serve your country and make Italy great, strong and honorable? Write, etc. Would you have strength, joy, and health? Would you vie with your companions, with your company, and with Italy in making the schools in every part of the world healthy, beautiful and joyous? Write to the J.R.C.I.' And more to the same effect. Then follows an appeal to the parents of children to have them join the society and to contribute ~~in~~ funds in order that children of both sexes may know of and take part in the good work of the society in organizing good, beauty and health over the surface of the earth. Then in a final appeal each citizen is asked to lend his aid to the Italian Red Cross, which means the sons and daughters of the land, because the habit of doing good, of abstaining from

evil, of overcoming the difficulties of life with courage, persistence, tenacity and good faith, makes good little citizens of the children of Italy, makes good little Italians, good little workers, making the boys to grow into good, strong, well disciplined men, and the little girls to become good and loving daughters, sisters, wives and mothers who make the home more beautiful, more ~~gladness~~ gladsome, more healthy and more comfortable. The J.R.C.I. becomes the great militia of good, to improve the life of the fatherland and of all humanity, to include love of neighbor and love of God and faith in God, all for the greater happiness of mankind and peace on earth.'

"For a handbill picked up on the street this reads pretty good to me. As I watched the thousands of bright faces of the smiling, singing, marching boys and girls on the principal street of old Rome I thought it augured well for Italy that such an organization exists and prospers. In fact, during my short stay here, I sense a general rejuvenation of Italy. It's really a great and wonderful thing, this young old country, the heiress of the oldest civilization of modern history--of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. She lived through the darkness of the ecclesiastical middle ages when religious superstition and bigotry held full sway, and through the long period of religious persecution when the light of civilization nearly went out, through the centuries of warfare and clear on through the Napoleonic wars and the revolutions of the last century.

"This year in Rome is to be celebrated not only 'Holy Year,' a strictly Catholic institution, but also the 25th anniversary of the beginning of the reign of the present king, Victor Emanuel, and it has been a reign of progress. Italy is waking up. She lacks fuel, coal, wood, petroleum and metals. But also she has mountains and waterfalls and these have been harnessed to produce hydro-electric

power, all within the last ten years. Great irrigation works and drainage projects have been constructed or are under way. In fact, Italy is very much alive, agriculturally, industrially, commercially, and artistically. The young Italians are beautiful, hopeful, enthusiastic, and deserve and will achieve a rich measure of success and accomplishment.

"Rome is in about the same latitude as New York, but it is about as hot as Washington--or possibly New Orleans. During May the weather was delightful. With the beginning of June the temperature mounted and it has been real summer ever since. At M midday and during the afternoon it is plain hot. Practically all places of business close at noon and pull down their iron shutters. They open about three and stay open until about eight. Theaters open at nine. I have not been in one yet, so I do not know how late they keep open.

"Traffic here is chaos. Vehicles are supposed to keep to the left, but they don't do it and there seems to be no traffic regulations whatever. The streets are narrow, about like our alleys, many of them without any sign of a sidewalk, the crowds swarm all over them and through the crowds come great clumsy electric buses, automobiles, motorcycles, bicycles, ~~drays~~ drays, and carriages, all with screeching horns of high power. I used to get thrills in operating an automobile in Washington and Frederick but it was nothing compared with the thrills I get every day in Rome jumping and dodging the vehicles that plunge through the crowds in the narrow streets, that steal upon one from behind and then let out a sudden blast of an ear-splitting trumpet. Often the streets are so narrow that when a bus passes the pedestrians line up with their backs to the walls. But the curious thing about this lack of system and of regulation is that there are very few accidents--which makes me think that perhaps we have too much regulation in our country.

"One of the things that strikes an American is the difference in the stature of the people. They seem to run in three sizes, very small, medium, and very large--about equally divided. Americans would average between medium and large. In no other place have I seen so many dwarfs--little people three or four feet high, but perfectly formed. Then there are the medium sized people, a little smaller in height than the average in the Land of Uncle Sam, but plumper and better looking, especially the girls under twenty. Perhaps a third of the population are large, $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and large in proportion. Many of these large people have light hair and blue eyes and do not look like Italians at all. Evidently they came from a strain of the old Goths and Vandals (German) that overran Rome before and during the middle ages. These big people are fine specimens of manhood and womanhood, big, erect, and full of energy and vitality. There are many beggars also--the Italian down-and-outs, poor creatures mentally and physically, generally old and often deformed, barely able to subsist, that meet one on every hand. But on the whole the Italians are a good natured, smiling and happy people. And the parks are full of young people, arm in arm, wholly absorbed in each other, oblivious to all others, and actively making love. For them the sun shines, the sky is blue, the flowers bloom, the trees whisper their secrets, and the birds sing.

"Yesterday I looked out of my office window just in time to see two young Italian army officers dressed in spick and span new uniforms and looking as if they just came out of a bandbox, and two very beautiful young maidens, out under the trees in the park. The girls danced around some trees like kittens. The young officers danced around the other side, met them, caught them in their arms, hugged them tight, raised them from the ground, gave them a long drawn out kiss, set them down gently, and danced a pirouete--and

were the girls offended--No, they wore a most beatific smile, as much as to say 'Do it again'---and they did.

"The young Italian soldiers that one sees on the streets are a fine looking lot of fellows, as big, as straight, and as strong as our own young men. Their uniforms are neat and spruce and they carry themselves like West Point cadets. The police are almost as smart looking in their black uniforms, with red stripes down the sides of their trousers, black Napoleon hats, and red feather duster plumes. These uniforms are made of heavy material, are kept tightly buttoned, and most of them carry a heavy pistol and a sword about three feet long. They have my sympathy this hot weather. Sometimes in the early morning I see a large truck ~~load~~ with gendarmes (police-men) resting on the sides with their swallow tail coats hanging out and they look for all the world like a lot of blackbirds.

"I mentioned the fact that tobacco shops are few and far between. On the other hand wine shops are to be encountered almost in every block, and the wine is not only good but cheap. Frascati and Chianti are the two most popular brands. Another curious thing--although practically everybody in Italy drinks wine and beer, during the five weeks I have been wandering about Rome I have not seen a single person who showed any sign of intoxication. I doubt if the same thing could be said of any city in the United States of equal size--about 600,000, or about the size of Baltimore.

"Another curious thing. The Italians are a passionate people, but in the evening I see young women and girls, attractive in many ways, passing along the streets alone ~~and without escorts~~ without being accosted, approached or molested ^{by men,} ~~in any way~~. This is something I have not seen in any other city. Check up another credit mark for Rome.

"In Texas where we grew up the skies are heavenly blue, the stars shine bright and clear, the breezes blow soft and cool from the Gulf of Mexico, the soft billowy dazzling white clouds float in stately procession overhead, and the mocking birds make the air vibrate with melody. It is the same here and I feel perfectly at home, except I miss those I love most, Sunny Hill, Rosita, the pajaros, and Essie (the auto). The skies of Washington are only half blue, the stars are dim and insignificant, and in summer the nights are hot as _____ anything that is superlatively hot.

"Another thing that I notice is the total absence of sparrows. I have not seen a single one in Rome. The common, universal bird of Rome is the chimney swallow. They are everywhere and as numerous as the English sparrow is with us. They are swift in flight and have a sharp, piercing, penetrating cry, something like a cricket. I have seen no pigeons or doves in Rome but have heard a number of song birds in the early morning in the parks. Yesterday, I saw a ~~regu~~/ regular blackbird. I have seen no crows, hawks, or owls, squirrels or rabbits. I have been told that the Italians are hard on birds and small animals which they kill on sight for food. I have seen no signs of rats or mice. Bats flit everywhere at night. Flies and fleas are a nuisance and I am told that mosquitoes are plentiful in hot weather. Dogs are scarce in the city and the few I have seen went about muzzled so they ^{could} ~~cannot~~ open their mouths. The city is overrun with cats. They are on the streets and in the hotels, and are especially numerous in the old ruins. I suspect that people deposit the surplus kittens in the ruins, which are usually fifteen or twenty feet below the street level, and then kind hearted people throw food to them.

"Well, I am full of this wonderful moving picture that is passing before my eyes, connecting up remotest history with the

~~1537~~ k 1571

palpitating present, but it's time to go to bed and I suspect this dose is about all you can stand.

"So, in the parting benediction of Roxey, Good night--God bless you--au revoir, tal luego, a reviderce, auf wiedersehn, etc.

"Love to all.

"Lee."

On the afternoon of Saturday, June ⁶8, as I sat in my little office reading I would occasionally glance out through the beautiful park and watch the young people strolling about, nursemaids with their charges, children playing games, boys and young men playing football in an open space a few hundred yards distant. My attention was attracted to a little drama near at hand, ^{the} ~~Three~~ *Kissing of the maidens by the young army officers described in the* ~~young men in the bright, snappy uniforms of officers of the Italian~~ *letter to my sister* ~~army, each accompanying a beautiful, fashionably dressed young lady, were sauntering slowly along the driveway past the Casetta which for the moment was deserted. They paused directly opposite my window and with one accord, as if by preconcerted signal, each young officer turned to his fair companion, embraced her, lifted her slowly off the ground and kissed her soundly--and the young ladies made no protest nor seemed at all displeased. This pretty ceremony was repeated several times.~~

Sunday, the 7th, was given up to celebrating the 25th anniversary of the King's ascension to the throne. There were innumerable parades, with bands, and the streets were crowded. In the afternoon I took a long walk along the Tiber through the old quarter of Rome, and in the evening I watched the throngs of gaily dressed people on the streets.

~~(Letter to wife, June 7, pink folder).~~ *omitted*

Pages 1573-1574

(1925--Rome)

E--1539.1515

(See notation below
of previous page)

On the 8th and 9th I wrote headings for the statistical tables I was having prepared to show the relative importance of crops and livestock in each of the countries and in devising forms for collecting primary data. Also I spent some time entering latitude and longitude in my compilation of data relating to the different countries.

On the 10th Mr. Longobardi began working half time at my office. I began an analytical study of the U.S. census forms. Mr. and Mrs. Hobson took supper with me at my hotel.

~~(Letter to Eunice, June 11, pink folder).~~ ✓

(1925)

E-1540. 1549 1520

96p

On the 13th the Hobsons left for France and Switzerland and I moved into their apartments. The next morning, Sunday, Anna, their servant, got breakfast for me and I had some conversation in Italian with her. Then by street car I visited San Jiovani, the Coleseo, and St. Peters, all of which were crowded with tourists.

On the 15th I found that a Mr. Gardner, an employe of the American Embassy, had returned the previous night and expected to continue to occupy a room in the Hobson apartments. He was a pleasant young gentleman, but Mr. Hobson had neglected to inform me that when I rented his apartments I was to have a fellow lodger. Had I known this before moving I would have preferred to remain at the hotel for the sake of privacy. However, Mr. Gardner said that he had resigned with the intention of returning to the United States as soon as a substitute could be found. Although he was courteous and pleasant to me it was evident that he was in bad humor, which he later explained. He had formed the acquaintance of a young lady, to whom he had shown particular attention for some weeks and made good progress. After the acquaintanceship had reached a certain stage they had agreed to take an all day Sunday excursion with a party of young people to a picturesque village in the mountains. He had expected to be her only escort and was looking forward to a little lovemaking on the side, because so far she had responded very nicely to his advances. Imagine his disappointment when early Sunday morning he found that her elder brother, a priest ~~of the bathrobe variety~~, was to accompany them. The young man said, "Can you believe it, that _____ priest never left his sister's side the whole day." So his day was completely spoiled.

About this time I dropped Italian lessons and concentrated on French, the official language of the Institute. Up to this

(1925--Rome.)

~~E-1541.1521~~

time the French lessons at the Berlitz School had been rather unsatisfactory because the young lady teacher assigned to me had been drilled in the Berlitz method and insisted on following to the letter the various rules which contemplated that the student should commit to memory the textbook lesson and should not be permitted to depart from it. I was too busy to commit to memory set lessons and inasmuch as I already had a large French vocabulary and could read literary and newspaper French with facility it seemed to me that the one thing I most needed was practice in conversation--in hearing and speaking French. I therefore disregarded the rules and insisted on asking all sorts of questions. Because these questions were outside of the classroom routine they were very disconcerting to the classroom teachers and few of them survived more than two such experiences. Then a professor from the University of Rome was assigned to me and we got along famously. He was a highly educated and cultured gentleman who could talk intelligently and entertainingly on almost any subject. I think we both enjoyed our hour together. We rarely paid much attention to the prescribed lesson, but discussed French and Italian literature, physics, chemistry, botany, or the cities we had seen, the trips we had made, or related anecdotes or described personal experiences. For me, at least, he was an ideal teacher because his attitude was one of friendly, interested, companionship.

On the 15th Miss Dixon, Mr. Hobson's stenographer, began to come to my office mornings for dictation. This enabled me to catch up with my correspondence

~~(Letter to Callander, June 15, blue folder).~~

~~(Secretary of Agriculture, same.)~~

"Rome, June 15, 1925.

"Mr. F. W. Callander,
"Chief, Division of Crop Estimates,
"Bureau of Agricultural Economics,
"U. S. Department of Agriculture,
"Washington, D. C.

"Dear Mr. Callander:

"Tempus fugit--more than a month has passed since my arrival in Rome and I have written to no one except the family in Washington.

"I had a very pleasant voyage across, although it was rather cool, and we encountered a gale from the east that delayed the boat twenty-four hours and thinned the ranks in the dining room for three or four days. We landed at Cherbourg on the afternoon of May 4, with the sun shining brightly. The ~~fe~~ fresh spring foliage, grass, wild flowers, neat villages and farms, lanes, hedgerows, and well kept roads were very refreshing after a week of cold, cloudy weather on the water. ¶ I reached Paris at 11.30 p.m. and saw something of the city by night while searching for a vacant room. I did not succeed until 1.30 a.m. and then had to pay at the rate of \$10.00 for the night. The chauffeur probably ran his machine about ten times as far as was necessary in order to increase the fare, but lacking confidence in my ability to express myself adequately in French in the circumstances, I bet the hall porter settle with him, and they came near having a battle royal. ¶ I left the next evening on the Paris to Rome International Express and woke up the morning of the 6th on the Italian side of the Alps. The mountains were covered with snow, dazzling white in the morning sunshine, with terraced sides lower down, and little ~~p~~ patches of wheat, rye, grass, or vineyards. Then came an all day ride by way of Turin, Genoa and Pisa to Rome, passing through a remarkable series of tunnels, generally in sight of the blue Mediterranean on the ^west and equally blue mountains to the east. In the open stretches of country small grain was flourishing and nearly ready to head out, crimson clover was in bloom and grape vines were

just putting forth their new leaves. I saw some clover being cut with mowing machines drawn by oxen, although in other fields gangs of men were cutting with old-fashioned scythes. Most of the plowing seems to be done with oxen. They plow deep but slowly, so slow that sometimes one has to look twice to see if they are moving. I times^d one of these ox teams and found that the average was one short pace every five seconds which would be twelve to the minute. So you can imagine how rapidly they move across the landscape.

"I found Rome full to overflowing with tourist pilgrims attracted by 'Holy Year.' They come from all countries, but during the past few weeks mostly from Italian towns, Germany and Spain. They fill the hotels, automobiles, carriages, buses, street cars, and streets, so that it is difficult to get about. The shop-keepers are doing an immense business selling religious souvenirs. Among them I see ornate documents that look like marriage certificates, but appear to be forms for securing indulgences or absolution for sins past, present, and future, which I presume pilgrims can have signed at the Vatican for a proper consideration. Sunday is my day for sight-seeing and I have been to St. Peter's, the Forum, the Coliseum, the Appian Way, some of the Catacombs, and have peeped into a good many of the old churches. But as there are said to be over 200 in the city it is not likely that I shall see them all.

"I found Mr. Hobson working with his usual energy and ability. I had dinner with the Hobsons and Dr. Mann just before he left on his return to the United States. Madame Agresti returned recently from a visit to England. Miss Anderson, who was with Dr. Schoenfeld at Berlin, has been with Mr. Hobson the past few weeks. Miss Broad, who was working with Mr. Hobson and who did Dean Mann's stenographic work while here, will serve as my permanent stenographer as soon as she has taken her summer vacation. Dr. Taylor spent a week in Rome,

leaving on May ²/₉ for Vienna. I thought he was looking better in health and spirits than when I saw him last in Washington. The Sunday Dr. Taylor was here he, Mr. Hobson and I took a long walk around a beautiful crater lake near Albano, which is perhaps fifteen miles from the city. I judge from what Dr. Taylor said that he was successful in getting the cotton representatives at Liverpool and Manchester to agree to the United States standards for the coming year. I hope he will be equally successful at the Vienna meeting.

"My office is established in a small building on the grounds of the Institute. It is very old and tradition ~~s~~ says it was once occupied by Michel Angelo, but of this I have no evidence other than hearsay. At any rate, it is sufficient for present needs and I shall be comfortable. I am fully occupied in getting together material and with a language lesson every day before supper. I find that I can read Italian fairly well and am beginning to understand the spoken language a little, but cannot get very far in trying to speak it without resorting to Spanish or French.

"I see by a recent copy of the Bureau News that you have returned from your Porto Rican trip. I shall be interested in knowing more of the details. I hope that you and yours ~~are~~ are well and that the situation in the Bureau and in the Department is improving. With best regards to you and my other friends in the office, I am

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

(1925---Rome).

E-1542. 1524

For some weeks I was busily engaged in studying the census schedules of various countries and noting their similarities and differences. Also I read the proceedings of the International Labor Board and of the International Statistical Association, in which I found material pertaining to the proposed international agricultural census. Incidentally I kept up my study of commercial geography.

On the 22d I had a long interview with Mr. Ostern of South Africa, who described conditions in that country in a very interesting manner.

~~(Letter to Thelma (Kittiwinks), June 22, pink folder).~~ ✓

omitted pages 1524-1525

(1925) Rome.

~~E-1543~~ 1526

On the 23d I made the casual acquaintance of a very beautiful Italian lady whom I met near the Pantheon in the evening. She said she was the wife of a descendant of Garibaldi. At my invitation she sat with me for awhile at a little table on the sidewalk in front of a restaurant and consumed a plate of icecream.

On the 24th I accompanied Miss Anderson to the American Express Company where I had an account and secured an advance ~~for~~ to enable her to return to Berlin, her salary check not having yet reached her. This loan, of course, was repaid promptly.

On the 27th signs in three languages were attached to the sides of the Casetta showing that it was the headquarters of the "World Agricultural Census." These signs attracted much attention, hundreds of visitors to the park stopping to read them. In the afternoon I visited the Borghese Museum and greatly admired its collection of paintings and statuary.

(Wife, June 27, pink folder.)

Sister, same.)

} omitted pages
1527-28-29-30-31-32
33-34

(Memo. to Dore, June 30, blue folder).

"Rome, June 30, 1925.

"Memorandum for Mr. Dore.

Dear Mr. Dore:

"I. I note that on page 87 et seq. of the English edition of the International Year-Book of Agricultural Statistics for 1923 the words 'production et rendement par hectare' are translated 'yield and yield per hectare.' Might I suggest that although the English word 'yield' is sometimes used to represent the total production of the total area and, in that sense, is a correct translation of the French word 'production,' the tendency, at least in the United States, has been to restrict the use of the word 'yield' to the product of a single unit of area; in other words 'yield' is employed only to represent the rate of production per unit of area and 'production' only to represent the total product. For many years the Bureau of the Census and the Bureau of Agricultural Economics in the United States have officially employed 'production' to represent the product obtained by multiplying the total area by the 'yield' per unit of area, and 'yield' to represent the average obtained by dividing the total production by the number of units of area. I am under the impression that these terms 'yield' and 'production' are generally employed in the same restricted or technical sense in all other English speaking countries. I would, therefore, suggest that in subsequent editions of the International Year-Book the English translation of 'rendement par hectare' be given as 'yield per hectare,' and that the same word 'production' be employed in both English and French to represent the total product.

"II. I note that on pp. 124-5 of the Year-Book the French word 'oliviers' is translated 'oliveyards.' In the United States plantations of olives are called 'olive orchards,' and in the census forms are classified simply as 'olives,' under the heading of

'Orchard Fruits.' The census forms of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa have such classifications as 'fruit trees' and 'orchards,' but none of them list olives by name. Inasmuch as 'oliveyards' is a term not used in the only English speaking country in which olives are grown commercially I would suggest that simply the word 'olives' be used in future editions in English the same way as 'wheat' is used instead of 'wheatfields,' and 'cotton' instead of 'cottonfields,' etc.

"III. On pp. 138-9 I would suggest that the tables for 'Flax (seed)' and 'Flax (fiber)' be brought together. They are now separated by the two tables for Hemp.

"IV. I would suggest that the words 'calander year' be substituted in future editions for the words 'solar year' on p.207. 'Solar year' is an astronomical term not in general use outside of astronomical publications. 'Calendar year' is the phrase commonly used in English speaking countries, especially by business men, to distinguish the year beginning with January 1 and ending with December 31 from the fiscal ~~or financial~~ year beginning July 1 and ending June 30.

"V. On pp.394-5, the French term 'viande' is translated 'dead meat.' I doubt if the word 'dead' in this connection has the sanction of trade usage. In any event, it is unnecessary and superfluous, and I would suggest that it be omitted, and simply the word 'meat' be employed.

"The foregoing notes regarding minor details in the wording of the English edition of the Year-Book are submitted simply as suggestions that may prove helpful, and I hope you will receive them in the kindly spirit in which they are offered.

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Director World Census Project."

"Rome, July 2, 1925.

"Mr. Asher Hobson,
"C/o Dr. W. Schoenfeld,
"6a Pariserplatz,
"Berlin.

"Dear Mr. Hobson:

"Your letter of June 23, which appears to have reached Rome the 25th, was delivered yesterday. I duly received the telegram regarding Miss Anderson, who was marooned here because of failure to receive her salary check. I advanced \$125.00, which she said was ample. I gave Miss Dickson a check for her June salary, which was converted into lire at 28, taking a memorandum to that effect from the American Express Company.

"Mr. Gardner announced last evening that he has engaged transportation and will leave Rome on July 15 and will proceed to Paris and sail from Southampton the first week in August. We had supper together last evening at the Ristorante Castello de Cesare on the open terrace, which was very pleasant.

"The census project is making some progress 'poco a poco.' I hope to have the material ready for standard questionnaire forms by the time you return. I have already drafted a brief communication for the International Institute of Statistics, which will meet here the last of September, in which I have given an outline of the project up to date, with an appeal for cooperation. Nothing has been done so far about the glossary, the Secretary General having taken no action regarding my request for the assignment of Prof. Bruttini. If this part of the project hangs fire until my preliminary work on the program is completed I will personally prepare a glossary in English, and call upon the Institute to translate it into Heinz's 57 varieties. My thought is to list the English names of the crops and classes of livestock and their products that are grown extensively or enter

into international trade, together with all the terms used in census and crop estimating statistical work and their definitions, so that practically every word used in a technical sense in the census program will be clearly defined. In other words, I would first prepare an English glossary, send copies back to our Bureau and ask them to polish it up for me, and then proceed to have it translated into the Latin and Teutonic languages. I believe that is as far as it will be necessary to go.

Tutto va bene a sette Settembrini. We have had very pleasant weather the past two weeks, 'fresco' and agreeable.

"I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(1925--Rome.)

~~E-1545~~, 1641

On the 3d I had an interview with the Secretary General who agreed to detail Sr. Brutini to the census project to work on the proposed glossary of terms.

On the 4th a second memorandum was sent to Mr. Dore, as follows:

(Dore, July 4, blue ~~folder~~.)

(Follow with letters to Mother, Thelma, and Otis,
July 5, pink ~~folder~~).

"Rome, July 4, 1925.

"Memorandum for Mr. Dore.

"Dear Mr. Dore:

"Referring to my memorandum of June 30 and to yours of July 2, I note that you agree with my suggestions Nos. 1, 2 and 5, regarding the use of certain terms in the Year-Book of the Institute. I do not wish to appear argumentative, but would like to amplify my thought with reference to the other items for your future consideration and reference.

"With respect to No. 3, I note that the tables for flax seed and fiber are separated by the two tables for hemp seed and fiber in order to group the seed together and the fiber together. In this connection I would suggest that the sole object of arranging crop production tables in systematic order is for the convenience of those who have occasion to use them. My thought is that the business men, statisticians, and students who use the Year Book and similar publications usually think in terms of particular crop plants, and look for the statistics and the products of those plants under their plant names, such as cotton, flax, hemp, sugar beets, and so forth, rather than under systematic group headings, such as 'fibers,' 'oil seeds' and the like. It is easier to find a plant product under its plant name, even though there may be several products each in a separate table, if the tables are grouped together, than it is to find one of several ~~no~~ products of the same plant if the tables are separated, as is the case when an attempt is made to group different plant products together because of a common characteristic or use, such as fiber, oil seed, sugar, and so forth. The products are as separate and distinct as the plants from which they are derived, but in every case they are associated in the minds of business men and statisticians with their respective plant names. Therefore, when a reader

consults the Year Book and sees the table 'Flax' with its product '(seed)' he instinctively looks for its second important product '(fiber),' and failing to see it, his first impression is that it has been omitted. This erroneous impression becomes permanent unless he corrects it by a further search, which involves some loss of time, causes a feeling of irritation, and leaves the impression that the arrangement is faulty. In my judgment it is more important to conform to the psychology and the convenience of business men and statisticians who have occasion to use the data in the Year Book, and thus economize their time and win their approbation, than it is to attempt to follow an ideal scheme of grouping, even though the ideal ~~an~~ scheme may appear to be more logical than the one preferred by those who actually use the data. I have participated in many conferences and have heard many business men and statisticians state very emphatically that when they look up the statistics of wheat, or maize, or cotton, or sugar beets, and so forth, they want to find all the statistics available regarding the crop and its various products grouped together in one place, namely, area, yield, production, exports, imports, stocks, prices, freight rates, index numbers, and so forth, and that to them the crop name is the label or index word by which they find or hope to find what they want. I have also heard many protests and criticisms against separate tables or scattered data relating to a particular crop or its products through tables that are not grouped consecutively.

"With reference to No.4, solar versus calendar year, I note the statement that there are different calendar years, and those of Siam, Persia, and Turkey are mentioned. I do not profess to be sufficiently well informed to speak with authority on this subject. However, I am under the impression that the solar year begins with

the winter solstice, December 21 in the Northern Hemisphere and June 21 in the Southern Hemisphere. If so, the solar year does not correspond with any official calendar year in the world. If the calendar years of Siam, Persia, and Turkey are the only ones that differé from the calendar years in other civilized countries I should think the countries you name might be disregarded on the ground that, agriculturally speaking, they are relatively unimportant. The countries of the British Empire, all countries of North and South America, and most if not all of the European countries have the same calendar year, and it should be borne in mind that these countries combined probably have more than 98 per cent of all the agricultural production and commerce in the world. The value of the statistical service of the International Institute of Agriculture is directly proportional to the interest which the various adhering governments have in the agricultural production and commerce and, therefore, it seems to me that the Institute would be fully justified in adopting the calander year, which is the time measure of the agriculture and commerce of these countries, rather than use an astronomical time measure that is known only to a relatively small number of technicians, simply for the sake of accommodating a few relatively unimportant countries,

"I do not wish to seem unduly persistent in this matter but think it well to present what I believe to be the point of view of business men throughout the world.

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Director of World Census Project."

~~1545--d~~ 1545

"Roma, 29 Guigno di 1025.

"Dear Eunice:

"Your letter of June @ 15 came a few days ago with a batch of other letters from Wifey, Mother, Sister Nellie and others, and I was greatly pleased to get it. *P*" I should like very much to see Winworth this spring and summer with its grand old oak, its velvety lawn, beautiful roses and hydrangeas, and the folks, and Teddy, and the black cat, and the cows, and the view down the Shookstown road, and in the distance Montevue, Hood College, Frederick, and Sugar Loaf. *P*" I am glad you are buying a radio. Whatever they cost they are worth the money in the satisfaction one gets in hearing good music and occasionally interesting speeches. There is an expensive radio outfit in the apartments I have rented for the summer and I get some wonderful music from the Rome broadcasting stations. The instrument is supposed to be powerful enough to get Paris and London, but so far I have had no success. The music one gets in Rome is about 80 per cent singing, 5 per cent violin, 10 per cent orchestra, and 5 per cent jazz--the jazz always coming last. The singing is wonderful and the general average seems to equal the best we hear in the U.S., and some of it is superior. These Italian singers are regular canary birds and have deep, rich, melodious voices, and when their voices go up in the higher registers it is without any apparent effort or strain and seems as natural as the higher notes of a mocking bird. I have not been to any of the theaters or operas yet, partly because I am always busy, partly because I get all the music I want over the radio or from the phonograph, and partly because the best operas are on vacation until next autumn.

"We are having two holidays, Sunday and Monday, June 28 and 29, in honor of the patron saints of Rome, Saints Paul and Peter. It

is a fine opportunity to take an excursion, but yesterday and today one of my particular little jinxes was pr^odding me in the southern hemisphere and I was afraid to venture out of the city. I took one of the King's magic pills (Rexall's) and now the jinxes have vanished and the good fairies are with me again. ¶ Yesterday I went to the office for awhile where it is cool and comfortable and one can hear the whispering breezes through the tall pines. After working a few hours I walked through the park. It is one of the most beautiful and satisfactory parks I have ever seen--Villa Borghese--with magnificent old trees, beautiful grassy slopes, fountains, and neat picturesque restaurants at convenient points. Just now the oleanders are in full bloom and their showy red, pink, and white blossoms and glossy foliage are very pretty. ¶ The park was full of Romans and their families in holiday attire, with many young couples enjoying themselves as young couples should, in full view and wholly unashamed to let the whole world see them kiss, hug, and play with one another. It's enough to warm the hearts and renew the spirit of youth in the aged, and enough to make all Puritans turn over in their graves. Then there are family parties, plump immaculate looking nursemaids and flocks of little children--bambinos. I think the children and young women here are the prettiest I have seen anywhere. The children look like little angels and the young women are visions of heavenly grace and beauty. As a rule they are better formed than physically than either English or American girls; that is, they are more fully developed, with beautiful, smiling, amiable faces, magnificent busts, broad well-curved hips, beautifully formed necks, arms and legs, brilliant complexions and eyes, and their dress is simple but effective, a single loosely flowing garment of light silk, low at the neck and high at the knees, which serves to conceal and yet to reveal the well rounded form within--and always without corsets or other artificial

harness. In comparison most English and American girls are thin, scrawny, stiff and have a general frigid bean-pole effect--due no doubt to abominable traditions and faulty bringing-up. It's most ungallant and unpatriotic to say these things, but I am trying to describe what I see.

"Every day I see many interesting little pictures. I usually leave the office at five o'clock and walk across the city to the language school, a distance of more than a mile. ~~If I reach the vicinity of the school before the lesson hour~~ Midway I stop at a sidewalk restaurant and have a glass of wine. If I reach the vicinity of the school before the lesson hour I stop at another sidewalk restaurant and have a small cup of black coffee--demitasse or espresso--always at a little table on the sidewalk where one can watch the Roman world go by. ¶ There one can see the beautiful girls and their equally good looking young men admirers, the scholarly looking old gentlemen, the staid matronly old ladies, and more different kinds of priests dressed in more different kinds of robes than one can imagine. ¶ One sees the wine carts go by, two-wheeled affairs, loaded with heavy wine casks, with a nest lined with quilts and covered with a gay canopy for the driver--who almost always is asleep, always with a little dog at the rear to guard the precious wine, a pair of ram's horns and some horse shoes dangling underneath to keep away evil spirits, and pulled by a little pony, a diminutive mule or a donkey wearing a gay sunbonnet, and the whole covered with bright colored straps and ribbons. Even the woodwork of the cart is painted red, green, and white--the national colors. ¶ The other day I saw a man and a woman pushing a heavily loaded cart--as much as a strong horse could draw--up grade. It was a sad sight to see them struggle with the load. The man was a dwarf, the woman was small, and both were poorly dressed. ¶ Then I saw a shabby woman carrying a heavy cherubic

...In conversation most English and American girls are thin, slender, still and have a general rigid beam-pole effect--the no doubt to remarkable traditions and family upbringing. It's most un-reliable and unsatisfactory to say these things, but I am trying to de-
 scribe what I see.

"Every day I see many interesting little pictures. I usually leave the office at five o'clock and walk across the city to the language school, a distance of more than a mile. Halfway I stop at a side-
 walk restaurant and have a glass of wine. If I reach the vicinity of the school before the lesson hour I stop at another sidewalk res-
 taurant and have a small cup of black coffee--but I never stop. I always sit at a little table on the sidewalk where one can watch the go-
 men world go by. There one can see the beautiful girls and their equally good looking young men scholars, the scholarly looking old gentlemen, the staid matronly old ladies, and more different kinds of people dressed in more different kinds of robes than one can imagine. One sees the wine carts go by, two-wheeled affairs, loaded with heavy wine casks, with a seat lined with quilts and covered with a gay canopy for the driver--who almost always is asleep, always with a little dog at the rear to guard the precious wine, a pair of men's
 horns and some horses snoring underneath to keep away evil spirits, and pulled by a little pony, a diminutive mule or a donkey wearing a gay shawl, and the whole covered with bright colored
 straps and ribbons. Even the woodwork of the cart is painted red, green, and white--the national colors. The other day I saw a man and a woman pushing a heavily loaded cart--as much as a strong horse could draw--up grade. It was a sad sight to see them struggling with the load. The man was a dwarf, the woman was small, and both were poorly dressed. Then I saw a small woman carrying a heavy basket

baby. The baby was sound asleep with its head lying on its mother's shoulder. Clinging to her skirt was a little girl, perhaps three years old, dressed in rags, but with chubby pink legs, trotting as fast as those little legs could carry her trying to keep up with her mother. ¶ Today in the park I saw two young army officers step up to two young women, strangers evidently, seize them by the waist, give them a resounding kiss, release them as quickly, and then saunter off laughing. It was all done so quickly and neatly that the girls did not have time to protest and after they got over their astonishment they laughed too. ¶ Then there are the men who water the streets. The streets are paved with little square blocks of stone and are rough so that machine sweepers cannot be used. They are dusty in dry weather and sloppy in wet weather. In dry weather men go about from corner to corner, attach a piece of hose to a hydrant and squirt water over the streets. There is good pressure and the streams will carry 80 to 100 feet. Usually the streets are crowded with pedestrians and vehicles and it is a great game with these official water squirters to see how close they can come to wetting the pedestrians without actually doing so. From much practice they are wonderfully skilled, although the pedestrians get many thrills in trying to avoid getting wet. These public squirters seem to get as much fun out of the privilege of ~~squirting~~ ^{shooting streams of} water over the crowded streets of Rome as a small boy with a hose. It all helps to make life interesting and keep one from growing old--just like dodging automobiles, buses, street cars, carriages, bicycles, mule carts, and pedestrians--especially when men yell and horns toot and scream without warning in the narrow alleys that are called streets in Rome.

"Saturday afternoon I left the office early enough to visit the Museo Borghese, which is in the same park as my office and about half a mile distant. It is a ^alarge and very old palace with great halls

and large rooms full of statuary and paintings by artists who lived and painted three or four hundred years ago, including such names as Rafaelo and Botticelli and a lot more I cannot remember. As in all art galleries there are many pictures that are not pleasing and some are even laughably absurd, but some of these paintings, especially those on the walls and ceilings, are really wonderful for their beauty, for their bright coloring, for the expression on the faces of the subjects, and for the lovely forms portrayed, especially of nude female figures. I understand now why so many people rave about Italian art--it is because of the warm, delicate flesh tints of the women and their well-rounded voluptuous forms, and of the infantile figures, madonnas, and angels, that were painted by the old masters and have never been equaled or surpassed by all the artists that have followed in the later centuries. It is worth crossing the ocean to see. ~~It~~ It is really too bad that the Land of Uncle Psalm, which is a country of beauty and is inhabited by a people naturally joyous and full of alegria, should have had so many microscopical, bigoted, puritanical busy-bodies, past and present, obsessed with the hallucination that it was their holy and heavenly ordained mission in life to reform and regulate the rest of the universe by means of various and sundry blue laws, written and unwritten. I devoutly hope that when they ~~die~~ died, or when their descendants who are true to puritanical traditions die, that each and every one of them will have the compulsory privilege of spending an eternity in the purity and holiness of the arctic regions and be supremely happy and comfortable sitting on an iceberg. In Italy people are human and evidently have been human from the beginning of historic time; and being human they have not been and are not now ashamed of human attributes, human beauties, human desires, and human aspirations--all of which accounts for the wonderful development of the fine arts and of religion in this country.

and large rooms full of statuary and paintings by artists who lived and painted three or four hundred years ago, including such names as Raphael and Botticelli and a lot more I cannot remember. As in all art galleries there are many pictures that are not pleasing and some are even laughably absurd, but some of these paintings, especially those on the walls and ceilings, are really wonderful for their beauty, for their bright coloring, for the expression on the faces of the subjects, and for the lovely forms portrayed, especially of nude female figures. I understand now why so many people have about Italian art. It is because of the warm, delicate flesh tints of the women and their well-rounded voluptuous forms, and of the infantile figures, madonnas and angels, that were painted by the old masters and have never been equalled or surpassed by all the artists that have followed in the later centuries. It is worth crossing the ocean to see. It is really too bad that the land of Uncle Sam, which is a country of beauty and is inhabited by a people naturally joyous and full of alacrity, should have had so many microscopic, distorted, puritanical busy-bodies, past and present, obsessed with the hallucination that it was their holy and heavenly ordained mission in life to reform and regulate the rest of the universe by means of various and sundry blue laws, written and unwritten. I devoutly hope that when they die, or when their descendants who are true to traditional traditions die, that each and every one of them will have the compulsory privilege of ascending to eternity in the purity and holiness of the ecstatic regions and be supremely happy and comfortable sitting on icebergs. In Italy people are human and evidently have been human from the beginning of historic time; and being human they have not been and are not now ashamed of human attributes, human beauties, human desires, and human aspirations--all of which accounts for the wonderful development of the fine arts and of religion in this country.

On the 6th and 7th I dictated an English translation of the Spanish census schedule and a report to the Secretary General on the proposal of the International Labor Office ~~at~~ Geneva to participate in the agricultural census.

On the 8th I sent a telegram to Mr. Hobson informing him of a called meeting of the Permanent Committee for the election of a new president of the Institute.

On the 9th I purchased some presents for the family which Mr. Gardner promised to take with him to the United States and deliver on a visit to Washington.

(Taylor, July 10, blue ~~folder~~.)

(Wife, July 10, pink ~~folder~~).

The 10th, Sunday, was a beautiful day and I took advantage of it to visit Tivoli. I went by train and returned by trolley car, crossing the dry Campagna and the terraced vineyards and olive clad mountain slopes beyond. Tivoli is a mountain town with an abundant supply of water, cascades, gorge, luxurious vegetation, and the famous Villa d'Este.

On the 14th Mr. Gardner departed, leaving me in sole possession of the apartments. However, Mr. Hobson returned the same morning. We had luncheon together at the San Carlo and in the evening dined at the Ulpia.

(Wife, July 13, pink ~~folder~~, ahead of 3 others of the 14th.) *omitted*

(Mother, July 14, pink ~~folder~~.)

(Sister, same,)

Pages 1559-60-61-62

"Rome, July 10, 1925.

"Dr. H.C. Taylor,
 "Chief, Bureau of Agricultural Economics,
 "United States Department of Agriculture,
 "Washington, D.C.

"Dear Dr. Taylor:

"I am assuming that by the time this letter reaches Washington, you will have returned.

"The preliminary work of the World Census Project is progressing slowly but satisfactorily. Mr. Hobson and his family left about a month ago, he to proceed to Poland and his family to spend the summer in France. I am occupying the flat at No. 7 Settembrini during their absence. Letters from Mr. Hobson say that Mr. Schoenfeld was with him in Warsaw and that they would spend some time together at the Berlin office.

"The President of the Institute, who is also the Permanent Delegate of Italy, is resigning, and a meeting of the Permanent Committee to elect a new President has been called for the 16th. Mr. Hobson was notified and I have a wire from him this morning saying that he will return to Rome on the 14th. To fill the vacancy for Permanent Delegate for Italy, the present Director of Immigration has been appointed. This means that he is an eligible candidate for the presidency, inasmuch as it has been the custom to give the ~~presidenx~~ ~~ex~~ position to the Italian Delegate. He is described as being a very capable man, speaks French fluently, and has served as Italian Delegate to the International Labor Bureau at Geneva. The Secretary General had handed in his resignation before the Permanent Committee adjourned in June. Both resignations resulted from the activity of the subcommittee on reorganization of which Mr. Hobson was chairman.

"In glancing through the daily papers I am struck by the repetition of the headlines "Battle of Finance" and "Battle of Grain" (wheat).

The first relates to the daily discussions of the reasons for the decline in the exchange value of the Italian lira, the rate having fallen from 24 to the dollar to 28 or more to the dollar during the last three or four weeks. Various causes are assigned for this rapid decline in the value of the lira, among them being the statement that rival manufacturers and bankers of certain other countries, especially Great Britain and the United States, have brought pressure to bear to embarrass Italian industry and finance. However, it appears that the Hon. Mussolini proposes to straighten out this situation, and as the result of his active intervention the Minister of Finance and the President of the Economic Department both resigned a few days ago.

"The 'Battle of Grain' is the headline for rather continuous propaganda for increasing wheat production in Italy, and this 'battle' has the active support of Mussolini. Last Monday, July 6, the 'Messaggero' carried a front page account of the first meeting of the Permanent Grain Committee which has been organized for a three-year campaign to increase wheat production in Italy. Among those present at this meeting were Professor Alessandro Brizzi, Director General of Agriculture; Dr. Francesco Angellini, Secretary of the National Syndicate of the Federation of Technical Fascisti (adherents of Mussolini); Commandatore Mario Farraguti, President of the Technical Commission for the Improvement of Agriculture; Professor Enrico Fileni, Director of the Union of Agricultural Teachers; Professor Tito Poggi, member of the Committee; Novello Novelli, Director of the Rice Agricultural Experiment Station at Vercelli; Comm. Antonio Bartoli, Secretary of the Federation of Italian Agricultural Syndicates; Professor Emanuele de Cillis, Director of the Royal Agrarian Institute of Portici; Professor Nazarone Strampelli, Director of the Royal Plant Breeding Station at Rieti; and the Assistant Secretary

~~1546--c~~ 1538

of State for Agriculture. (Mr. Strampelli is the geneticist who was employed for a short period in 1923 by the Argentine Department of Agriculture to improve the wheats of Argentina.) The plan of campaign outlined at this meeting contemplates the use of every possible means to encourage the planting of a larger area in wheat and the use of improved methods that will result in larger yields. The Permanent Grain Committee will make a special study of (1) the problem of selection of seed, (2) the problem of more efficient fertilizers, methods, and technique, and (3) the problem of price. In this 'Battle for Wheat' the farmers are mentioned as being the army and the technical agriculturists and public officials as being the officers. The 'battle' is said to be for the liberation of the nation from a condition of servitude imposed by the economic rivalry of foreign nations.

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Director, World Agricultural
Census Project."

Letter to Family
out

having plenty of grapes when they ripen, and am wondering if there will be any melons. ¶ The food situation here for an American is a serious proposition. There are very few vegetables to be had and I am advised never to eat any that ~~has~~^{has} not been cooked because of the ~~same reason that it is extremely unsanitary~~ unsanitary conditions under which they are grown and handled. For the same reason it is unsafe to drink milk that has not been boiled; also water. One soon learns to go without milk and butter and all uncooked vegetables. You see this whole country is saturated with typhoid germs, but the natives are immune. Bread is dark in color and has a crust like cast iron. ¶ I have not yet encountered any macaroni, spaghetti, or rice that I could eat because it is only half cooked--hard and gritty in the center and soft and glutinous and like glue outside, and always swimming in olive oil. In fact, nearly every thing that is cooked, and many things that are not cooked, are drenched in olive oil, which looks, tastes and smells to me, and has exactly the same effect on me, as CASTOR OIL--Ough--yerrrough--yerrrip--erragh--ugh--Oh Lordy, is there anything left? And yet these people, like good little Sunday school children, take their medicine and even ask for more. No doubt they need it--I don't. ¶ Most Italian menu cards are scribbled in ink with a worn-out pen by a person who never learned how to write on cheap blotting paper so that they are to all intents and purposes indecypherable. I systematically order through the list on different days trying to find the connection between these hieroglyphic symbols and ^{the} every day common meats and vegetables ^{that} are served. I always expect to be disappointed and generally am. As a rule I take bread, eggs, steaks, potatoes--I don't suppose there is a Dago in all Italy who knows how to cook a potato--fruit and wine--and the last is always best. ¶ This is only for the noon and evening meals. During the forenoon it is impossible for love or money to

get anything but warmed over coffee and a cast-iron roll and these can be had at restaurants and hotels only as a special favor. People are supposed to take their coffee and rolls in bed and only foreigners and heathen think of getting them anywhere else. The reason seems to be that the waiters take all the forenoon to clean up and they do not like to stop to wait on a stray lunatic that imagines he wants to break his fast at a table.

"I hope that after the hay is all in and the raspberries are disposed of your work will lighten and you can take things easier until the cool weather of fall and winter. The weather here has been delightful--warm, but too cool for Palm Beach suits.

"Love to all.

"Lee."

14

"Roma, /Liuglio di 1925.

"Dear Mother:

"Your letter of June 29 came yesterday and the next one of July 2 came today. Also I had letters yesterday from wife, children, and Sister Nellie. The past week was a quiet one with me. Just a little upset the first half, but one little pill and some quinine have set me right again.

"Sunday morning I got up early and decided to go to Tivoli, although I did not know just how I was to get there. I ²walked about half a mile down the Tiber, crossed the bridge another half mile to a restaurant where I succeeded in getting a cup of inky black coffee and a cast-iron ~~biscuit~~ biscuit. Fortified in this fashion I took a tram (street car) across the city to the station. There I found a lot of people collected on a platform. I approached a man in uniform and from him learned that there was no tram to Tivoli but that I might catch a train at the railway station. I then walk-

ed into the station for suburban trains and upon inquiry learned that I would have to go to the Union Station, some blocks away. At this station I succeeded in getting a first class ticket. I asked when the train would leave and the agent said 'Now,' so I made tracks across the station to the waiting train, got my seat, and then waited for a half hour or more before the train actually started.

"The train went through the old Roman wall, under the Roman aqueduct that is higher than a row of houses, and out on the plain of the old Roman campagna. The campagna is a flat country between the mountains on the east and the sea on the west, is about twenty miles wide and I don't know how long. It was once a rich agricultural country, but for many generations it has been considered unhealthy on account of malaria. At first glance the campagna is flat, but it is anything but flat. It is undulating and the surface is broken abruptly in many places with ravines and little perpendicular cliffs from five to fifty feet high. The soil is poor and the rock or semi-rock comes close to the surface, in some places there are thousands of acres of nothing but bare flat rock on which nothing can grow. Where there are breaks in the surface artificial caves have been cut into the perpendicular walls and these caves are used as barns for the storage of grain, hay, farm tools and machinery, and for stabling farm animals. There are very few houses in the campagna; apparently most of the people live in the small villages that are few and far between. Most of the land has been sown to wheat and the wheat has been cut and shocked. The shocks are different from ours in that they are about fifty feet long. Sunday the farmers generally were in the fields hauling the shocks of wheat to central points and making huge stacks to be threshed later. Most of the farm wagons were pulled by enormous whitish-blue oxen.

"All through this open country one sees sections of old stone walks, old stone arches, fragments of the old Roman aqueduct that brought water down from the mountains to the city, foundations of great Roman villas, arched gateways, an occasional column, a great tomb, old watch towers, caves, and great blocks of hewn stone that remind one of the generations and generations of builders, architects and wealthy people that have gone before. The stone is porous, ridged and disintegrated like rotting trees. Always to the east are the blue mountains, about like the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia. Many of these mountains ^{are} symmetrical like pyramids, with olive groves and vineyards on their slopes, ^{and} have a village or a group of tall stone buildings on their summits. This was probably for purposes of defense throughout the long middle ages when religion was dominant, when the criminal element--princes, lords, and nobles--could rob, plunder, kill, murder, and rape, and then buy a ticket straight to heaven from a priest. One wonders how they ever managed to get water on the tops of these mountains. These buildings are always constructed of stone, with walls six feet thick, plastered with concrete outside, with gable roofs made of tiles, and many parapets and towers. Gradually the train enters the mountains and begins to climb up among the silver olive orchards and vineyards. There are many tunnels and occasionally a narrow mountain stream, and always the scarlet poppies and the yellow and purple flowered thistles to splash the slopes with color.

"We reached Tivoli soon after eleven o'clock. I walk out from the little railway station and look across a deep gorge with a stream at the bottom and see a town on the opposite side, a town of fantastically shaped buildings. I follow the crowd for a quarter of a mile, cross a stone bridge and find myself in Tivoli. At the other end of the bridge I see a sign 'To the cascades.' I enter a great

stone gateway and pay 3.50 lire (about 14 cents) for the privilege of seeing the cascades. Inside the gate there are a lot of roads and paths leading in different directions and I hesitate. A guide promptly steps up and offers to show me the way. I say in four different languages that I do not need a guide, don't want a guide, and won't have a guide. He smiles, says 'Certainly, come this way,' leads off and I follow and at the end I pay him fifteen lire, which sum is prescribed by the municipality. Some of these days I will hit a guide over the head with the heavy end of my stick, just to see what will happen. In this case I followed the guide and he took me down about 300 feet to the bottom of a chasm and back, and then down the other side and back, by which time I was pretty well winded. I saw the Little Cascades, the Grotto of Neptune, the Temple of the Vestal Virgins, the Temple of Cybele, the caves, the grottoes, and the Lord only knows how much else. The cascades are very beautiful, a mountain stream falling nearly 100 feet down a perpendicular wall of rock that is festooned with vines and ferns. They fall in a sheet of sparkling white, are dashed into a fine spray that rises as a cloud of mist and reflects rainbow colors from the sun, and the stream then plunges into a fantastic cavern and disappears with a roar into the bowels of the earth. On the other side of the cañon the wall rises perpendicularly more than 300 feet and is crowned on top with the pagan, many columned, circular Temple of the Vestal Virgins, standing clear cut like a cameo against the blue sky. Below are mantels of maidenhair fern, Virginia creeper, and other vines and shrubs, including the bright crimson flowered oleander.

"After reaching the top/ we walked along an ancient terrace and noted the old stone wall with innumerable arches which the guide said were the baths of the villa ~~nearby~~ nearly 2000 years ago. Z Also he showed me a clump of old tombs, highly ornate affairs,

and he told me ^wthat Pope this and Pope that did in this century and in that century, as if it made any particular difference~~s~~ what the popes did or said.

"Then I pay off my self-appointed guide and am again free. I walk through several narrow streets, pass several wrinkled old crones with postcards to sell, some beggars, and flocks of little urchins that tag along holding out their hands and crying 'Soldi' (1/10th of a cent). I find my way at last to the Temple of the Vestal Virgins--I wonder if they were really virgins or only make-believe virgins--which is now an adjunct of a restaurant. I find that on a ledge outside the temple overlooking the cañon in which the cataracts fall is an awning, with pine tables covered with linen, chairs, and all set for dinner. I order hot soup, steak and potatoes, bread and a bottle of wine. While waiting I become conscious that a strong cool breeze is blowing. While eating a party of about twenty American tourists occupied the adjoining tables. It sounded good to hear the English language used in such a reckless manner and again to hear such naive, childlike, irresponsible expressions. I gave no sign that I understood what they were saying and I heard them speculating whether I was really English, Dutch, French, German, Italian, or Polish. Most of the waiters seem to take it for granted that I am English--although it is clear that they are puzzled at the kind of English I speak--and even more nonplussed when I try my French, Spanish, or Italian on them.

"After dinner I stroll through the narrow streets and byways. The Vias are streets 15 to 30 feet wide. The Vicolos are alleys 6 to 12 feet wide. Many of them are only a few hundred feet long, but narrow as they are they are lined on both sides by four-story stone dwellings full to overflowing with people. The roadway is paved with little square blocks of stone and there are no sidewalks.

One gets very interesting glimpses up steep stone stairways and into dark interiors. There are innumerable arches and stairsteps in these narrow streets, because the town is built on or into ^{the} side of a steep hill. In all the streets one hears the sound of rushing water which passes through many underground channels.

"I inquire for the Villa d'Este and some little boys show me the way and I give them some soldi. At the entrance there is an old woman with postcards, some carriage drivers that want to take me for a ride, some guides that want to show me through the Villa, and a group of tourists. I pay about 15 cents and enter the palacio. It is an enormous ancient castle, with many great halls and rooms, and many, many stone stairs to climb. From the windows and terraces one has a wonderful view of the campagna and the mountains beyond, and away off in the distance one can see the great dome of St. Peter's on the horizon. On all the terraces there are fountains spouting clear water--certainly there must be a thousand fountains, and there is wonderful variety in their forms. Also there are enormous cypress trees three to six feet in diameter and about 200 feet high.

"Another walk through the curious streets, a delightful hour at the Temple of Vestae, with a bottle of beer, a cigar, and a wonderful landscape spread out before me, cool breezes and beautiful cataracts, silvery olive orchards on the opposite mountain, a blue sky and billowy white clouds--and I wonder how any one can work or be expected to work amid such surroundings.

"Love to all,

"Lee."

(1925--Rome).

E-1547. ~~1576~~ ~~1555a~~

1575

On the 15th I tried to formulate all the reasons I could think of why an agricultural census should be taken in each country, so as to have ready a list of the advantages that accrue or should accrue from periodical censuses and statistics of agriculture.

On the 16th the new president of the Institute, Sr. DeMichelis, was elected, much to Mr. Hobson's disgust. He said that the Permanent Committee had a scheme of reorganization of the Institute that contemplated eliminating the Italian officials, depriving the president of real power and making the secretary general the real administrative officer, and making the Institute truly international by ^{providing that} ~~making~~ the nationals of any and all adhering governments ^{should be} eligible for election to the office of president or secretary general; ~~and~~ that this plan was opposed by the Italian government; that the resignations of both the ^{ident} ~~present~~ and the secretary general had been asked ^{for} ~~by~~ the Permanent Committee, but that under instructions from the government the secretary general had refused to resign, and the president had waited until the Permanent Committee had gone on its annual vacation and when dispersed over Europe, and then the secretary general had called a sudden meeting of the Committee to elect a new president; steam-roller methods had been used and another Italian had been elected. He felt that the Institute could never be truly international in character so long as it was located in Rome and officered by Italians and most of its staff were Italians. We were together most of the 17th, had supper together at the railway station, and I saw him depart on the 9.45 train.

On the ⁸18th I had a visit from a Mr. Rixon, who was soliciting funds for a school in Albania.

Sunday, the 19th, was very hot. In the forenoon I went to

(1925--Rome).

~~1548.~~ 1776 1576

the Piazza Venetia and had a little table on the sidewalk with a cup of coffee. Then I rode on top of a motor bus to San Giovanni and out to a station in the Campagna and back. Following a nap in the afternoon I began reading Mark Twain's Autobiography.

(Letter to Eunice, July 19, ~~pink~~ folder).

1577

1548--a 1777

"Roma, 19 ~~July~~ / Luglio di 1925.

"Dear Eunice:

"Your turn for a letter. What do you suppose I have been doing this week. Well, just grinding away at my world census project, thinking up reasons why a census inventory of agricultural resources and production are of value to taxpayers, ammunition for the campaign to convince doubting Thomases and legislative committees that censuses are worth the money they cost.

"Then there was the departure of my room mate, Mr. Gardner, a bright young lawyer serving with the American Embassy here the past two or three years. He left Tuesday and generously offered to take some tokens of my love and affection to the folks at home. He will sail from England August 6, will probably reach Washington the middle of August, and the tokens should reach their destination about August 20. His presence in the apartments I rented from the Hobbsons was unknown to me until after I moved in. I am so constituted that I enjoy being alone and I confess I was looking forward to his departure last Tuesday. However, all the little jinxes in Italy combined to keep me under surveillance a few days longer, probably because I have such latent undeveloped wicked proclivities that I need constant watching, and the very day Mr. Gardner left Mr. Hobson returned from Berlin. Mr. Hobson is the American Delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture and I like him very much and enjoy his company--only I prefer to be alone. He left Friday night and yesterday was the first time in six weeks that I have been absolutely free to enjoy the fairyland in which I habitually live when I am free from official and social obligations.

"What did I do with the first day of my freedom? Well, I got up when I felt like getting up, say about 7.30, had the bathroom all to myself and shaved without fear of interruption or of incommoding anybody, had a glass of wine, a smoke, and then walked

leisurely through the glorious Italian sunshine down along the Tiber (or Tevere) to a beautiful bridge, across the bridge and enjoyed watching the statuesque, smiling, amiable servant girls crossing in the opposite direction, until I came to the Piazza del Popolo. ^{This is} a circular space of perhaps five acres, that lives in Roman history for more than 2000 years, with an Egyptian obelisk and four fountains in the center, ~~until I came to~~ ^{at} a little restaurant and ^I sat at a little table under a canvas awning and watched the morning Roman world go by while a sleepy waiter in full dress uniform served a little pot of jet black coffee, another little pot of blue-white milk, steaming hot, three little blocks of sugar, and by special request two little buns. ¶ Then I walk across the Piazza, buy a copy of the morning Messagero, which is full of Italian politics and the French war, but never a word about Stati Uniti, past the Catholic church in which Martin Luther worshipped and in which he experienced his spiritual revolt that led to ^{the} founding of the Protestant religion; on through the Puerto del Popolo and into the old Flaminian Way ^{over} ~~through~~ which the Goths and Huns, the barbarians of the North, marched and conquered Rome in the centuries gone by; up ~~the~~ through the monumental entrance designed by Michel Angelo to the Villa Umberto, formerly a part of the Villa Borghese, and on up the hill through the somber shade of the magnificent tunnel formed by an avenue of great trees, until I come to the Maison d'Angelo in which I have my office.

"There I am greeted by Guidi, my major domo, a young Italian with a pathetic face, who married the pretty maid servant of the former President of the Institute, and being utterly without resources of any kind and as helpless as a baby, he was put on the Institute pay roll at the munificent salary of something like \$10.00 a month, which salary I have increased by a weekly tip of about 40

cents, for which reason he has become my devoted slave and body-guard, polishing my shoes and brushing my clothes twice a day, besides keeping the room spick and span, taking care of a vase of flowers on my desk, and running errands. Then I sit for several hours writing or studying and giving directions to my assistants, smoking the abominable Italian cigars industriously the while, and occasionally looking out of the window at my elbow^w, watching the young lovers go by with their arms about each other's waists, and the old people, young people, children and babies, in the surrounding park. It's a very cheerful scene--especially the lovers and the babies.

"Then at noon I walk down the Corso Umberto--the Pennsylvania Avenue of Rome--to the Ristorante San Carlo, where I order a chicken potpie and some string be^ans 'sensa burro ou olio' (without butter or olive oil), which last are a vivid green, hard, and served stone cold. But, anyhow, I escape the usual pint of olive oil or melted butter. Also I get two cast-iron rolls, an orange, and a bottle of wine. Then I have a smoke and sip the wine and listen to the utterly foolish conversation of two American priests in black nighties at the next table who are relating the college pranks they played in early life--and the conversation is just as holy and sanctified as that of two farm hired hands near Frederick.

"Yesterday I took the afternoon off, and being just a little tired and the sun shining just a little hot, I came to the apartments and, Oh joy, I was all alone and free. What did I do? Why, I shed my day clothes, got into a suit of light silk pajamas that I bought in Brazil, opened up the windows so that a cool breeze could blow through, sat in an easy chair by the window, with a little table at my elbow on which I put a box of cigars and a glass of wine, and started reading Mark Twain's Autobiography. It's a

hard life, isn't it? As I read the words of our dearly beloved American philosopher in which he gives such a personal glimpse of his home life and experiences, with innumerable twists, quips, and quirks, I laugh aloud as I have not laughed for years; and when he describes his courtship days, his love for his ^{amiable} ~~lovable~~ wife, his violent temper, his habits of smoking, drinking, and swearing, I have a feeling of kinship and can appreciate just how he felt; and when he describes the beautiful childhood of his daughter Susie and her untimely death I shed tears like a child through sympathy and perfect understanding, and think how human he was and how foolish I am getting to be in my old age. Anyhow, I had a perfectly gorgeous day, and the only shadow was that I could not share my pleasure with wifey, los niños, Sister Nellie, Mother, you and Don Carlos.

"I hope all is well with you and those I love, and 'A rivederci' (meaning, Until I see you again).

"Uncle Lee."

(1925--Rome).

~~E-1549.~~ 1781 1581

On the 20th I dictated an article on the value of censuses and wrote the Washington bureau regarding the allotment of funds it had promised but had not confirmed in writing. Began reading a book in Italian explaining why Vergil came to write the Georgics.

The 2nd was so hot I wore a palm beach suit. Mailed a copy of an article on the proposed world agricultural census to the president of the International Statistical Association at the Hague, and began work on a standard form of census questionnaire.

~~(Letter to Dr. Taylor, July 20, blue folder.)~~ omit

(Wife, July 21, pink folder.)

~~(Brutini, July 22, blue folder.)~~ omit

(Sister Nellie, July 22, pink folder.)

(Buck, July 24, ^{pink} blue folder.)

(Dr. Taylor, July 25, ^{pink} blue folder.)

"Roma, 21 Luglio di 1925.

"Dear Mommie:

"Your turn for a letter, although I have had only one from you since leaving Washington. Yesterday I received letters from mother and Sister Nellie. The financial statement inclosed with Sister Nellie's letter shows a credit balance after paying all current expenses of \$1148.68, with some returns not heard from, and she thinks that perhaps checks for some may have gone to you. If so, please advise her of the amount so she can keep the account straight.

"Yesterday I mailed you a copy of my letter to Eunice and some postcards. Last Sunday I had intended to make a trip to Ostia, the seaport about twenty miles from Rome, which I have not yet seen. However, when I saw the trolley cars go by crowded to suffocation I crawfished, especially ~~is~~ as it was about the first really hot day we have had. Instead, I spied a doubledecker bus and decided to see where it went to. The conductor came for the fare and I asked him 'How much.' He said 'Quindici' (pronounced quindeetchee), which I understood to be fifteen lire--about 60 cents. When I tendered 15 lire he kept saying 'Quindici,' and then I thought he meant 'Cinquanti,' which would be about two cents. I gave him 'Cinquanti' and the villain kept the change. The real fare was 15/100 of 2 cents.

"I sat on top of the bus and got all kinds of thrills, even though the sun was broiling hot. The bus was topheavy, speeded up in places, turned curves at reckless speed, the streets were narrow and full of pedestrians, donkey carts, wine carts, and other such-like slow moving obstructions, and a dozen times I thought we were about to turn over or smash into something, but the crazy driver managed somehow to escape accident. We passed the wonderful Forum, the majestic Coliseum, on through narrow streets, past side streets

full of people doing their Sunday marketing, like the ~~feri~~as in Buenos Aires; out past the great cathedral of San Giovanni in Latero, past the great Egyptian obelisk, the tallest and oldest in Rome, of red granite with hieroglyphs as clear cut and distinct as when they were chiseled 25 centuries ago, brought to Rome and set up more than 1500 years before America was even discovered; on through a great gate in the old Roman Wall, and on out a mile or two into the suburbs.

"There was a long wait at the end of the route, during which I enjoyed watching the common people, the poor Italians, on the street. They are very interesting. The old people look so very old and the young people so very young. ~~And~~ All the women carry babies in their arms and have little ones clinging to their skirts, with visible signs of ^{prospective} ~~coming~~ additions to the family, as coming events cast their shadows before. I watched two little girls dressed in rags bringing pitchers to a fountain in a wall. They filled their pitchers half full, drank as much as two little calves, and squirted water over each other to their hearts' content until they were thoroughly wet and their clothes hung damp and limp, and all the time giggling in great glee and watching furtively to see if anybody would stop them. It would do your heart good to see the little donkeys; there are so many of them and they are so solemn and comical. ^P I take off my hat to the donkey--he is so much more useful than the human ass, so much more efficient than people of Latin extraction, and as for velocity he compares with them as a ray of light or current of electricity with the fastest snail that ever galloped across the landscape. When I go back to Sunny Hill we shall certainly have a ~~par~~ pair of them. I beg your pardon for all the scurrilous remarks I have made about donkeys in the past--all based on hearsay and not on first hand observation. And then the little Italian children:

They are a perpetual joy to me; such cute, cunning, little curly headed creatures, always smiling and with wide open eyes filled with wonder and confidence, rarely clean, generally dirty, sometimes with panties, generally without, and perfectly ~~n~~ unconscious, like kittens and puppies.

"After the return trip to the Piazza Venezia, which is an open space several acres in extent in the heart of the city, with a magnificent monument of white marble as large as our capitol building in Washington, with many marble and gilded bronze statues, in honor of Victor Emanuel, great palaces on the other three sides like fortresses, and the center or loup for the tramways of the city, I took a small table in a sidewalk restaurant and had a glass of wine and a cup of coffee and spent an hour very agreeably.

"These sidewalk restaurants are great institutions. One can sit in a comfortable chair, sipping coffee or wine, for hours and watch all sorts of people and all sorts of vehicles go by. Just think what a fine thing it would be for the cities and towns of the United States. All the gentlemen and the young mashers could sit comfortably and at their ease, while all the budding flappers and shorthaired sufferingettes could parade slowly back and forth before them and display their good points, the new pair of toothpick shoes, the transparent cobweb stockings, the wiggle-waggle hips, the newly^{painted} pair of carmine lips, the whitewashed nose, the pencilled eyebrows, the purple circles about the eyes, the bobbed and marcelled hair, and the arts and embellishments of the modern females who have cast off the shackles of age-long slavery. It's really a very economical and satisfactory arrangement. Anyhow, I get a lot of enjoyment from occasionally squandering a half hour at one of these sidewalk restaurants.

P The entire sidewalk space in front of these restaurants is taken up with little tables and chairs under a great awning that is regularly

adjusted to the height of the sun. Pedestrians have to turn out into the street to get by. And how interesting it is just to watch people. I understand now why it is that so many women sit in bay windows in Washington for hours at a time and watch the people go by. Pope said in one of his poems 'The proper study of mankind is man,' or maybe it is the other way round, 'The proper study of man is mankind,'--it's been more than thirty years since I read the poem and I have forgotten. Anyhow it expressed a great truth. One sees old decrepit people with wonderfully wrinkled faces, stooped shoulders, snow white hair, hobbling painfully and slowly by. Then there are people in the pride of life, men with their chests out, their shoulders squared, and their coats buttoned tight, with the corner of a handkerchief sticking out of their breast pockets and swinging their canes; and matrons built solid, square and very substantial; and young people of both sexes in all the glory of youth--the most interesting of all. ¶ Young dandies, fellows who earn the princely salary of \$15.00 or \$20.00 a month, than whom Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these, who sport sword canes as thick as one's wrist, saunter^t back and forth in front of these restaurants to see and to be seen, wearing an expression almost as intelligent and captivating as that of a long-eared donkey. They usually go arm in arm, wear heavy bushy shocks of hair, either slicked and plastered down with a heavy application of oil that smells to high heaven, or dressed up in a great mop and marcelled as carefully as that of any street walker from a beauty parlor. Thank the Lord there are not many of these and they do add a touch of interest to the moving picture. ¶ The female of the species^{beauties} is a sight to see. Many of them are beautiful and look as if they might have escaped from a prince's palace or wandered off the operatic stage. They are regular Venuses as to form and they dress in all the colors of the rainbow. As I love both form and color I get un-

limited enjoyment in watching them pass. Of course, many of them are dressed in pure white, or black, or modest gray or brown; but the majority of them are dressed in pink, yellow, green, blue, purple, ^{bright} ~~brilliant~~ poppy red, or in brilliant colored variegated silks that rival anything to be seen in butterfly land. And then there is such a great variety in the color of silk stockings, and hats big and little, and shoes of all shapes and colors, black, white, red, blue, yellow and tan. But the most gorgeous things I have seen are the gay parasols. They are small in size with heavy ornamental handles, and silk covers that show all the glistening colors of the rainbow and all combinations of color. It's like a moving array of poppies and other bright flowers, or butterflies. *PP* Then come the children and babies, and to me they are the prettiest and most attractive children I have seen anywhere. The little ones are beautiful, always wide-eyed and smiling, with dimpled cheeks and chubby arms and legs, little and fussy, and most of them are dressed in jumpers with their chubby little legs bare to the ~~wais~~ hips. It makes one wish he could live in never-never land with Wendy and the children that never grow up.

"A few dogs are to be seen on the streets, usually of fine breed, but most unhappy looking creatures because they are muzzled so tightly they cannot open their mouths even to take a drink of water and they are always confined with a leash. The only happy little doggies in all Rome are those that ride on the back of the gay wine carts and guard the precious cargo. There are innumerable cats, but they haunt the dark doorways and alleys and generally are dirty looking creatures.

"Then there are all kinds of vehicles that pass. The wine carts are a delight to the eye. They are two-wheeled one-horse affairs. Usually they carry from 8 to 12 casks of wine of different

sizes, say from 5 to 20 gallons each. In front is a seat for the driver with a brilliantly covered canopy to shield him from sun and rain. It is lined and piled thick with colored cushions and blankets and the driver seems always to be sound asleep. The little raw-boned poney or donkey that pulls the cart is hung with many colored ribbons, wears a bright sunbonnet, and hanging at his side is a bundle of hay that he can nibble at ad libitum. The whole contraption is painted bright blue and red and hung with ~~ex many~~ colored ribbons. Underneath hangs an assortment of ram's horns, horseshoes, and other talismen warranted to be efficacious against evil eye, jinxes, private and public devils, and diabolic machinations of his satanic majesty, and to insure good health, fortune, and success in love. All things considered I am in favor of winecarts for adding a bit of color to the landscape, an occasional ray of sunshine to an otherwise dreary dignified world of somber hue, and contributing to the joy and gayety of mankind.

"There are all sorts of hand carts, push carts, other kinds of carts, and wheelbarrows, pulled and pushed by little dwarfed men and women and children, donkey carts always heavily overloaded, an occasional dray with heavy draft horses, and every variety of automobile truck. The loads that are pulled by human beings, or by single donkeys, or by light-weight horses, are simply incredible. Yesterday I saw one little horse pulling two full-sized furniture vans, heavily loaded, with one man behind pushing. Also there is great variety of buses, electric and gasoline. There are literally thousands of old carriages pulled by broken-down, knock-kneed nags, that are the commonest and cheapest conveyance in Rome. I have seen only two stylish coaches pulled by sleek, fat, handsome, prancing horses. There are a good many automobiles, mostly of Italian manufacture, built low down and very compact, and rather cheap in ap-

pearance. I have seen two Ford cars, and they loomed up large and luxurious in comparison with the Italian cars. I felt like taking off my hat to them as they passed.

"Also there is an army of street walkers, femmes de joi, that are interesting. They are well formed, well dressed creatures, mostly in bright colors and highly painted, but some with refined childish faces, and some with the look of birds of prey. Then, too, there is every conceivable variety of religious parasite in the shape of a priest, dressed, in black, white, red, yellow, or brown nighties or bathrobes, some with clean shaven faces, some with a wonderful variety of full beard, many with closely shaven spots on the top of the head, some thin and half starved looking, and others as fat, filthy, and gross as swine. Yesterday I saw a fat priest with a protuberant tummy who looked exactly like an old time bar tender leading a flock of eight scarecrow women through the street. They were all middle aged, except one young girl, were dressed in black mother-hubbards, had their hair braided in two pigtails wrapped in black netting and hanging full length between their shoulders, and they were about the most unhappy looking lot of female killjoys I have seen. I suppose they belong to some special holy sanctified order of worshippers of the Prophet's or of the Papa's big toe.

"All this kaleidoscopic moving picture-show of humanity is very interesting and I wish you could be here to see it with me. I forgot to mention that the pilgrims--Roman name for tourists--of which there are many thousands, go about in long processions of automobiles or carriages with guides. They, too, with their hatchet faces and tired, bewildered expressions, are very interesting.

"After leaving the Piazza Venezia I walked up the Corso a few squares and sat in a chair on the sidewalk to have my shoes polished, which is a daily necessity here because Rome is dusty. Then to a

restaurant facing the Piazza Colona, one of the historic open squares of Rome with a fountain and great column in the center. Here I get a nice steak, a cast iron roll, some real strawberries, and some wine. Then back to the apartments where I had a nice long nap during the hot afternoon. After the nap I sat in an easy chair on the little vine covered balcony, smoked, and read Mark Twain's Autobiography. I hope you will buy a copy of this book. It will complete your collection of his works and I know that you will enjoy reading it, as I have.

"In the evening I walked across town to a restaurant for supper and back through the dusk, played some records on the little phonograph, wrote a letter to Eunice, and tried to imagine what you, the children, Rosita, and the Pajaros were doing; and then to bed.

"Yesterday, Monday, was the first really hot day we have had and to day I wore my Panama suit for the first time in many weeks. By the way, the sewing kit you fixed up for me has proved a treasure. I have sewed on six buttons and repaired two rips slick as a pin.

"Occasionally I have trouble with my eyes following prolonged use, but with the remedies I brought with me I am able to overcome it within 24 hours.

"I wonder if I made myself entirely clear in my former letter about the automobile, Miss Essie--THE INCUBUS. What I wanted you to understand was that she is your machine to do with exactly as you please, to sell, to trade, or to give away. Under no circumstances worry about her if she does not please you. She was a joy to me and ran like a watch, but I can readily understand your difficulty in managing her. Get a little Ford or a Chevrolet. The Ford is the best machine of the two, but I suspect that after your attempts to learn to operate the Essex you will have less difficulty with the Chevrolet, with the further advantage of knowing the controls of most

other machines. I have seen two or three Fords in Rome and it is curious how they loom up as big cars. The Italian cars are built small and low. The only difference between the high-powered cars and the smaller ones is principally in their length and weight. I always feel like taking off my hat to a Ford over here--it's such an imposing, magnificent, altogether U.S.A. machine.

"This is a country of night owls, just like Argentina. The Romans do not really wake up and get to going good until about 5 or 6 o'clock p.m. and they probably go to bed about 3 or 4 a.m. That is why I have so much trouble getting a cup of coffee and a cast-iron roll before 8.30 a.m. The iron shutters of the stores are pulled up anywhere between 8.30 and 11, are closed again between 12 and 3 p.m., and ~~are closed again~~ again at 6 or 7 p.m. It's a strenuous life the storekeepers and their clerks lead in Rome. On the whole life is not especially tumultuous. It takes from 4 to 6 weeks to get anything for the office at the Institute. Poco a poco, the world was not made in a day, we have all the time there is, so why worry. Your Uncle Remus is not worrying about anything specially, except he would like to see Mommie, los niños, Rosita, y los Pajaros.

"Love to all from

a
"Papaita con lós piernas largas."

"Roma, 22 Luglio di 1925.

"Dear Sister Nellie:

"Your welcome letter of July 7 with account for May and June came two days ago, with a letter of July 8 from mother.

"I think you have made a splendid showing, and perhaps I can appreciate better than anybody else just how much work and worry it has meant for you. I appreciate also just how much work it meant

"Rome, July 1 25, 1925.

"Dr. H.C. Taylor,
"Chief, Bureau of Agricultural Economics,
"U.S. Department of Agriculture,
"Washington, D.C.

"Dear Doctor Taylor:

"In a former letter I referred to the efforts the Italian government is making to stimulate interest in the domestic production of wheat, the formation of a permanent committee of officials and technicians to organize a three-year campaign, and the publicity that is given to the subject in the daily papers of Rome. This publicity has continued, there being scarcely a newspaper that does not carry something about the 'battaglia del grano' every day.

"In this morning's copy of 'Il Resorgimento' (July 25) on the front page is a report of a meeting of the Cabinet at which important decisions were reached on a number of factors in the campaign. To me the most ~~import~~ important decision was the adoption of a decree raising the import duty on wheat $7\frac{1}{2}$ lire gold per quintal, with the same relative increase on all other cereals. This decree was signed by the King the same day and went into effect yesterday, July 24. A statement is made that as the result of the campaign for increasing domestic production of wheat the importation of foreign wheat this year will be reduced to 10 million quintals.

"Among the methods approved by the government were the organization of a systematic intensive campaign to stimulate interest in the production of wheat, the organization of the technical forces of the government, the establishment of experiment stations, the organization of provincial committees, the encouragement of local associations for the production and distribution of selected wheat seed, the adoption of measures to facilitate the purchase of improved plows and other machinery, the abolition of local imposts and taxes on the grain pro-

duced, as well as on combustibles for motor machinery, efforts to encourage the breaking up of land not now in cultivation, the making of loans by the Institute of Agricultural Credit to farmers at low interest rates, repayable in 5-year instalments, and measures to improve methods and lower the cost of making bread in the larger cities and towns.

"I would be interested in knowing whether any notice of this well organized campaign of propaganda has reached our Department or the agricultural press through any other source, and whether our Commercial Attache at Rome has reported it to the Department.

"With best regards, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Agricultural Commissioner."

I spent most of Saturday afternoon, the 25th, in my office reading Vergil's Georgics in Italian. Always I have been struck by their wisdom and the good farm practice outlined in them. Late in the afternoon I walked down the Corso, turned through the Piazza Colona, and paused in front of the Pantheon, which to me is one of the most impressive buildings of the world. Here I was greeted by Anita, the Garibaldi lady whom I had met a few times on the street before. She was a beautiful, amiable, gentle, smiling woman with a face like a madona and a figure like a venus, as well as modest, dignified, and well dressed. Inasmuch as she seemed especially sociable I suggested a drive and she acquiesced. In a carriage we were driven through the beautiful Villa Borghese and back to the Pincio, where we had ice cream, cakes, and tea. We spent an hour together very agreeably. The photograph I took of her does not do her justice.

Sunday was a pleasant day and I went out to Frascati on the hills overlooking the Campagna and Rome. I strolled through the narrow streets, had a nice luncheon in front of a restaurant overlooking the surrounding country, and took a carriage drive to Marianna, Albano, and ^eN~~a~~mi, seeing the beautiful crater lakes en route. At ^eN~~a~~mi I dismissed the carriage and returned to Rome by trolley line after sunset, and had supper at the railway station.

(Wife, July 27, pink folder.) *omitted pages 1547*

(Thelma, same.)

(Mother, July 28, pink folder.)

(Wife, same.)

(Otis, same.)

(Wife, 30 July, pink folder.)

good health the City of Rome and all Italy will prosper, but if anything happens to the wolf they fear that misfortune or disaster of some kind will overtake them. *when the she wolf dies another takes her place.*

"Try to write me a nice long letter each week and tell me all about what you have been doing, the good times you have, and about Mommie, Sister, Rosita, and the Pajaros.

"With much love from

"Daddy."

"Roma, 28 Luglio di 1⁹25.

"Dear Mother:

"Sunday I had a very satisfactory day. After a week of very hot weather, the first I experienced in Rome, it was very pleasant; the sky was the bluest of blues and full of soft floating billowy white clouds, and a nice cool breeze blowing continuously, reminding me of a spring day in Texas.

"After walking across the Tiber to the Piazza del Popolo, where I had the usual cup of jet black coffee, all that money can buy in Rome before noon, I went to the tramway station on the other side of the city and took a tram (trolley car) to Frascati, famous for its white wines. Frascati is on the mountain side overlooking the campagna, the generally level but undulating and broken plain that reaches from the mountains to the sea, a distance of perhaps fifteen or twenty miles. I judge that the town is about twenty miles from Rome, as it took the tram an hour and a half to make the trip. The fare was five lire--about 20 cents. All trolley cars are full to capacity, always, and I stood up the entire distance, but was fortunate in getting next to a window where I could see the country.

"The country is very dry, there having been very little rain for three months; the wheat, which is the principal crop of the campagna, has been harvested and the fields generally are bare and brown.

There are a few patches of dwarf corn to be seen, about waist high, very much like our popcorn, ^{which} and will yield perhaps ten bushels to the acre. As one approaches the foothills the vineyards begin and continue up into the mountains, where they are succeeded by the silvery gray olive trees. The vines are short and stubby and the new growth is trained up on four canes six to eight feet high, so that a vineyard here looks very much like a lima bean patch in Maryland. The fruit hangs low, usually just above the ground. Frascati is famous for its wines and the wine is so plentiful and cheap that one can get a quart for eight or ten cents. Nobody but crazy Americans thinks of drinking water, because the water has no taste, is full of germs, and costs more than wine--and is considered good only for bathing purposes and domestic animals.

"The thing that appeals to one's imagination most all through this country is the old columns, the stone arches, the foundations of great buildings as large as a city square, the caves, the underground passages, the old watch towers, and the stately arches of the fragments of the old Roman aqueduct, that one sees almost in every field over a stretch of country several times as large as the Frederick or Cumberland Valley.

"The trolley reached Frascati at 11 o'clock and I put in an hour exploring the ~~town~~ streets of the town. The town seems to be about the size of Frederick, but is built up of five and six story stone or brick houses covered with cement plaster, with many narrow streets and alleys without any sidewalks. The doorways are arched and the different floors are reached by stone steps. Every house is swarming with human beings, like a beehive, especially with women, children and babies, and more coming. In fact, the baby business seems to be the principal industry. The Italian women have got the French, the English, and the American sufferingettes beat a thousand miles,

and it is only a question of time when they will people the earth-- which isn't a bad prospect when one considers the nature of the function of a suffragette.

"I got some good pictures here. One was of a procession of little haystacks coming down the mountain street, each with an invisible donkey underneath. All one could see was four little spindle legs underneath each segment of the procession and a man's head sticking out on top. It was a curious sight to see these little haystacks bobbing up and down, undulating like a serpent, coming along the street. I estimated that it would take four of these little stacks, each carried by a donkey about the size of a year old calf, to make ~~a~~ ^{one} good ~~two~~ horse load of hay.

"I had a fair lunch at a sidewalk restaurant, with a cool breeze blowing, a bottle of wine and a cigar, and a magnificent view out over the campagna, old Rome in the dim distance with the great dome of St. Peter's gleaming in the sunlight, and in the middle distance the lofty spidery towers of the great radio station--ancient and modern in juxtaposition. Far beyond on the western horizon I could see the silvery glimmer of the Mediterranean. It was an interesting experience to sit there and through a wraith of tobacco smoke try to imagine all that had taken place in the last 25 centuries out on that plain when Rome was young and mistress of the known world, when she drew tribute from all nations, and when great public works were built over an area at least 30 miles square. Unfortunately many of those public works were built of soft stone composed of volcanic ash that has disintegrated in the long centuries that have elapsed. Had they been built of Egyptian granite they would have been as sound, as sharp and clear as the Egyptian obelisks are today that were brought over more than two thousand years ago and ~~are~~ set up on the public squares of Rome today.

"I was much amused by the behavior of a carriage driver who could speak a little English and who had a good horse and carriage. He singled me out as his particular prey before I left the tram. I divined that he was on my trail and ignored him. He followed me through the streets of Frascati, kept his carriage at my side, or skillfully turned across my path so that I would be compelled to turn out and walk around him, all the time smiling, bowing, and pleasantly inviting me to get into his carriage. I tried not to see him or to give any sign that I saw him. I would not look in his direction. Finally I became impatient and told him in English, French, Spanish, and Italian that I did not need a guide and wanted to be alone. But it never fazed him. He still followed with the same engaging, ingratiating smile. All the time I was eating lunch at the sidewalk restaurant he drove by every two or three minutes, stopped opposite me and smiled in such an infectious way that I could not keep my face straight. Finally I asked him to go away and stay away until I had finished my luncheon. He took up his station about fifty feet away and every time I looked up he waved his hand and smiled. The moment I stepped into the street he was at my side, smiling as ever. Then, in order to see as much as possible in the one afternoon, I agreed to let him drive me to a string of towns along the mountain side, Mariano, Albano, the Lake Albano, and Nemi and its crater lake, with the mountains to the left, clothed with forests to their summits, and little ancient villages and convents and monasteries perched high up, and to the west on the right the great campagna with Rome and the sea in the far off distance. *P*It was a delightful drive over mountain tops, down into deep valleys, past little mountain villages, castles, convents, monasteries, vineyards, olive groves, through long lanes with high walls on either side ten to thirty feet high and miles long, forests of great beech, elm, chestnut, oak and ilex trees, with heavy

undergrowth, deep shadows and the golden sunlight filtering through the leafy canopy, over a good road, and the great Roman campagna spread out below like the floor of Frederick Valley, only far more extensive, and the gleam of the silvery sea along the horizon.

"Lake Albano lies deep in the hollow cup of an extinct volcanic crater and last Sunday it looked like a great jewel, full of mingled fleeting colors and shadows, deep blue, green, purple, and pink, like mother-of-pearl, the sides of the crater clothed from water's edge to rim with forest trees, and across the lake a picturesque mountain town, Rocca dⁱ Papa, about 3000 feet high, and to one side a forest-clad mountain with an old monastery on top. Then we passed through a long lane, two or three miles in length, with walls ten to twenty feet high on each side and rows of ilex trees that are like the live oaks of the Gulf States. These trees are two to four feet in diameter and about forty feet high. They are twisted in fantastic shapes, are very old, and look old.

"Lake Nemi is several miles~~x~~ beyond Lake Albano and is in the deep hollow of an ancient crater. It is smaller than Lake Albano, but is very beautiful in shape, color, and surroundings. It is said that in the clear depths one can still see an old Roman galley that was used as a pleasure boat by one of the Roman emperors. From Albano to Nemi the distance is several miles and the road runs along the side of a mountain. There are numerous coves running up from the plain into the mountain and across these arched bridges have been built, some of them very high and much like the Connecticut Avenue Bridge in Washington. Most of these little towns have great cathedrals. All of them have a main street with a few side streets. The houses are all of brick covered with cement plaster and are five and six stories in height. Often they are built on steep slopes and

look like stairsteps. ¶ One of the most conspicuous features of these towns are the numerous drinking and ornamental fountains, with clear sparkling water gushing out of a wall into a stone or cement drinking trough. It is a common sight to see women with brass jars at these fountains. The jars are of the same shape and size as those used more than 2000 years ago in this country. Each holds about five gallons and the women carry them on their heads. I have not yet been able to get a photograph of them. Always something happens to prevent me. The same is true of the wine carts, which are the most picturesque things in Italy. I saw many of these carts with their sleepy drivers, their intelligent donkeys, and the little wide-awake dogs that ride on the rear of the carts and stand guard over the wine--but as these carts always seek the shady side of the street and the drivers keep their bright parasol-like canopies up against the hot sun, it is not easy to get a picture.

"We got back to Albano at five o'clock and there I took a tram for Rome. This time I was fortunate enough to get a seat, but the cars were full and many passengers had to stand. It is a wonderfully beautiful country and a beautiful and interesting people. One could not help being an artist with such a vision of light, color and form always before him and the inspiration that comes from history and ancient ruins. I notice that the janitor of my little office building who can hardly read or write spends most of his time drawing sketches on old envelopes and scraps of paper.

"Another thing I notice--all the people of these villages seem to be out on the main street, most of the old people sitting at little tables near the buildings--there are no sidewalks--eating ices or drinking beer or wine. Then, also, I heard music at various places, piano, violin, guitar, and singing. At one town a band was playing. At another a troop of fifty or more boys and young men dressed in

trunks came running through in long procession--evidently on an endurance run. At several places in the country near villages I saw athletic games being played, with crowds of men, women, and children at the edge of the field watching the game. At all these games and festivities I saw priests mingling with the crowd, and I have wondered if one reason for the continued growth of the Catholic Church--now the greatest Christian Church on earth--is not just because the Catholic leaders have common sense enough to know that God made human nature what it is and that as God's representatives on earth it is not their business to go counter to human nature, and so they join in with sports on Sunday, recognizing that sports are a form of recreation and rest within the meaning of the Bible, and, better still, when sports or human nature go to^o/far and become sin, they grant indulgences--always for a consideration--and give the sinner a chance to take a fresh start and sin some more--as God intended he should.

"It was a perfect day, one that I shall always remember, bright sunshine, a cool breeze, a blue sky, floating clouds from fairyland, jeweled lakes, great forests haunted by Pan and pagan nymphs, a shimmering, beautiful, historic landscape, a silver sea on the horizon, storied towns on the heights, with castles, palaces, convents, monasteries, ancient ruins, and dark caves--just like a story book or a poet's dream.

"It's getting late, so I must stop. I have simply tried to give you a little glimpse of what I saw. Love to all,

"Lee."

"Roma, 30 Luglio di 1935.

"Dear Mommie:

"Your lovely letter of July 14 reached me yesterday, the 29th, just fifteen days after it was written. This beats the mail service

(1925--Rome.)

1613 a
~~E-1551~~ 1616 169a

The hot weather continued into August. On the 1st I visited the cereal exposition on Via Nazionale. It was excellent in every way and exceptionally well illustrated with specimens and photographs.

The next day, Sunday, I rode on the electric line to Ostia, the nearest seaport to Rome and a seaside resort. I arrived at noon and went into a cheap restaurant on a pier projecting over the water. It was badly crowded and I had difficulty in getting waited on, and even greater difficulty in paying the bill. After signalling several times and waiting an indefinite time I lost patience and walked slowly and ostentatiously out of the place and along the beach. Soon a waiter came running after me. In a most reproachful manner he presented the score and I paid it. I saw many people with scarcely any clothing on; in fact whole families undressing and dressing on the open beach. The beach was not an attractive one because of the black sand and muddy appearance of the water.

(Letter to Hobson, Aug. 3, pink folder.)

Roma, 3 Agosto, 1925.

"Dear Mr. Hobson:

"For reasons that you will appreciate I am tunking this off on the machine-a-acrire portati a sette Settembrini. Last week I received your letter regarding the communication from the International Education Board and the same day sent copies of your letter to Dean Mann on which the action of the Board was based to the Secretary General and to Mr. Hodgson. Also I directed Miss Dickson to forward the stationery as requested. A few days prior thereto I personally packed the sick radio reproducer in the cigar box that came from Germany, stuffed it full and hard with rolled newspapers, so that I am confident that it will stand all sorts of maltreatment en route.

"Yesterday, Sunday, I found your letter of July 28 on the table, written en route to Nice. I was surprised and somewhat disturbed to hear of the action proposed by the new President--surprised at the lengths he will go and disturbed at the manner in which he manifests his animus, because it spells trouble ahead, unless you have the backing of the English, French, Dutch, and enough other delegates to keep him within bounds. Without such support your future course will be beset with difficulties and humiliations.

"I have the keys in my pocket and no one can use them without a written order from you to me.

"My contacts with the Institute have so far been few and far between. I have not yet seen the new President. Longobardi was away on vacation all last week. He advises me that during his absence Dore lost three of his men; Cabrini resigned, one assigned to the office of the President, and another assigned to the office of the Secretary General. This hits his small force hard. For the sake of the census project I do not wish to seem to be too curious and my imperfect command of the language inhibits me from asking pertinent

or impertinent questions in such an indirect, diplomatic way as not to arouse suspicion. I am therefore not in a position to give advice or counsel that is worth anything.

"My understanding is that between meetings of the General Assembly the Permanent Committee is supreme, which means that the President will be powerless without the support of a majority of the working delegates. As I see it the most important thing for you is to ascertain the attitude and the effective support and cooperation you can count upon from the British, French, Dutch, and other working members of the Committee.

"I hope you succeeded in meeting Dr. Marlatt. I have known him for many years and hope if he comes to Rome he will look me up. Tutti va bene a sette Settembrini. Remember me to your family.

"With best wishes to all, I am

"Sincerely,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

(1925-Rome.)

~~E--1552~~ 1616

On the 4th the Secretary General sent for me to meet a group of American students, young men and women. They were not especially interested in agriculture but had called to see the Institute palace. At the request of the Secretary General I gave a brief resume of the history and organization of the Institute, after which refreshments were served and they were conducted over the building.

(Sister Nellie, Aug~~4~~5, pink folder.)

(Mother, ~~same~~.)

"Roma, 5 Agosto, 1925.

Dear Sister Nellie:

Your welcome letter of July 14-16, inclosing a letter you had received from wifey of July 9, came August 1, for which you have my warmest thanks. I know from experience just what it means to write such letters at Sunny Hill where there is so much to be done and so much that has to be left undone. I know also what it means to wait so long and so impatiently for rain, seeing the crops suffer day by day, and being tantalized so often by the appearance of an approaching rain that somehow manages to go round and slip by.

"We have been having some real Washington weather here, especially midday and afternoon, but always with a breeze blowing from the sea and always cool and pleasant at night. Every day about ten o'clock I have to partially close the door to my office on account of the stiff breeze that springs up and blows things about. But the sound of it outside in the tree tops is very refreshing, soothing, and at times makes me drowsy.

"This will have to be a short letter because it is getting late. I get up about 7.30 a.m., am out the entire day, getting meals, at the office, taking a French lesson in the late afternoon, and rarely manage to reach the house before 9 p.m., by which time I am more or less fatigued. I have not yet solved the problem of economizing time in Rome, because the restaurants are a mile away from my apartments, an equal distance from the office, and supper cannot be had before 7 p.m. and the service is slow. With them the day is just beginning. This evening, for example, I purposely delayed going to the restaurant until 7.30 p.m. At that time I found it in utter darkness. The waiters, who know me, turned on the lights and I had an abominable supper--including green tomatoes and green peaches, and other things such as steak, potatoes, a cast-iron roll,

and wine--costing something over a dollar of our money. I finished about 8.20, up to which time I was the only customer in the establishment. I suppose that by 10 o'clock all the tables were occupied.

"I hope you get the account straightened out with the Pennock Co. and that rains will come in time to do some good this summer.

"Love to you and all.

"Lee."

"Roma, 5 Agosto, 1925.

"Dear Mother:

"Your letter of July 22 came yesterday and an earlier one last week. In fact, I have received a nice batch of letters the past week, including one from wifey.

"I was glad to hear in your last letter that some rain was falling. It has been even drier here, only two light showers having fallen since ~~wé~~ I reached Rome the first week in May--nearly three months and not enough rain to lay the dust.

"I was pleased to see that you had been to Harrisburg and enjoyed the trip. I have been there several times, in the capitol building, and up and down the river, just as you describe. My last visit was in the winter of 1920 at the invitation of the State Agricultural Association, when I addressed a packed house not far from the capitol building on the world food situation. Congressman Lever, now president of the Federal Land Bank in South Carolina, at that time chairman of the Agricultural Committee, was there also for an address, and we shared a bed in the only room that the committee could find for us.

"Last Sunday I went to Ostia, a town of 80,000 on the sea coast near the mouth of the Tiber and about 15 or 20 miles from Rome. The trip was made on the electric train with 8 or 10 coaches. To get

a seat on any train in Italy it is necessary to go an hour or more in advance because no seats are reserved and it is first come first served.

"The route lies through the Tiber valley, which is simply a depression in a fairly level plain, somewhat like the river valleys or gulches in the far west, burnt up with the long drouth, ~~and~~ almost barren, and almost entirely treeless, and with the blue mountains a few miles to the east. A few miles before reaching marine Ostia the train passed to one side of Old Ostia, which is simply a field of ruins. It was so hot and the trains were so crowded that I did not get off to see the ruins. From the train one can see the foundations of circular and square buildings of large size, several acres of broken marble columns and arches, and hummocks and depressions that indicate they cover old ruins that have been buried in the long centuries--all surrounded by hay meadows, brown and sere. *P* Modern Ostia has the appearance of being very new, with new bathing establishments, piers, board sidewalks, hotels and restaurants. The sea was very rough, the surf ran high, the beach shelves off rapidly, and the water is deep with a strong side current near shore that makes it dangerous. Three young men lost their lives there last Sunday. The beach is not attractive because the sand is black and loose so that bathers on emerging immediately become covered with it and look as if they had bathed in mud. Near the shore the water is muddy, but farther out it is a heavenly blue--so blue that it makes the sky look almost white in comparison. Many people were there on a beach two miles long. They were very careless about exposing their persons--evidently not ashamed of themselves--and why should they be--and many children up to 10 years went about and played in high glee clothed only in their innocence. I left early, but not early enough to get a seat on the train and stood up the entire distance back.

"Bon nuit, and love to all.

Lee."

(1925--Rome.)

~~E-1553.~~ 1620

On the 7th I wrote a resume of the controversy that had developed in the Institute to the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, and expressing the hope that the Department of Agriculture and the Department of State would stand squarely back of the American delegate. Because the Hobsons were expected back to occupy their apartments about the first of September I began to think about finding other quarters and wrote to the young lady real estate agent. During the three months vacation of my stenographer, Miss Broad, Mr. Hobson's secretary had looked after my office work.

8

(Miss Broad, Aug. 7, blue folder) ✓ *omit*
wife
(Sister Nellie, ^{10 Aug} Aug. 12, pink folder.) ✓
(Otis, same.) ✓
(Thelma, same.) ✓
(Gage, 12 August, blue folder.) ✓

"Roma, 10 Agosto, 1925.

"Dear Mommie:

"Today I received a letter each from Otis and Thelma and one from sister Nellie in which she reports that at last there has been a little rain at Sunny Hill; also that she has received a duplicate check from the Pennock Co. for the narcissus, which was long overdue.

"Last week I had a letter from Mr. Wasner of Santa Fe, Argentina, and among other things he said the Tutts and the Breggars each have a brand new girl baby, niñitas ambas. Some time ago I had a letter from Mr. Geldart, saying that they expected to be able to move into their own little new house this summer, but that the monthly payments would be hard to meet. He also said that a biographical sketch and picture of the Director of the World Census had appeared in the press of Buenos Aires. This reminds me that last week one of the officials of the Institute brought over a copy of the Country Gentleman for July 25 with a paragraph about me and a cartoon representing me pounding a typewriter--which is probably more nearly correct than the cartoonist suspected. It is on a page headed "Interesting Personalities," or something of that kind and is complimentary. I mention this, thinking that you and the children may wish to look it up.

"Last week a delegation of American students that are here under some kind of an international arrangement called at the Institute, were given a formal reception, and after the Secretary General had made a speech of welcome I was asked to give an address explaining the work of the Institute. A notice of this visitation and of my talk appeared in the morning papers the following day.

"The days are all pretty much alike in Rome. It has been the most uniform climate I have ever experienced. Day after day we have a cool morning, about 70 degrees, with a hot sun that gets hotter until late afternoon, and a light so dazzling that most people wear

Thomas, 10 August, 1955.

"Dear Mother:

"Today I received a letter each from Orla and Thelma and one from sister Nellie in which she reports that at least there has been a little rain at Sunny Hill; also that she has received a duplicate check from the Tannock Co. for the mortgage, which was long overdue.

"Last week I had a letter from Mr. Wagner of Santa Fe, Argentina, and from other friends he said the letters and the money had come and a brand new girl baby, white and blue. Some time ago I had a letter from Mr. Belmont, saying that they expected to be able to move into their own little new house this summer, but that the monthly payments would be hard to meet. He also said that a pictorial sketch and picture of the Director of the World Council had appeared in the press of Buenos Aires. This reminds me that last week one of the officials of the Institute brought over a copy of the Country Gentleman for July 25 with a paragraph about me and a cartoon representing me pointing a typewriter--which is probably more nearly correct than the cartoon I suggested. It is on a page headed 'Interesting Personalities,' or something of that kind and is complimentary. I mention this, thinking that you and the children may wish to look it up.

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"The days are all pretty much alike in Rome. It has been the most uniform climate I have ever experienced. Day after day we have a cool morning, about 70 degrees, with a hot sun that gets hotter until late afternoon, and a light so dazzling that most people wear

colored glasses. A breeze always springs up about 10 o'clock and continues through the day. The nights are cool. There has been scarcely any rain in the three months I have been here, not enough to lay the dust more than twice. It is very dusty and the dust is fine, light, and impalpable and gets into and through everything. The streets are kept sprinkled, but the moisture evaporates so quickly that the dust is flying most of the time.

"Yesterday I visited Rocca de Papa, a town on the top of a mountain higher than High Knob, on the side of the peak facing Rome and 12 or 15 miles distant. One can see Rocca de Papa from Rome, and from Rocca de Papa one can look down on Rome and over the campagna to the sea beyond. Yesterday the air was full of haze and the sea could not be seen. Also one can look north and south and see high mountains in both directions, and nearly every one has a picturesque town at its summit. One of the mysteries to me is how these towns get water, as they have it in abundance--enough for fountains, cascades, and drinking troughs for animals, almost to the very peaks. In the low country, the Campagna, practically all field vegetation is ^{to} burned up with the three months drouth. However, the lower slopes of the mountains are green with miles and miles of vineyards, and the slopes higher up are covered with olive groves, chestnut woods and other trees, in the cool depths of which are stretches of ferns and other leafy plants.

"To go from Rome to Rocca de Papa one has to change trolley cars, and as there are no signs at the little stations, and the conductors cannot get through the coaches which are always standing full, a stranger has some difficulty in knowing where and when to change. I knew that I had to change cars once, but no one told me that it was necessary to change twice. The result was that I was carried a few miles beyond the second junction before I discovered

my error. Fortunately I did not have long to wait for a return car to the second junction. From there the road wound around the hills and slopes until it reached a point almost directly below the town. Then we changed a third time from the trolley to an electric cog-wheel road and slowly ascended a height of 600 to 1000 feet or more to the upper landing at the lower edge of the town.

"There I found a broad avenue or plaza about four blocks long with trees and flower gardens in the middle and modern hotels on either side. Passing these I came to the Trattoria Angelina, an old hotel with a broad terrace at the foot of the old town. Here I had luncheon. The sun was hot outside and the heat shimmered in waves over the landscape below. It was very pleasant on the terrace, with the vineyards, the Campagna and Rome spread out below. Luncheon was served on the terrace, which was at least 80 feet long and 30 wide, with a leafy grape arbor above and some delicate tendrils of Virginia creeper waving in the breeze, an earthen floor, a row of dense old Ilex trees to one side, and a lovely cool breeze blowing from the sea across the wooded slopes of the mountains. The scene below was colorful, hotels with yellow and red tiled roofs, brown or red facades and cornices, yellow or gray walls, green or gray blinds, reddish brown balconies, brown or red awnings, and in front of the first story green trees, banked in front with gayly flowered oleanders, white, red, and pink. And underneath the trees and walking about in front were young people of the town and visitors, the men in light clothing and the women and children in bright red, blue, green, yellow, or white dresses, and carrying poppy-like parasols.

"After luncheon I braved the hot sun and walked up through the winding streets of the old town, more like stairs than streets. The houses are all of stone, one to six stories high, depending on

situation, all higgly-piggly, and in many places the stair streets are just wide enough for a donkey and his pack to pass. The houses are swarming with people, especially old people and little children and babies, and more comin', cows and cats, donkeys and goats, clear to the top. At one point a little curly headed urchin got in front of me, held out his hand and shrilled 'Soldi, Soldi, Soldi.' He was so extremely and ingeniously dirty that I stopped a moment to look him over. Instantly little brats came tumbling out of nooks and corners and set up a chorus of 'Soldi.' Then some of the mothers joined them. I explained that I did not have soldi for all of them--there were twelve and I saw more coming, but I would take their photograph. So some of them lined up and I took a snap shot at them. When I started away there was a universal howl, and one of the mothers in Israel said I should give the poor bambinos something. So I gave her two lire (about 8 cents) and asked her to divide it among them. Then I made my hasty escape. By this time other mothers were on hand and judging by the sounds I heard from that quarter after I turned a corner there was trouble in camp over the division of spoils.

"The top of the peak rises with precipitous sides perhaps 100 feet above the uppermost house. I climbed to the top and found a fairly level surface about one acre in extent and covered with old ruins, showing that in the centuries gone by there was a castle or some other kind of building there. From that point one has a magnificent view of the Campagna, of Rome, of the mountains and their crowning villages north and south, and one can look right down into the mirrored surface of the crater lake of Albano. The sea could not be seen because of the haze.

"On the other side of the peak ~~in~~^{is} a mountain valley that looks as if it might have been a crater. ~~Now, it is an open~~

Now, it is an open meadow, burned brown by the summer heat, and I walked half way across it to get a near view of the ruins of an old church. Huddled about the broken walls were some sheep and in the shadow of one of the old ruins were three shepherd dogs. The oldest and biggest, true to his trust, advanced to meet me and said very gruffly 'You'd better go back or I'll bite you.' I said, 'Oh, that's all right, I don't bite; you just go back and be comfortable in the shade.' He understood, wagged his tail, smiled, growled, went back and laid down, duty done and conscience quiet. *P* It was a hot walk back to town, down the stair-step streets, to the cool terrace of the Tratoria Angelina, where I spent two hours very pleasantly, sipping wine, smoking, and dreaming dreams--also watching the behavior of several Italian families at adjoining tables. Then to the crowded trolley cars to stand up all the way to Rome.

"Bueno noche, buono notte, bon nuit, gute nacht, Good night, and love to all, from

"Daddy."

"Roma, 12 Agosto, 1925.

"Dear Captain Jinks:

"I got your letter of July 24, written five days after Thelma's letter of July 19. That looks as if you let a girl get ahead of you. No real Captain Jinks or Lion Killer would ever think of letting any female girl get ahead of him. No, by Jinks, he would get up nights and study and work like a ~~man~~ whitehead just to show that any real boy that expects to be a real man can keep ahead of all the girls that ever lived when it comes to writing letters and doing things that require strength and courage and fearlessness and honesty and manliness. No man can expect to keep up with girls and women when it comes to dolls and babies and pretty

"Rome, 12 August, 1925.

"Mr. Charles E. Gage,
"Editor of the Omnibus, Bureau of Agricultural Economics,
"United States Department of Agriculture,
"Washington, D.C.

"Dear Mr. Gage:

"The coming of the 'Omnibus' of July 16 reminded me that I had not written you since reaching Rome more than three months ago. Also it answered the question that was lurking in the background of my mind as to whether my name had been dropped for nonpayment of dues. To me the 'Omnibus' is like a personal letter from you and from the office, giving me a glimpse of what is going on, who is doing what, and which has happened when, all very interesting and cheering to one who has been so long separated from his official family.

"My work on the Universal Census Project is progressing slowly but satisfactorily along three lines: (1) Preparation of a census schedule questionnaire form in three categories, (a) items of primary importance, (b) items of secondary importance, and (c) all other items; (2) a glossary of terms used in the schedule; and (3) data to show the relation of the adhering governments to the Institute, their status with respect to statistical organization, censuses and annual statistics, and the relative importance of agriculture, livestock, and forestry in each country. I am personally undertaking the first line of work; Signor Brutini, ex-librarian of the Institute, has been assigned to the second; and Signor Longobardi has been working part time on the third. ^{By} By the way, last week I read an outline of a proposed census survey drawn up by the Indian Economic Inquiry Committee and was struck by the juxtaposition of two items, Elephants on one line and Bees on the next, with absolutely nothing to indicate the kind of information ^{that was} to be obtained regarding these two important classes of animals, such as number, age, sex, or value.

"Sundays I devote to sightseeing. Rome, with its ancient and modern buildings, monuments, ruins, museums, parks, narrow streets, and alleys, and gaily dressed smiling people, is to me a wonderfully interesting city. The country surrounding Rome is equally interesting. A range of low mountains lies to the ^east, perhaps ten or twelve miles distant, and the sea to the west, perhaps fifteen or eighteen miles distant. The stretch of country between is the old Campagna. From the mountains the Campagna looks perfectly flat, but it is really undulating and broken in many places. The soil is thin and poor with a hard-pan just below the surface. Most of it is used for wheat and pasture. The old Appian Way crosses it, as does also the old Aqueduct, with its picturesque arches and walls high as a four story building, which in the old days brought water to Rome from the mountains. In the Campagna are to be seen the old watch towers, which were always within sight of each other, and in almost every large field are foundations of great buildings, broken arches, walls, columns, and debris, showing that centuries ago the plain was inhabited. Whenever there is a ravine or an abrupt break in the surface one sees caves, some of which are used for stabling domestic animals or storing farm products. All along the lower slopes of the mountains are vineyards, and above the vineyards are olive orchards, second growth chestnut woods and other trees. These mountains are well supplied with water almost to their summits, even now when the Campagna is burnt up with three months of drouth. There is a string of picturesque towns on the mountain slopes facing seaward, Tivoli, Frascati, Rocca di Papa, Marino, Albano, Nemi, and many others, and from them one can look out over the Campagna, see Rome and St. Peter's gleaming in the sunlight, and on the distant horizon the shimmering blue of the Mediteranean.

"It is a beautiful stretch of country and appeals to the imagination because of its history and of the visible evidences of history.

There before one lies Rome, one-time mistress of the world, founded long before the beginning of our era, city of power, pomp, splendor, glory, luxury, decadence, and the Renaissance, built and rebuilt time and again, and now a strange mixture of very old and very new. Along the narrow roads marched the Roman legions, in the towers the Roman guards kept vigil, and where now is nothing but the ruined foundations in the middle of stony pastures once stood stately mansions and palaces occupied by men whose names live and will continue to live in the pages of history. If these old ruins could only talk what tales they could tell of bygone days, of human hopes and aspirations, human achievement, human pride, and the misery of human slavery that once worked these broad fields--and then oblivion for all but the names of a few. Oh well, it is time I stopped, but maybe the foregoing will indicate the general aspect of things in and about Rome.

"So far we have had a delightful summer, hot, but not as hot as it gets in Washington, always with a breeze blowing from the sea, which springs up about the middle of the forenoon and continues throughout the day, and cool nights that enable one to sleep in spite of mosquitoes that both sing and zing and bite. There are pretty girls in Rome, and much good wine and cheap. However, Italian cigars, regular skunkeros, are neither good nor cheap.

"I hope the health of your Signora has improved, so that she and you may get some joy out of your beautiful home life. Tell her that the birds are scarce in Italy because there is no law for their protection and the Italians, big and little, think it is sport to kill them. Even the little pudgy sparrows are killed and eaten so that they are almost as rare here as mocking birds are about Washington, and I miss their friendly chatter.

"With best regards to you and to all my friends at the Washington office and in the field, I am
Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook, Dir. World Census."

(1925--Rome.)

E-1554. 1635-

On the evening of the 12th the Porter's wife who looked after the apartment handed me ^{two} ~~three~~ envelopes, one containing a letter from Mr. Hobson, and the other a printed card announcing the marriage of the landlady the day before, the ceremony taking place in my quarters and without my knowledge. I wondered what would have happened had I returned to the apartment during the day and found it full of strangers. In the evening I visited the Jacksons in the apartment on the top floor, in response to several urgent invitations. The father was a good-natured, smiling, plump, elderly Englishman who had lived in Italy so long that he looked and acted like an Italian. He said he had served as American vice-consul for awhile. His wife was Italian, a pleasant, plump elderly lady. Also there was a son garbed in a priestly bathrobe, and a very pretty daughter. I recognized ^{her} ~~them~~ immediately as the young lady Mr. Gardner had been paying attention to and the brother priest who had spoiled their excursion. The father was full of reminiscences of his vice-consular days. It was not long before he had adroitly suggested that he would like to give me lessons in Italian, that perhaps I could find employment for his daughter, and that perhaps I would like to board with them.

On the 14th I asked Mr. Longobardi to bring over a small collection of Italian books from the library for me to read. I finished the first draft of a complete census schedule form, that is, one containing all the items to be found in the schedules that had been used in the last quarter of a century of many countries, together with a summary of the instructions and definitions. During the previous week I ceased taking French lessons, but continued to read and study both French and Italian daily.

(Mother, Aug. 14, pink folder.)

"Roma, 14 Agosto, 1925.

"Dear Mother:

"Your letter of July 30 came two days ago. I am glad to learn that you have had some rain, even though it was only thunder storms. Except for two days only, for more than three months here the sun has shone brightly, the sky has been blue, the white clouds have floated overhead, a nice breeze has blown--but no rain or even showers. Unless watered the ground is bare of grass everywhere and everything is burnt up or suffering for rain. I suppose one reason why there is no daily weather service here is because the days are all alike.

"I am sorry you have to worry about the real estate deal. However, maybe it makes life interesting for you. I hope the matter will be settled to your satisfaction one way or the other at an early date. At this distance the town house looks to me the better bargain because it will always bring in a cash income without much trouble.

"Yesterday I had an interesting experience. I returned rather early to meet an electrician who came out to inspect the radio outfit that has gone dead on me. Marietta, the porteress, handed me two envelopes. One was from Mr. Hobson, in France, from whom I subrent the apartments, saying that he had a note from the landlady asking permission to enter the parlor 'for repairs' of some kind and suggesting that if it would not inconvenience me to let her enter. The other was a printed announcement of the marriage of the landlady the day before to Signor Bellavita (Beautiful life). And then Marietta, who is big and fat, and who was bobbing up and down with smiles oozing out of all pores, kept saying 'Tutto e fatto, tutto e fatto,' (meaning 'It is all done--already done'), and that the landlady had used my parlor for her wedding reception without any previous notice to me. Under the circumstances all I could say was 'Benissimo, io espero tutto e molto felicitad por lei futuro,' and let it go at that.

"A second experience was forming the acquaintance of an English-Italian family on the top floor. A few nights ago a young lady ~~one~~ came to my apartments and asked for the loan of some records. I was dressed ~~in~~ in pajamas and slippers but that did not seem to worry her. The next evening she called to return the records and remained sometime to hear some of mine. Then she invited me to ^acall on her and her father, which I did last night. I found him to be English, name Jackson, for nine years American Vice-consul at Florence and Venice. His wife is Italian and speaks no English. The daughter is about 20 and her brother about 24. He was dressed in the red ^{robe}nighties of one of the innumerable religious orders. Brother and sister played together very nicely on the piano for me, but the music was spoiled by a steady stream of reminiscences of the father--very interesting but it interfered with the music.

"Tomorrow is 'Assuncion' day and a holiday in Rome. I shall probably work, because one can scarcely get about here on a holiday.

"All is well with me, as I hope it is with you. With love

"Lee."

(1925--Rome)

~~E--1555.~~ 1638

On the 16th, Sunday, I went to Veletrie, a large town some miles beyond ^Nami. It is situated on a hill with a valley to the south and mountains to the east. I had a fairly good luncheon at a small hotel, ^{and} good service from a waiter who had been to the United States and could speak a little English. He was glad to see any one from America and probably expected an American tip. The luncheon was served on a veranda overlooking an old garden. Growing up by the side of one of the pillars was the largest ivy vine I had ever seen, its stem being ^{six or more} ~~several~~ inches in diameter. I asked the waiter what it was called in Italian and was surprised when he said he thought it was "hedera," which is the Latin name for ivy. In the evening I had a return visit from Mr. Jackson and his daughter, asking for the loan of my portable typewriter. I excused myself on the ground that I used the machine almost every evening and could not well spare it. Mr. Jackson again suggested how nice it would be if I rented one of their rooms.

(Otis, Aug. 17, pink ~~folder~~.) omitted

(Thelma, same.)

(1925--Rome.)

~~E--1556.~~ 1643

On the 18th Messrs.Dore and Longobardi came in to discuss Mr.Longobardi's status, and it was agreed that Mr.Longobardi should devote all his time to the statistical division and represent the division in its relations and contacts with the census office. After Mr. Dore left Mr.Longobardi explained why he had not been willing to come to the census office at a fifty percent increase in salary. He said ~~he~~ that if he came with the census office he would feel under obligation to remain permanently with the Institute, and he wanted to resign at the first opportunity. His salary was 2300 francs per month, of which 1000 was sent regularly to his parents in Naples, leaving him only 1300 for his own living expenses in Rome. Mr.Hodgson, the librarian, called just before closing time, as he did many times thereafter. He was an intelligent and animated talker and I enjoyed his visits, for a short time, but he never seemed to be in the slightest hurry to go or to rejoin his family after the closing hour.

(Wife, Aug.18, pink folder.)

"Roma, 18 Agosto, 1925.

"Dear Mommie:

Your letter of July 29-August 2 ~~came~~ came yesterday, with a letter each from Thelma, Otis, and Eunice. Evidently the line of communication from the other side is open and I am now getting letters regularly.

"Yes, I received the memorandum sheets the last of July and acknowledged receipt of them the same week, if not the same day. The package came about three weeks later than it takes a letter to come and I was a little disturbed. In fact I got to thinking about it so strongly one morning that I drafted a letter to you in shorthand which I intended to typewrite that evening, asking for particulars, how you addressed the package, whether or not you sent it by registered mail, etc., so that I might try to trace the package. It came that morning.

"I was interested in reading the account of the resurfacing of 17th St. and the tearing down of the old Shiloh Baptist Church--both improvements for the neighborhood. Of course, we will be assessed one-third of the cost of the street work, but it should not amount to much.

"I have heard of no American Club in Rome, but there is an American Academy which I expect to look up sometime. As I understand it the 'Academy' is made up of Americans, rich and poor, mostly poor, who have leisure and who enjoy living in Rome for the purpose of spending an easy life and incidentally learning something of the Italian language and Italian art. The fact is, time with me is more precious than anything else. My years are growing shorter, my conception of the things I should like to do is constantly growing larger, and so, as an economist, I have to choose between sacrificing time for the sake of making new and interesting acquaintances, or sacri-

ficing the pleasure of making new acquaintances and friends for the sake of time to devote to other things, such as perfecting my particular project for which I am paid and for which I am expected to accomplish certain results, ^{and} to dream dreams, which last are far more interesting to me than chance acquaintances.

"Yes, I have had some time alone--but not much. I came into the Hobson apartments under the impression that I would have room, air, light, a garden, and above all privacy. I was disappointed the first month because I found the apartments encumbered with Mr. Gardner; and the very day he finally left Mr. Hobson returned unexpectedly. He left on July 18, since which time I have enjoyed some privacy and have been about as contented as I can ever be when separated from home and family. *¶* This ended last week when a young Signorina *d* from upstairs, Miss Jackson, daughter of a former American vice-consul at Florence *d* and Venice, called to borrow some of the Hobson records, and stopped to talk and get acquainted. She called the next evening to return the records and stayed awhile to hear some of mine. Then there was an invitation to call at the apartment upstairs and get acquainted with her father. I accepted the invitation because I did not know how to refuse gracefully. Then the next evening after I had dressed for the occasion she rang the bell and informed me that she had overlooked the fact that she had an engagement for that evening, and would I forgive her and call the next evening. To save her from embarrassment in the presence of her mother, I agreed. So the next evening I called on the Jacksons. *¶* They are nice people and my only objection to forming their acquaintance is that I have other things more important to do. I found the father a middle-aged Englishman; the mother a middle-aged Italian, who does not speak English; a son who was dressed in the red nightie of one of the Catholic religious orders--and therefore an emasculated nonentity; and the daughter a

rather athletic, solemn young lady of about twenty or thereabouts. They have an apartment on the top floor which they own, with a nice open terrace in front. There was a piano and the daughter and son played very well indeed, but the music was spoiled for me by a steady running fire of reminiscences from the father. ~~Then~~ Then the next evening father and daughter called on me and the father asked for the loan of my typewriter. I promptly but politely refused, saying that where I came from a man never loaned his horse, his wife, his dog, his gun, his watch, or his typewriter to any one in any circumstances, and that rather than loan my typewriter to a friend I would prefer to rent ~~one~~ for him. He took the hint very nicely.

~~Then~~ Then followed a suggestion that I might want to rent a room from them when the Hobsons return; and then an invitation to call the next evening. I evaded both and have had two evenings without a call from them--but it can't last. ~~So~~ So you see privacy for a person who wants to be alone, to read, to write, to think, to smoke, to sip wine, to take a bath when he feels like it, to wear pajamas in hot weather, and to be free and comfortable in his own apartments, and not to be under the strain of listening to others and under their observation--not members of the family--is a most difficult thing to achieve in this world. It is doubly difficult for me because I like friends, friendships, acquaintances, companionship and good will, and dislike by word or manner to give offence or to discourage the friendly advances of others; and largely ~~because~~ it is because people who are not students or workers cannot realize why any one should prefer to be absolutely alone at times, and sometimes for long periods. Anyhow, I have had one month absolutely alone evenings, unfettered, unobserved, and like a child free to play my own games, to play the phonograph when I felt like it--no not absolutely free, because one day I received a polite note from the landlady

saying it was against the rules to play the phonograph or make a noise after 11 p.m.--think of that coming from an Italian who probably ~~has~~ not been in bed before 3 a.m. for so many years she cannot remember.

"A marked copy of the Country Gentleman came last week also. I was glad to have it for my file of clippings.

"Do not worry about the children reading wild west and flapper bride stories. These are better than no reading at all, and if they ~~learn~~ nothing else they at least learn how to read and to spell, and there is hope for better things farther on; but if they will not read how Jack killed Indians and lions or how Fluffy Ruffles married a mighty mysterious multifarious millionaire, it's hopeless and a fore-gone conclusion they will never read anything else.

"I hope that by the time this letter reaches you Mr. Gardner will have reached Washington and left the presents. I returned to Thelma and Otis their examination papers, both of which are gratifying. Of course, we are both proud of them, especially of Thelma and the high marks she got. This pays us partly for the separation, because it was the necessity for their going to school that was the principal reason for leaving you all in Washington. It seemed to me that it was the only chance for them ever to keep within seeing distance of American children of their own age. If they had come with me they would have fallen hopelessly behind. Unfortunately the sacrifice is mostly yours and in the circumstances it could not be otherwise.

"Day before yesterday, Sunday, I went to Velletrie, a two hours ride by trolley car from Rome, the cars both ways being crowded with standing people so that it was very uncomfortable. Velletrie is another of the 'castello' towns on the mountains near Rome, each one having an old castle on the peak of a hill or mountain. Velletrie

overlooks the Campagna on one side, with the sea in the distance, and on the other side a barren looking range of mountains, with a valley of green vineyards between. These towns are all alike, built in stairstep fashion with six and seven story stone houses on the tops and steep sides of mountain peaks, narrow streets and alleys, without sidewalks, curious stone stairways in the streets and in the houses, fountains surrounded with old women and girls with old Roman metal water jars, and the streets and houses swarming with babies and little children. I am accumulating a lot of photographs, but doubt the wisdom of sending unmounted copies to you. Maybe I will send a book of mounted copies when it is completed.

"I am perfectly well, a little thinner than I was in Argentina, but have to be very careful of my eyes. I wear colored glasses during the day and at night where there are brilliant lights. Otherwise I am doing fine. Hope you are the same.

"Love and kisses for all.

"Daddy."

(1925-Rome.)

~~E-1557~~. 1649

On the 19th I had interviews with the President, the Secretary General, and others in the Institute. Began to have trouble with my eyes.

On the 20th began drafting another article on the value of statistics. Again Mr. Hodgson lingered after closing time and to break up the conference I suggested that we go to a little sidewalk restaurant on the Piazza del Popolo and have a glass of beer. Upon returning to the apartments I met the porteress who expressed great curiosity as to when the Hobsons would be back.

On the 21st I prepared a paper in form of a dialogue on the effect of statistics and crop reports on prices as evidence of supply and demand.

I spent the afternoon of the 22d looking at rooms and getting prices on them in various small hotels.

The next day, Sunday, I walked to the office and read awhile and then walked across to St. Peter's where I saw and heard a large throng of pilgrims singing about the tomb of St. Peter. I walked around to the rear of the Vatican and spent two hours very agreeably inspecting a missionary exhibit. After a long nap I went to the Hotel Russie and treated myself to a nice dinner on the terrace back of the hotel under a starlit sky. The food and service were excellent, but expensive. At the surrounding tables I heard nothing but English spoken.

(Thelma, Aug 23, pink folder.)

(Otis, same.)

(Mother, same.)

"Roma, 23 Agosto, 1925.

"Dear Mother:

"Your letter of August 7 came last week, and found me well as usual. I appreciate just how you feel about the thought of giving up the little Morningstar place and I hope that you will not part with it. It will be as satisfaction to you as long as you live, and that is more than some slight advantage in money values. The proposal to sell off part of your lower place does not appeal to me, because the whole place will always be worth more and will sell for more than if it is divided.

"Today, Sunday, instead of taking a trip in the crowded cars I went to St. Peter's and the Vatican--the group of buildings and gardens adjoining St. Peter's. The place grows on one and seems to increase in size the more one sees of it. I tried to estimate the size of the open space in front of St. Peter's. The buildings stand on a hill somewhat higher than the hill on which the Capitol at Washington stands. In front are steps several hundred yards long that descend to a circular space in front, with a fine Egyptian obelisk in the center and two beautiful fountains, one on either side, that throw up columns of water some thirty or forty feet high that are blown about in showers of glittering drops by the wind; and two semicircles of great colonades enclose the two sides, and in front are solid blocks of old six story buildings with narrow alley streets. My first impression was that the space might contain five acres; a second look made me think it was ten acres; a third look and I felt that it was at least as large as a twenty acre field. The great buildings and grounds stretch back over the hill for more than half a mile.

"I stepped inside of St. Peter's for a moment. About a thousand pilgrims were gathered about the tomb of St. Peter in the center and were singing. The distance from the entrance to the tomb in the

center was so great that I could hardly hear their voices. I made a tour of the building. It is in the form of a great cross with a mighty dome over the center, but all is so well proportioned that it is impossible to realize the dimensions until one notices how small the crowds of people look--like so many ants--and that all along the sides in the alcoves large congregations are holding services without interfering with each other. The interior is magnificent with great sculptures, brightly colored paintings on walls and ceilings, and highly ornamental fittings of gold, silver, jewels, and rich woods in the great altars. You may be interested to know that signs are up outside warning women against indecent exposure of their feminine charms, and that the stores nearby and down town advertise scarfs and shawls of modest hue to cover up the exposed parts of immodest women who care to enter the holy precincts--to keep them from diverting the thoughts of the priests from their holy office and exciting their imaginations.

"I visited the Missionary Exposition which is held in twenty or thirty or more halls in the Vatican. The exhibits are much like those of our National Museum, but many times as large. There are paintings, drawings, models, and specimens illustrating the life of many different peoples and the work of the missionaries in many lands. To me one of the most interesting exhibits was a collection of dictionaries that missionaries in various lands had made of native languages. Also there is a fine collection of wall maps showing the extent of geographical knowledge in different centuries. One of the maps was the largest I have seen, at least 30 by 45 feet, showing all the continents of the world. I tramped through these halls and long corridors--one of them certainly four city blocks long-- for more than two hours, and then decided I would have to come another time to see the remainder.

"I have a letter from the Hobsons saying they will return

(1925--Rome.)

~~E-1558~~. 1636

I spent the 24th revising census forms. During the afternoon a group of boys began to throw pebbles at the windows of the Casetta. I stepped out on the balcony in front and shouted at them, whereupon they took to their heels in true boy fashion. In the afternoon I visited several hotels trying to find a suitable room at a reasonable price but without success. Upon returning to the apartments my patience was exhausted at the dusty appearance of everything. I rang for the portress whom I paid for looking after the rooms. When she came I caught her by the arm and dragged her from one piece of furniture to another and scolded her roundly, so that she left weeping. This manner of dealing with her proved effective, because when I returned the following day everything was spick and span.

The next day Mr. Hodgson called to say that he had seen a statement in an American paper to the effect that Dr. H. C. Taylor had been summarily dismissed, which was interesting if true, and not wholly unexpected.

(Hobson, Aug. 25, blue folder.)

(Wife, " pink folder.)

Rome, 25 August, 1925.

"Mr. Asher Hobson,
"Villa Jeanne,
"Uriage-les-Bains,
"(Isere).

"Dear Mr. Hobson:

"I was glad to get your letter of the 19th, saying that you and yours expected to return on the morning of September 2. This will not cause me the slightest inconvenience. I shall try to arrange to get my things out on the 1st and will ask Marietta to see that the place is fairly clean before you arrive.

"Marietta will probably have a tale of woe to tell when you return. Last evening when I reached the apartments I found the dining room table, on which I do my writing, to one side against the wall, the chairs huddled in a corner like a flock of sheep, my typewriter, writing materials, books, phonograph, records, and so forth, on the floor, so that I had to straighten up before I could proceed to do some writing. While I was doing this Marietta came ⁱⁿ unannounced and made the mistake of protesting against my touching anything until she could set things in order the following day. I listened patiently for a moment and then poured out on her defenceless head my accumulated wrath in all the villainous Italian I have managed to pick up in the last three months, telling her that the good God, Jesus Christ, all the angels, St. Peter and all the other saints big and little, male and female, would never forgive her for letting the dust accumulate on the furniture for two months, for not cleaning the bathroom occasionally, for disarranging the furniture, for admitting workmen into the rooms before I was dressed in the morning, and allowing another one to continue upholstering some furniture in the evening after I returned.

"Aside from these petty annoyances, I have enjoyed living in the apartments this summer, and have to thank you and Mrs. Hobson

for the privilege. I hope your return trip will be a pleasant one and that you will find the weather here not unlike that of southern France.

"With best regards to all, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

"Roma, 25 Agosto, 1925.

"Dear Mommie:

"Yesterday I received your lovely letter of August 13, and at the same time one from mother and another from Sister Nellie. It's a little difficult to carry on a correspondence that takes a month to go and come, but if a letter is written each week at each end of the line it does not seem so long. I have written letters to you, or to other members of the family and sent you carbon copies, every week since reaching Italy on May 7. The first letter I received from you was early in July, more than two months after leaving New York, and it was dated June 15, two months lacking eight days after I left 1026. The next letter from you came the third week in July and is dated 'June 1925' without day of month. Then came at intervals your letters of July 11, 14, and 29. All of the July letters reached me in August. On the other hand, the letters from mother, sister, Eunice and the children came through in 12 to 15 days without fail. Now that the line is open and I have received all these letters from you within the last few weeks my anxiety has been allayed. But really, two months at the beginning was a long time for a husband to wait for a letter from his wife at home and you should not blame me for imagining all sorts of dire things. Also I was a little embarrassed when friends asked about my family and I was ashamed to say that I had no news from my wife. However, that chapter is ended, so don't worry.

~~1558~~ e ~~1658~~ 1659

"We have had some hot weather in Rome but it has not been as hot as it sometimes gets in Washington. Always there is a breeze and cool nights. I have been plugging steadily at my project and am making progress slowly. I am handicapped for lack of clerical assistance and have had to do many things myself that a clerk could do as well or better, and that has interfered with my finishing the things that only I can do. However, I have taken things philosophically and liesurely, independently, and don't care a d__n what anybody thinks. My experience with the Institute and with the hotels and restaurants here has made me a trifle reckless and I am liable to explode any minute--that is, one part of me--another part standing off and enjoying the scene hugely. I had three explosions yesterday that still seem funny.

"The first occurred late in the afternoon about the time the offices close. Some young hoodlums came by the Maison d'Angelo, my office, and got to throwing stones. One of them came Bang against the front near a glass door. I darted out on the veranda and called to them 'Que cosa, que barbarosa, que barbaridad, que espantosa, que verguenza, que porqueria, God damn it all, get out, clear out! And they cleared out molto pronto.

"The second was when I called at a 10th rate hotel and inquired the price of a room and bath and learned that it was the equivalent of \$4.00 per day. I saw the room. It was old and dirty and gloomy and not worth over 50 cents a day. I told the proprietor that maybe if Italy ever waked up she might have in 1950 hotels about like those we had in small towns in America in 1875. He got rather white, green, and red in the face, and then I asked him why some of the hotel men did not go to America and see for themselves what a real hotel looks like. He gasped a little and then I said 'Carramba, sacre bleu, donner und blitzen, you gotteralldammerong, you don't know nothing,

come again, Goodbye.'

"The third explosion occurred when I reached my apartments in the evening and found my work table to one side, my books and writing materials on the floor, along with the typewriter, phonograph, and other accessories, and the chairs herded in one corner like a flock of sheep. I opened the windows, dragged the table back into place, and began to put my things where they belonged, swearing softly and devoutly the while, when Marietta, the porteress whom I pay to keep things in order, entered unannounced. She made the mistake of protesting against my touching anything until she had a chance to straighten up the next day. Then I turned loose on her defenceless head all my accumulated wrath and all the villainous Italian I have picked up in the last three months. I reminded her that the Hobsons and the Estabrooks in America were princes of the royal blood hereditary, that my time was worth more than 100 Italian lire per hour, night and day (a month's wages for a porteress), that I had paid the entire rent of this establishment for the last two months and for the month to come, that I paid her ten times what she was worth to keep the place in order, that the rooms had been used for a wedding party last week without any previous notice to me, that one evening last week when I returned I found a mechanic upholstering furniture so that I could neither read nor write; that yesterday morning she had admitted a mechanic to the bathroom before I had a chance to shave; that my belongings and the furniture had not been dusted for two whole months; that I had to clean the bath tub and wash the basin myself, and that the Good God, Jesus Christ, the Virgin Mary, all the Angels, St. Peter and all the other saints, big and little, old and young, male and female, would never forgive her for her unpardonable sins, and that there was a fine prospect that she would live in purgatory and roast over a slow fire for all eternity,

and again 'Carramba, sacre bleu, donner und blitzten, gotteralldamerong, G-d d--n it, hellunblazes,' I would not stand it any longer, that everything was wrong, nothing pleased me, and it was all her fault. All the time I said these terrible things I shrugged my shoulders, waved my arms, frowned, glared, batted my eyes, wiggled my ears, made faces at her, stamped my feet, looked up at the ceiling and down at the floor--just as I have seen two Italians do when they get into an argument over a one-cent newspaper--and it made a great impression. Marie is big and fat and dirty and don't smell like any rose. She held up her hands, like a praying mantis, almost got down on her knees, and wept, and sweat olive oil at a great rate. She started to argue, but I squelched her by grabbing her by the hand and leading her about the rooms and pointing out a June date that I had written with a finger in the dust on various articles. Then I sternly dismissed her.

"This evening when I returned, Lo and behold, everything is spick and span, clean as a whistle. Such is life in Italy, and it keeps an old man young and rounds out his experience.

"I catch glimpses of many interesting things. Today I saw an old, old woman and a little child sitting in a gateway of a park. The old grandmother was saying something very earnestly and with much animation. The little child with its infantile face upturned was listening with all his mind and heart, and his face was smiling and his eyes were glistening. And I wondered what it was the old lady was telling the little fellow that filled him with such wonder and delight.

"While taking a cup of coffee and a castiron roll at a sidewalk restaurant I saw a woman crossing the Piazza del Popolo, a sturdy well developed woman, with a little child perhaps three years old. To get over an obstruction she lifted the child bodily by one little arm

and carried it, dangling in the air, for several yards. The infant never whimpered.

"At the Piazza Venezia in the late afternoon I saw a middle-aged couple and a young girl about fourteen. The girl's skirts came only a few inches below her hips. She wore long silk stockings and her legs were shapely. She was taller than her mother. When the wind blew her skirts would fly up, which seemed to cause her a great deal of distress and kept her busy pushing them down.

"On the two-hour ride from Velletrie, standing up on the rear platform with me was a young couple. The young man stood next to me with his gaze fixed on the landscape as if he saw nothing. The young woman was in front of him and throughout the entire journey she pleaded with him with voice, eyes, tears, gestures, full of love, tenderness, yearning, and pleading, such as I have never seen. He gave no sign by look, word, gesture, or change of expression, that he heard her.

"Such wonderful expression these Italian people have. It's as good or better than a play in a high class theater simply to sit at a little table at a sidewalk restaurant and watch the people go by, wholly unaffected and natural, and watch the expression on their faces and catch an occasional phrase that gives a clue to their conversation and thoughts. The only thing in America approaching this freedom and naturalness of expression is seen in the South with the negroes. It makes life in Rome very interesting. People wear all kinds of clothes, hum and whistle all kinds of tunes as they walk along the crowded streets. I also have entered into the spirit of the thing and find myself marching through the streets, twirling my cane, at which I am becoming quite an expert, and whistling Yankee Doodle, Battle Hymn of the Republic, Marching Through Georgia, It's a Long Long Way to Tipperary, Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, the Bowery, There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight My Honey, etc.

So you can picture me puffing a cigar with the regularity of a steam engine, whirling my cane in circles step by step, and whistling as I march through the streets of Rome, with both eyes open and seeing and hearing everything within range, right, left, front and rear. And always when I smile there is an answering smile on the faces of the people, young, old, and middle aged, and generally my pathway is one of smiles, and I frequently hear the remark 'Americano.' It is only when I get an overdose of olive oil, or an extra hard castiron biscuit, and the little jinks has been exceptionally active and succeed in getting things twisted and snarled, that one section of me blows up, and another section of me stands off, sees the whole performance and smiles, taking due note in memory and in the line-a-day book. It takes all kinds of people to make a world and I am one of the many kinds and get a lot of enjoyment out of studying the other kinds.

"Don't worry about the past. Just keep a letter or a postcard coming my way once a week and all will be well. Also let me know how your bank balance stands. A letter from Sister Nellie shows a balance of \$1600 to credit of Sunny Hill, after paying expenses to July 31, which is a pretty good showing. Don't feel any hesitation about letting me know what the balance is. I know, even better than you, what things cost and how money goes. What I particularly want to know is, do you need any more money now?

"Bless you for this last letter, and may there be many others like it. With love to you and all,

"Daddy."

(1925--Rome)

E--1559.1664

August 26 was ~~still~~ cool and comfortable following the first rain in several months. Continued my search for a room at hotels. Most of the rooms that were shown me lacked a connecting bathroom. The following day, after looking at more rooms and talking with the real estate agent, I became disgusted and engaged a room and bath at the Hotel Russie.

(Sister Nellie, Aug.27, pink folder.) ~~_____~~

(1925--Rome.)

E--1560. 1669

On the 29th Mr. Hodgson spent three hours in my office talking about his plans for improving the library.

The next day, Sunday, I spend the forenoon at the office working on census questionnaire forms. Had luncheon, took a nap, and then tried my hand at composing in Italian. At sundown I stopped at the sidewalk restaurant in the Piazza del Popolo and had a glass of beer and watched a great variety of pedestrians passing to and fro and the rays of the setting sun light up the terraces of the Pincio. I took supper at the Ristaurante ^{Faisan} Faigabo.

(Eunice, Aug. 30, pink folder)

(Note--From Aug. 30 through Sept. the letters in the pink folder are out of order.)

On the last day of August my stenographer, Miss Broad, returned from her three months vacation. Also I packed up my belongings at the apartments of Mr. Hobson.

The first of September I moved to the Hotel Russie into a nice bright room in the rear of the third floor, with bath and steam heat, and a concrete roof of a projecting building as a sort of open air terrace where I could sit in the evening. For these accommodations I was to pay \$100 a month ^{including tax, heat, and service,} without meals, but it meant privacy, quiet, and comfort.

The next morning I sent some roses to Mrs. Hobson. Mr. Hobson called in the forenoon and talked steadily for more than an hour, and then we had luncheon together. In the afternoon, Will Payne, a writer for the Saturday Evening Post, called

On the 3d I met a Mr. Roberts of Argentina and Mr. Hollowell, American representative of the Associated Press at Rome.

"Tuesday, the first, I moved from the Hobson apartments to the Hotel de Russie, where David Lubin used to live. It is within a quarter of a mile of the office and is convenient in that respect. I have a nice medium-sized room, bath, electric lights, and provision for steam heat, and at the window a terrace on which I can walk that is about 100 feet long and 20 feet wide. The price is staggering--about \$100 per month without meals, which I continue to get at restaurants. The same accommodations would cost about \$25 a month in Washington, but I could find nothing like it ^{here} on short notice. I shall continue to look for a room and accommodations for less money.

"The Hobsons returned from France yesterday, a month sooner than they had expected, because Mr. Stork has sent notice that he expects to call soon, but he failed to mention the exact date, so they thought they had better get back to their apartments in Rome to receive him.

"Yesterday I had a visit from Will Payne who writes for the Saturday Evening Post, and today I was introduced to the ^{Rome} representative of the Associated Press. Yesterday afternoon I had ice cream at a sidewalk restaurant with a young banker from Buenos Aires who seemed to know all about my work in Argentina.

On the last day of August my stenographer, Miss Grant,
returned from her three months vacation. Also I packed up my
belongings at the apartment of Mr. Hobson.

The first of September I moved to the Hotel Knickerbocker
a nice bright room in the rear of the third floor, with bath and
steam heat, and a separate room of a projecting building as a

sort of open air terrace where I could sit in the evening. For
these accommodations I was to pay \$100 a month without meals,
but it meant privacy, quiet, and comfort.

The next morning I sent some roses to Mrs. Hobson. Mr.
Hobson called in the forenoon and talked pleasantly for some time
in room, and then we had luncheon together. In the afternoon,

Will Payne, a writer for the Saturday Evening Post, called.
On the 14 I met a Mr. Roberts of Argentina and Mr. Bollo-
well, American representative of the Associated Press at Rome.

(Wife, Sept. 5, pink folder.)

(Otis, same.)

(Thomas, same.)

55

(1925--Rome).

~~E--1562~~.1679

Sept.4 was a beautiful day with a blue sky, white cumulous clouds, cool and pleasant. Lunched with Mr.Hobson who had just returned from an interview with Ambassador Fletcher, where he had been to discuss the situation of the Institute and his relations to it. After office hours I accompanied Mr.Hobson to the office of Mr.Hollowell of the Associated Press to discuss the same affair. The same day I wrote the officials of the Institute urging them to facilitate the release of a typewriter from the Italian customhouse where it had been held for more than two weeks, although it came direct from the Department of Agriculture in Washington and was for my use; and I called attention to the need for additional electric lights, and again reminded them to instal a heating plant in the Casetta before cold weather actually arrived.

On the 5th I wrote all the possible criticisms I could think of and the appropriate answers thereto for each item of the census questionnaire. At the hotel received two suits from the cleaner after waiting for them two weeks.

On Sunday, the 6th, I explored the old Castello San Angelo, which was filled to capacity with tourists. I walked across the city to the Piazza Venezia and at a little table had a glass of beer and watched the streams of people pass.

(Mother, Sept. 6, pink folder.)

(Thelma, same. *omitted*)

(Otis, same.

also see 1680-1681-1682-1683

On the 10th I called at Mr. Hobson's office and met the secretary of President Schurman of Cornell. At the close of office Mr. Hobson brought over the sister of Dr. Mann of Cornell, principal of a school in Pittsburgh. Together we inspected the Institute and then walked across to the Pincio park restaurant and had tea together. I escorted her to the Flora Hotel. I attended a luncheon tendered by the Institute to the Chilean Nitrate Commission. I sat with Mr. and Mrs. Hobson and two young ladies connected with a missionary school in Rome. After office we attended a tea given by the Chilean Nitrate Commission at the Excelsior Hotel where I met a gentleman from India. After supper I made six copies of a letter Mr. Hobson had written to the American Minister regarding the unsatisfactory situation of the Institute which he wished to keep confidential, even from his own secretary. *W.H.*

On the 12th, Saturday, I revised 48 pages of notes regarding the draft of the census questionnaire. The next day I spent several hours in the Zoological Park, which had an excellent collection of animals.

On the 14th I started to make an abstract of the census questionnaire and began dictating a dialogue between an economist and a statistician, the latter, of course, getting the better of the argument. *Excerpt from letter to mother*

(Mother, Sept. 13, pink folder. *Sept 13*)

"Just an impression--What do you suppose the United States looks like to one who knows what it is but who has to live in foreign countries? Well, it is a wonderful dreamland, a land of plenty, a land of wonderful resources, a wonderful people with the blood of all races in their veins, with a genius for organization, for development, for mechanical invention, for progress, for enlightenment, for public sentiment, for comforts undreamed of by the wealthiest

On the 10th I called at Mr. Hobson's office and met the secretary of President Johnson of Cornell. At the close of office Mr. Hobson brought over the letter of Dr. Hann of Cornell, principal of a school in Pittsburgh. Together we inspected the Institute and then walked across to the Pines Park restaurant and had lunch together. I escorted her to the Pines Hotel. I attended a luncheon tendered by the Institute to the Chinese Bitter Commission. I met with Mr. and Mrs. Hobson and two young ladies connected with a missionary school in Rome. After office we attended a tea given by the Chinese Bitter Commission at the Ambassador Hotel where I met a gentleman from India. After supper I wrote the letter of a letter Mr. Hobson had written to the American Museum of Natural History regarding the unsatisfactory situation at the Institute which he wished to keep confidential, even from his own secretary.

On the 12th, Saturday, I revised 42 pages of notes regarding the first of the census questionnaire. The next day I spent several hours in the Zoological Park, which had an excellent collection of animals.

On the 14th I started to make an abstract of the census questionnaire and began dictating a dialogue between an economist and a statistician, the latter, of course, getting the better of the argument.

(Mother, Sept. 15, pink folder.)
 (Wife, Sept. 15, pink folder.)

people of other countries, and a standard of living and of culture beyond anything known in any other country in all history, and wholly beyond the reach of other countries ^{perhaps} for a century or more to come. Why, the poorest, damndest hired man in the United States who works, even tho' he be only half-witted, enjoys privileges and comforts unobtainable for love or money in any other part of the world. No wonder the United States is a magnet and a lodestone for all the poor but adventurous spirits in all other countries. Also, chalk up the fact that most of the opposition and criticism of our laws restricting immigration comes from the fact that old Europe was largely supported by the contributions from her emigrants in the United States who sent back in monthly remittances countless millions of good American gold dollars--the only real money in the world--which in the depreciated printed paper that passes for money in Europe was equivalent to fabulous sums.

"Do they love us? Not by a long shot. The older countries regard us with sordid envy and hatred. The newer countries regard us with envy and fear, because in their hearts they know that if they had the wealth, strength and unlimited power of the United States they would at once start out on a campaign of conquest and annexation--and mixed with their fear and envy is a feeling of contempt because the United States does not do what they would do if only they had the power. When one lives abroad and senses the racial animosities, the universal lack of understanding, and sees the petty tricky, shortsighted diplomacy, all to gain some slight temporary advantage by fair means or foul, generally foul, one realizes that world peace is still a dream, and that the pacificists are not only very ignorant but are self-hypnotized.

"I think every English speaking person who lives in foreign lands with English history and a common English psychology in the

background of his mind, comes to have the conviction that the only hope for permanent civilization and progress of mankind is in the combination and cooperation of all English speaking peoples to police the world--the British Empire with its navy and colonial resources in all parts of the world, and the incomparable enterprise and resources of the United States. They alone can do the job, and their rules would be accepted (1) because they have the power, which is the only thing other nations can understand and appreciate, and (2) no other people on the face of the earth have anything that even remotely corresponds with their sense of fairness, of justice, of responsibility, of progress, of civilization, of common honesty, of honor, and of service to mankind that is more or less inherent and inbred in the English race. Every Englishman and every American with whom I have talked has expressed this opinion. The English and Americans are idealists but at the same time practical, far-seeing, provident, and willing to make substantial sacrifices for their ideals of right and justice, and above all most of them believe and live up to their belief that after all honesty is the best policy.

"This theory of life seems never to have penetrated the consciousness of other nationalities who seem to act on the principle that any man or country that does not take advantage of a temporary opportunity to advance his own interests or the interests of the country at the expense of others is mentally deficient. Furthermore, the much lauded culture of other races, especially the so-called Latin culture, is nothing more than a spectacular myth. It simply does not exist, or if it exists it is some centuries old, full of vermin and badly in need of spraying. Damn the calm, cool, brazen-faced, smart Alec of foreign blood, with insulting manners and colossal ignorance, who never did an honest day's work in his life, who is simply a parasite with neither the mind, soul, or intelligence of a self-respecting

insect, and yet because he happened to be born in a country that produced men of intelligence and culture a thousand or two thousand years ago arrogates to himself credit for their intelligence and enterprise, when as a matter of fact he and his generation are utterly insignificant, worthless and beyond all hope of salvation. Perhaps, ^{after} ~~if~~ all, it is not a bad thing that these nonentities marry our shorthaired sufferingettes, because the union is generally sterile and they automatically eliminate themselves under the law of the survival of the fittest. I write in this strain because I encounter some of the species occasionally, and to me they are not only ineffective and worthless but highly offensive--they cumber the earth--they're in the way--and the curious thing is that many people, American people with weak minds or lacking in experience, especially school teachers and the newly rich, are imposed upon and worship at the shrine of pure, unadulterated European fraud.

I have plugged away every working day and a few Sundays and holidays through a long hot summer when other people were taking vacations, preparing certain standard census forms. These are about completed and I may have them printed so as to have enough copies to distribute to the agricultural statisticians of various countries for criticisms and suggestions. Then the last week of this month and the first week of October the International Institute of Statistics meets here and I am invited to take part in the proceedings. After that comes an excursion to Naples and vicinity. Then I shall have some office work that will probably keep me busy for some weeks. When this is done I am proposing to myself that it will be necessary, in fact absolutely necessary, that I visit England, Canada, and the United States to confer with plant, animal, and census specialists regarding the proposed standard census forms that I have drawn up. If these three classes of specialists are not sufficient to convince the President, the Secretary General, and the Permanent Committee that the expense of the trip is justified I can easily name 27 other varieties of specialists whom I must see and consult to make the project a success. This is simply a tentative plan concerning which I have not yet consulted anybody, but inasmuch as I am the Director, and everybody in the Institute comes to me instead of my going to ~~him~~ ^{them}, I think I shall have something to say when it comes to making a decision. I am hoping with all my heart that this can be arranged so that our long separation can be broken, at least for a few weeks.

"I wept no weeps when I heard of ^{our friends} ~~Dr. Taylor's~~ dismissal, although I am sorry for the manner of his going. At heart he is a fine man and a man of fine ability--and it was that which kept me from opposing him--but he was unfortunate in the choice of a wife, who is a combination of schoolteacher-lemon-icicle--the kind that should be chloroformed like kittens when they are young. Also his head was

turned during the first year or two of his service as ~~chief of the~~ *in the* bureau that I had helped to organize. However, he was big enough and good enough to try to make amends to me after my return last December. But the four men in the Department who were responsible for limiting my usefulness and who made some months of my service extremely unpleasant--~~Ball, Taylor, Brand, and Morrel~~--are gone and *will* will not be heard of more. I have known Mr. Cooper, the new chief, for many years and always liked him. It is a decided change for the better. However, some of the official statements issued by the Department in connection with his appointment I happen to know are not true.

"I am glad that Mr. and Mrs. Gage brought Mr. Kaufman to see you. I think practically all the employes of my old bureau without exception had the same warm feeling of friendship for me as Mr. Kaufman, as I had for them, which made my service as bureau chief very pleasant, and that feeling has survived all the trials and tribulations that followed from the consolidation--due to the efforts of the aforesaid quartet that are now no more.

"I have solved the problem of something to take the place of breakfast. I have found a sidewalk restaurant where I can get boiled eggs--thank God the Dagoes have not succeeded in introducing castor-olive oil inside a boiled egg--brioches, a kind of muffin that one can crack without a hammer, and coffee.

"In order to make the long wait for meals less irksome I am gradually acquiring the habit of going to bed later and getting up later in the morning. I am getting up about 8 o'clock, have a bath, shave, and dress, take a glass of wine to propitiate Bacchus, the patron saint of the Romans and other pagans, smoke while I am dressing, then prance down a quarter of a mile of corridor, saying 'Buon giorno' to all the maid servants I encounter on the way, descend four flights of marble stairs, and out the front door, cross the street

whirling my cane twenty revolutions a minute, whistling Yankee Doodle or Dixie softly to keep time, stop at a newsstand where I get a 2-by-4 morning paper that never by any chance has anything about the U.S., Stati Uniti; then across another street to the Ristorante Rosati--nice poetic name--stick my head in the door and call out 'Buon giorno, due uove bollito, in coc, tre minuti, caffè col-latte, e brioche,' and then take a seat on the sidewalk in the sun and await results. While waiting I read aloud articles in the paper and in that way am beginning to learn the language. After eating the excuse for breakfast that comes sooner or later, generally later, I smoke a cigar and watch the pretty girls hurrying to their work--pretty girls & with the sweetest smiling faces one ever saw, with beautiful legs and ankles, full, well developed, distended breasts, and wonderful heads of hair, but dressed in plain working clothes. Then there are old, decrepit, bent, poverty stricken people that pass slowly and painfully by--and all kinds of men and boys, clean-faced upstanding young fellows wearing all kinds of soldiers' uniforms; and slatternly, slouchy priests of every description, dirty and wearing hangdog expressions, gross, sensual, repulsive. And all kinds of poor, broken down, knock-kneed horses and little donkeys, and dogs that are condemned to wear tight-fitting muzzles.

"Then, after paying the score with a tip of about two cents, I proceed to the office. There I am met by my private major domo, Guidi, who for forty cents a week is my devoted slave. He bows and scrapes, tags me upstairs to my office, takes my hat and cane, follows me out on the front balcony where he carefully wipes every speck of dust from my shoes and brushes me off from head to foot, and when it is all done he bows as if it were a great privilege to wait upon an American prince. Then I settle down leisurely to my work, composing, dictating, and revising manuscript.

"My stenographer, Miss Broad, is English, of uncertain age, tall, rawboned, with masculine frame and face--just my luck--but with a good humored smiling countenance and a marvelous capacity for hard work. Funny things happen every day. Here is one. I dictated a short letter to the new chief of bureau in which I said that I had constructed a census schedule that was a 'regular humdinger,' but that it was too long and I would have to eliminate some of the 'ding' and add some 'hum' to ~~make~~ make it go. Miss Broad floundered, looked up with a pained, wondering, half-paralyzed expression and asked me to say it again, and what did it mean? I said 'My dear, Humdinger is the acid test of Americanism. If a person who hears it for the first time instantly understands what it means and smiles, he's an American; if not, he's English. You're English, life is short and I'm busy, so I will explain Humdinger to you ~~some~~ some other time when we have nothing else to do, and I am sure you'll find it very interesting.' And she said 'Rully.'

"At noon Mr. Hobson, the American delegate to the Institute, comes by the Maison d'Angelo and whistles--(incidentally, he and other officials ~~of~~ and dignitaries of the Institute come to the Maison to consult the American oracle)--and I join him and we have lunch together and derive mutual comfort and satisfaction from our common farm and departmental experience and from comparing notes and observations here. It is surprising how closely our impressions and reactions correspond. He is full of energy, has done fine work, was trying to bring about certain needed reforms in the Institute and as a consequence has aroused a certain amount of underhand Italian opposition.

"In the afternoon I continue my work in the Maison d'Angelo (House of Michel Angelo). At 4 o'clock the major domo comes up and closes the blinds, bows himself out with a / 'Buona sera,' and

"My telegrapher, Miss Brown, is waiting, of course, to tell me, with masculine grace and tact--just as I like--but with a good unvarnished and a marvelous goodly for good work. Funny things happen every day. There is one. I started a short letter to the new chief of bureau in which I said that I had constructed a census schedule that was a 'real' improvement, but that it was too long and I would have to eliminate some of the 'bits' and reduce them to what was fit to. Miss Brown, however, looked up with a pained, wondering, half-paralyzed expression and asked me to say it again, and what did it mean? I said 'My dear, Krumpholtz is the sole test of Americanism. If a person who hears it for the first time instantly understands what it means and smiles, he's an American; if not, he's English. You're English, life is short and I'm busy, so I will explain this. I am sure you'll find it very interesting.' And she said 'Really, it is most Mr. Krumpholtz, the American delegate to the Institute, comes by the train 6:15 and whistles--(indefinitely, he and other officials & and dignitaries of the Institute come to the Institute to consult the American counsel--and I join him and we have lunch together and derive mutual comfort and satisfaction from our common form and departmental experience and from comparing notes and observations here. It is surprising how closely our interests and relations correspond. He is full of energy, and does fine work, was trying to bring about certain needed reforms in the Institute and as a consequence has aroused a certain amount of uncharitable Italian opposition."

"In the afternoon I continued my work in the Krumpholtz (House of Michael Angelo). At 4 o'clock the major came up and closed the blinds, drew myself out with a 'None sera,' and

disappears. I leave at 4.45 or 5, walk down the hill through the park, through the historic Flaminian Gate and into the equally historic Piazza del Popolo, and over to the sidewalk restaurant where I have a glass of beer and a smoke and watch the Roman world go by. Then to the Hotel Russie, nearby, and to my room where I wash up, set out a glass of wine and a box of cigars, and in the late afternoon sunshine on the terrace I read aloud for two hours various and sundry French and Italian grammars--d--n 'em. Then to the Ristorante San Carlo between 7 and 8 o'clock. Here I enter with a flourish, which starts the waiters to bowing, and take the particular table that I have appropriated as my own. Having subsidized the waiters to the extent perhaps of four cents a day I get prompt and respectful service. Also I have their good will because I unbend enough occasionally to wink openly when anything particularly funny occurs. Some day I will write a story about waiters--they are human, you know. After disposing of what passes for an Italian supper I sally forth, return to my room, and spend two or three hours studying or writing, and to bed at midnight. Two or three evenings a week I run the phonograph for an hour or so and get much satisfaction out of it. One evening a week I sit awhile in the lobby, or reception parlor, and listen to a very good band. I enjoy their music, but the trouble is they play a while and rest two whiles.

"Well, dearie, this is a long letter, evoked by having received a rare one from you. It's mostly about myself, but that is because for many weeks I have been following a very close routine and have no news and nothing new to describe. I must close, although I still have a page of notes that I cannot squeeze in.

"Love to you, the children, Rosita, and the Pajaritos.

"Daddy."

(1925--Rome).

~~E-1564~~. 1697

On the 16th the first draft of the proposed census questionnaire form, instructions, and notes, was finished and bound in a folder, and a copy was left with Mr. Hobson.

The next day I lunched with Mr. Hobson who said he greatly wished to visit Washington toward the close of the year to discuss the situation with officials of the Department of Agriculture and the State Department, and he expressed a desire to accompany me on my return. After office hours Mr. Hodgson called and we walked down to the Piazza del Popolo and had a glass of beer. I accompanied him on a tram car to his home on the outskirts of the city.

(Mr. Gilbert, Sept. 17, blue folder. *omit*)

(Thelma, Sept. 18, pink folder. *omit*)

Also " ✓ omit

En(1925-Rome)

~~E-1565~~. 1703

On the 18th I finished the "Dialogue Between an Economist and a Statistician." The following day I met Madame Agresti, who looked pale and worn. Had luncheon with Mr. Hobson. In the afternoon I inspected some rooms in an effort to find cheaper quarters.

Sunday, the 20th, I walked across the city to the gate of St. Paul and the pyramid on the other side of the river, seeing many strange sights and swarms of people. Returned to a small restaurant near the Pantheon and en route discovered new territory with great cathedrals and several schools, parks, fountains, narrow streets and crooked alleys. I spent part of the afternoon at the open air restaurant on the Piazza Venezia^a, sipping wine, smoking, and watching the never-ending succession of people, and then to the Ristorante San Carlo for supper.

(Sister Nellie, Sept. 20, pink folder.)

Excerpts follow

"I have not much to write about because for some weeks I have been simply plugging away at my project. Now, the whole thing has crystalized out so that I am prepared to meet all comers. I know more about the subject than anybody else living, or think I do, which is much the same thing. Of course, much remains to be done, but for me the worst is over. I think now I can probably arrange to visit the U.S. in December and January to consult with the specialists of the Department of Agriculture and the Census Bureau, and later consult with the statisticians of Canada, ~~and~~ Great Britain and Ireland. While my stay in the U.S. will have to be short it will nevertheless break the long separation from family and friends and I can come back ready for a fresh start. Also I will try to eat enough real food to carry me through another six months period in the great Italian desert.

"Thursday evening last I took supper with Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson. Both are college graduates and both writers. He was a newspaper writer in Des Moines, then went to the University of Arizona as librarian, and is over here reorganizing the library of the International Institute. They are occupying an unfinished flat in an unfinished house in the suburbs and are really camping out. Knowing my difficulty with respect to eats, they cooked a real American supper, including a T-bone steak. Hodgson said it took the entire village at the end of the bridge and his efforts combined to get the steak, because the butcher had never heard of such a thing. Yesterday Hodgson came running over to my office with a copy of Forbes' Magazine of September 1 carrying an article about the Institute and my census project, with a picture of me that must have been taken many years ago.

"Yesterday afternoon I came from the office down through the park, passing many young couples with their arms around each other's

necks, through the monumental gate of the Flaminian Way, through which the Goths marched when they conquered Rome so many centuries ago, by the side of which is a great church built to lay the ghost of old Nero, and where Luther conceived his revolt against Catholicism and the establishment of Protestantism--into the Piazza del Popolo, which is one of the most interesting spots in Rome--and took a seat at a sidewalk restaurant where I had a glass of beer and a cigar. On my left was a party of four Italians talking with great animation. On my right was a party of six French people also talking a steady stream. I got some fun trying to follow the two conversations, one with my left ear and the other with my right. The two languages are very similar and yet are quite different, but the people are very much alike. I had a similar experience at a restaurant one day last week where a party on the left were talking Spanish and a party on the right were talking Italian. I had to think twice to tell which was which.

"Today I went exploring and slumming in the narrow streets and alleys away from the street car lines. I think I must have walked about fifteen miles, more or less--clear across the city and back--and discovered a lot of interesting things one cannot see from the main streets. Curious old buildings, open air markets, ~~sa~~ swarms and swarms of common people and children, wine carts and donkeys, statues, fountains, churches, and more churches--all of them larger than the biggest in the U.S.--monumental gates and arches, broken columns and arches half buried and the tops only visible, pieces of old brick walls ten feet thick and forty feet high. And Oh! what smells one smells. The old houses have walls six feet thick and are six stories high, with arched door and passage ways, stone stairs, iron doors, monster locks and bars, tiled or dirt floors, and dark gloomy interiors that look like caves. Whole families live

in single rooms and breed like rats. Apparently Sunday is washday because the family wash was flying from every window. You see, after these people attend six o'clock mass their religious obligations are fulfilled and they can do anything they please with a clear conscience until the next mass. Really, it is a very convenient arrangement. I saw many half-naked children, little girls as well as boys, which makes it interesting for any one from a country where only the little boys are allowed to go half-naked. ~~It~~ In spite of the filth, the foul smells, the poverty, the narrow alleys and the gloomy interiors of the old buildings, one enjoys watching the Italian people because they are so unaffectedly human and good natured--always smiling--when they are not mad--and when they are mad at one another, it's a whole show. I followed the Sabine Way--the old road where the old Romans carried the captured Sabine maidens--up a steep hillside between walls twelve feet high. About half way up I passed a group of twenty or thirty men and boys pitching coins--old game of heads I win and tails you lose--and stopped to watch them. There was a pile of small change on the ground as stakes and the men were so absorbed in their game that they did not notice me.

"On the whole we have had a fairly comfortable summer, rather hot, but not so hot as it gets in Washington, and only one light rain in four months. About ten days ago it got cool, almost cold, so I had to wear a rain coat; but the last few days have been getting warmer and today was as hot as it gets here.

"I am well and hope you all are the same. With love to all,

"Lee."

(1925-Rome.)

~~E-1566~~. 1709

On the 21st Mr. Longobardi brought over the tabulated abstract of the Yearbook of the Institute which I had outlined several months before, which shows many gaps in the crop and livestock statistics of the world. It was partly to fill these gaps that the world agricultural census was authorized. I received from my mother a copy of a handbill printed on pink paper for Mr. Wilson, the Holy Roller preacher who was occupying one of the houses at Sunny Hill farm as caretaker, in which he announced a series of meetings in Frederick for the healing of all human ills, ^{by laying on of hands} and in which he said that probably so many would come that it would be impossible to attend to them all and therefore they should come early.

On the morning of the 22d the first heavy rain of autumn fell and the leaves on the locust trees near the Casetta began to drop.

On the 23d I began to read in Italian a book on the agricultural problems of Italy.

The 24th was spent in revising manuscripts. Also I had an interview with a delegation from the International Labor Office at Geneva on a series of questions relating to farm labor that had been proposed. *P* In the evening I visited the apartment of Miss Broad, my stenographic clerk, where I met the secretary of the British Legation, the British vice-consul, a Mr. Bernstein, a fruit inspector for the Department of Commerce, and several other gentlemen and a number of ladies. I was in bad humor because Miss Broad had simply invited me to take tea with her and her landlady without any hint that it was to be a formal affair; and because of some slurring remarks about the United States and Americans I threw diplomacy to the winds and, figuratively speaking, rolled up my sleeves and sailed in. A good time was had by one

(1925--Rome)

~~E-1567~~ 1710

at least in the fray, but some of the others looked bewildered and stunned by the fireworks which were mainly directed against the crass ignorance and provincialism of most Europeans and of the untraveled British in particular.

(Cooper, Sept.24, blue folder. *cut*

(Thelma, Sept.24, pink folder. *cut*

(Otis, same.

1567-a 1711

"Rome, 24 September, 1925.

"Mr. T. P. Cooper,
"Chief, Bureau of Agricultural Economics,
"U. S. Department of Agriculture,
"Washington, D. C.

"Dear Mr. Cooper:

"I am planning to return to Washington for a brief period in about two months to consult specialists in various bureaus and I wish to know whether the Bureau of Agricultural Economics can finance this trip on its cooperative allotment. If not, the expense will be charged to the allotment from the International Education Board. I should regret to do this because the allotment from the Board will be insufficient to finance the necessary travel of myself and assistant after the General Assembly meeting next May, when almost continuous travel will be necessary. The Board has agreed that any unexpended balance at the end of a calendar year will continue to be available until used. For this reason I am doing all in my power to conserve and accumulate the funds of the Board.

"On July 30 I wrote to Dr. Taylor regarding the allotment of funds by the Bureau, he having orally agreed to set aside \$2,500 for expenses in connection with the World Census Project, in addition to the contribution of \$1,000 to my salary, in which letter I asked for a confirmation of this understanding and to be advised as to how this allotment could be used--that is, for travel, employment of clerical assistance, equipment, and so forth. As yet I have received no reply to this letter.

"I have outlined three standard forms of census schedule; the first reduced to its lowest terms, simply area and production of crops and numbers of livestock; the second amplified to include additional items and data concerning important ~~of~~ factors of production, such as population, farm labor, seed, fertilizers, machinery,

equipment, and the like; and the third still further amplified to include data of economic interest, such as farm values, income, expenses, and so forth.

"Before submitting these tentative forms to the statisticians of all countries I think it highly desirable that I discuss them with specialists in our own Census Bureau, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, the Bureau of Plant Industry, the Bureau of Animal Industry, and the Forest Service, in order to get their reaction and have the benefit of their judgment, and also that I may hear the pros and cons of the discussion. If possible I should like also to see Prof. Warren at Cornell and Dr. King and others in New York. On the return trip I will probably wish to visit the Canadian statisticians at Ottawa, and officials of the Ministry of Agriculture at London.

"My thought is that if I can reach an understanding and agreement with the English speaking statisticians and specialists of the Northern Hemisphere I will have their cooperation and support in winning over the delegates from the non-English speaking countries at the General Assembly meeting at the Institute next May. I am therefore planning to make this trip as soon as I can get the forms printed, probably in December next.

"Please advise me whether you approve the financing of the proposed trip from the Bureau allotment, and if so I would ask that an authorization of not to exceed \$1,000 and some transportation requests be forwarded in time to reach me by December 1.

"With personal regards and best wishes for yourself and for the Bureau, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Director of World Agricultural Census."

(1925--Rome).

E-1568. 1720

On the 25th I spent some time trying to formulate a section on farm labor that would meet the desires of the International Labor Office without overburdening the census schedule. Had a visit from a Mr. Houston, former director of the Indiana agricultural experiment station.

Mr. ~~Mr~~ Hobson called on the 26th and was much interested in a compilation I had made showing the contributions of the adhering government to the Institute. In the evening I attended a formal reception given by the Bureau of National Economy to the visiting members of the International Institute of Statistics. Here I met a number of well known statisticians, Mr. Willcox of Cornell, Prof. Bowley of textbook fame, Prof. Ricci, Sir Henry Row, and a number of others. Refreshments, including a liberal supply of wines, were served.

The 27th, Sunday, was a rainy day. In the forenoon I attended a reception and the opening of the meeting of the International Institute of Statistics in the senate chamber ~~of~~ on Capitoline Hill that was very interesting. In the afternoon there was another reception by the municipal officials of Rome at the museum on Capitoline Hill. In each of the many rooms of the great museum was a table set with refreshments to which the visitors were free to help themselves. Unfortunately it was a gloomy day and the rooms were insufficiently lighted. In the evening I had supper with some friends at the ~~Ristoran~~ Ristaurante Ulpia.

On the 28th the Statistical Institute began regular sessions in the general assembly hall of the International Institute of Agriculture and I sat in the section on economics. Mr. Flux, statistician for the London Board of Trade made an excellent talk on censuses and industry. He would talk awhile in English and then pause until it had been interpreted into French and Italian,

(1925--Rome.)

E--1569. 1721

which took much time. In the late afternoon we attended a formal reception given by the National Bank of Italy, which occupies a magnificent building on Via Nazionale.

The morning of the 29th was given up to the usual sessions of the statistical institute. After luncheon with Mr. Hobson I accompanied the members of the Institute on a special train to Ostia Vecchia, the ancient seaport of Rome at the then mouth of the Tiber. There we spent a pleasant afternoon, saw some interesting ruins and excavations, and returned at 8 p.m. After a quick change to evening dress I joined Dr. E. Dana Durand, former Director of the U.S. Bureau of the Census, and together we had supper at the Ulpia.

(Mother, Sept. 29, pink folder,

(Eunice, same.

"Roma, 29 Settembre, 1925.

"Dear Mother:

"Your welcome letter of September 5 came a few days ago. and I greatly appreciate your time and trouble in giving me the details of life at Sunny Hill and your observations on conditions at 1026. It all helps me to picture the life at home which to me is inexpressibly dear. And by home I mean 1026, Winworth, and Sunny Hill.

"I am still plugging away at my census project, doing no traveling and practically no sightseeing, and so there is not much to write about, but there will be later.

"On the 25th I received a delegation from the International Labor Office, which is a part of the League of Nations, with headquarters at Geneva, that submitted a memorandum and an argument concerning the kind of information the League of Nations would like to obtain regarding farm labor through the international census of agriculture of which I am in charge. The meeting was a pleasant one because I was able to show the delegation that I had already provided for obtaining the information they desired, and some more besides that they had not thought of, and so they bowed themselves gracefully out.

"These notes were written last week but I have not had time to transcribe them. The International Institute of Statistics met last Saturday, the 26th, at a reception in the evening, and there were two meetings a day since. Although I am not a member I have been invited to attend and take part in all meetings and official receptions, which I am doing. It's a sort of vacation for me.

"My stenographer-secretary is a maiden lady of uncertain age and masculine appearance, but sensible and a most conscientious worker. About two weeks ago she invited me to meet a friend of hers who is an English banker in Buenos Aires. I did so and had a very interesting

conversation with him concerning the situation in Argentina.

"Last week I attended a small party at her apartments and met the Secretary of the British Embassy, the British Vice-Consul, and an American expert on dried fruits who is an employe of our Department of Commerce and a part of the staff of the American Commercial Attache, together with some six or eight women, one of them an author, but whose names I did not catch. Curiously enough the conversation was directed to the relative progress made in European countries and the United States, with just a little challenge and enough of contempt and cool assumption of superiority to arouse all my combattiveness and make me forget all about diplomacy, and I landed on everybody and all comers with both feet. Before I knew it I was the center of a whirlpool of discussion, expressed myself with absolute freedom and ~~its~~ disregard of consequences, and at the conclusion of the argument the snarling little authoress asked the others if they felt properly squelched, and they answered they did. I announced that I had unlimited quantities of ammunition in reserve, but as they had hoisted the white flag I would refrain from using it and simply invite them to visit the United States, go from New York to the Pacific coast, and come back with enlightened minds and chastened spirits, and spend the rest of their lives trying to find anything that would equal what they had seen and experienced in any other country of the world or in all history.

"Among the things I said to them was that in my judgment all Europe is stagnant, and that stagnation means death, and that they were all too damned dignified to appreciate or absorb new ideas, and that the most dignified thing in the universe is a cadaver--but the only thing a cadaver can do is to rot and create a bad smell, which is what passes for culture in provincial narrow-minded Europe, which absolutely has no world perspective, because it is still living in

the dim, dark, benighted, medieval ~~dark~~ ages of the foedal system. In other words, with individual exceptions, they have never progressed beyond the age and development of intelligent average American children. Their culture is a delusion and a snare and without any real foundation other than tradition, and their diplomacy is shortsighted, woodenheaded, blind, foolish, and utterly transparent to such ordinary people as American farmers, who simply regard it as systematic deceit that does not deceive anybody. Their diplomats, no matter how cultured and consummate, are simply like the African ostrich that sticks its head in the sand and thinks it has concealed its purpose with master cleverness, when in fact its purpose sticks up behind and can be seen of all ^{men} and is even visible to insects.

"I also reminded them that the most adventurous and progressive elements in Europe had emigrated to the United States and there, under exceptionally favorable conditions, and freed from the narrow, superstitious, self-satisfied feeling of people to whom ignorance is bliss, had expanded, prospered, and progressed to a stage which Europe could not hope to overtake in a thousand years, if ever, and that at the end of a thousand years the Americans, the Canadians, the Australians, and perhaps the Argentinians would easily be five thousand years ahead of them; ~~and~~ that the citizens of the New World would visit and study the citizens and institutions and culture of the old world as they now look at the ruins of ancient Rome, as curious vestiges of a remote historic past; and that Americans and other citizens of the new countries can well afford to smile indulgently at the air of calm, contemptuous superiority which the densely ignorant and utterly inefficient and useless leisure class of Europe now contemplate the ways, manners, customs, and progress of Americans which their life, traditions, and ignorance render them wholly incapable of appreciating or understanding

the dim, dark, benighted, medieval ~~dark~~ ^{dark} ~~area~~ ^{area} of the feudal system.
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historic past; and that Americans and other citizens of the new coun-
tries can well afford to smile indulgently at the air of calm, contem-
ptuous superiority which the densely ignorant and utterly inefficient
and useless ~~figure~~ ^{figure} class of Europe now contemplate the ways, manners,
customs, and progress of Americans with their life, traditions, and
ignorance render them wholly incapable of appreciating or understanding.

"They came back at me with the argument that America had not yet produced literateurs and artists comparable with those of Europe, I countered^d with the sta^tement that, first ~~of all~~, all the art and literature ^{of Europe} prior to 1600 belonged as much to America as it did to Europe, and that 1600/ since 1600 we had produced authors and artists comparable to any that Europe had produced in the same time--the only difference being that Americans are familiar with what Europeans had accomplished in the last three hundred years and we have profited by it, but the Europeans in their hide-bound ignorance and provincialism, cast^e, general bak backwardness, and degeneracy, know practically nothing of the authors and artists of the Western World. I reminded them that for three centuries the energies of the American people had been absorbed in conquering and subduing a continent larger than all Europe, and in the ^ast ten years had built more good roads, more cities, and had done more landscape gardening, had made greater progress in raising its standard of living and all that makes life worth living than all the rest of the world had in a thousand years; that undoubtedly as America had made more progress in science, economics, and industry in the last 25 years than all the rest of the world in all previous history, so in the next 25 years they might confidently expect the United States to make more progress in art, literature, culture and the humanities of life than all Europe had made in all previous history.

"Also I said that the trouble with Europeans was that they are in such a state of blissful provinial ignorance of what has been accomplished and is being accomplished and will be accomplished in other countries that they are incapable of appreciating how far behind they are in the great procession and how hard they will have to work, actually work, real hard work, and nothing but work and exercise of their mental faculties, and think--something that many of them have

never done, and many of them are incapable of doing--before they can ever ~~hope~~ hope to catch up within seeing distance of the common, every-day, vulgar Americans.

"They wanted particulars. Well, I said, you will never realize your state of abysmal ignorance until you learn ~~to know~~ what it is to have comfortable homes, equipped with such vulgar things as electric lights, elevators, bath tubs, unlimited quantities of hot and cold water, an abundance of soap and towels in private houses, ~~and~~ ⁱⁿ hotels as well without extra charge--simply furnished as a matter of course--artificial heat and the comfort that comes from not having to wear heavy overcoats in the house; a supply of fresh, ripe vegetables, fruits and meats, in prime condition, 365 days in the year; mail delivered at your door, telephones, radios, phonographs in every house, daily newspapers that give information of what is happening throughout the world as well as in the local village, magazines, automobiles, good roads, hotels and restaurants that are incomparably superior to anything dreamed of in Europe; schools, colleges, and universities accessible to every boy and girl in the land regardless of whether its grandfather was a robber or a runt; unlimited natural resources; and an idealism, an attitude of mind, ~~and~~ an optimism and self-reliance that is absolutely invincible and the finest thing in all history; that means that the human race--or at least that part of it that lives in America, is invincible and master of its own destiny. All these things Europeans lack, and the pity of it is that it has not yet penetrated their consciousness that they lack. Simply another case of abysmal ignorance being bliss.

"No doubt I was more than undiplomatic, even insulting in the heat of argument, but I expressed myself freely because those present were either British or Americans, and they had baited me with questions that had the sting of contempt and utter incredulity in them.

That is why I hit back, politely but aggressively, always with the idea uppermost that they did not know what they were talking about, that they lacked information, that they were asleep, and that they were so far behind that probably they would never be able to catch up. The result was that they ran out of arguments about the time I was ready to bring in the heavy artillery of statistics, and all they could say was 'Rully, rully.' Yes, I said, it's 'rully' so, only many times more so than I can explain off hand, but I can support every statement I have made with statistics compiled by your own statisticians, and if you have not read them ^{or} ~~and~~ don't understand them it is for the same reason that a fish cannot understand what is going on in the seventh heaven. This about ended the argument.

"An American present remarked that he did not believe that the culture of North Carolina would compare with that of some European countries. I said, certainly, for very good and sufficient reasons which you as an American ought to know; but do you realize that for several years North Carolina has built a new school house every week of the year, and in the same proportion has extended her good roads, has replaced her pine cabins with modern bungalows, and her universities have sent investigators into every country of Europe in order to bring the lessons of European history and experience to the citizens of North Carolina, and that one State, formerly one of the most backward in the United States, has probably made more substantial progress than all Europe in the last ten years? No, he was not aware of that. Well, I said, until you visit North Carolina and realize the transformation that has taken place you are not competent to express an opinion concerning conditions in the United States.

"Furthermore, I said, probably no one in Europe realizes what is taking place in the United States at present, the process

of universal education that is going on, not only through schools and colleges, but through the daily press, the daily mail service, the universal use of the telephone and telegraph, the radio which puts every household in touch with the best musical concerts--the best talent that Europe can send to America to capture real genuine American gold dollars--and the best public speakers; universal and luxurious train service, unknown in any other part of the world; and above all--something of which Europe has absolutely no conception--the universal use of automobiles, which with continental good roads and facilities enables practically all American families--farmer families and the families of common hired men and mechanics--to travel at will over a continent as large as all Europe--all this means that we are becoming a homogeneous people, an intelligent, educated people, a people in which public sentiment is supreme--not in an infinitesimal aristocratic class as in Europe, but throughout a nation of 115,000,000 people that is increasing yearly at the rate of 1,500,000. Can you name any other country in all history, or any group of countries, that can make a similar showing? You can not, you know you cannot and I know you cannot, so what's the use of further argument. That was when the smart alec authoress asked her associates if they felt properly squelched, and the answer was a dead silence and a lot of wrinkled brows and worried expressions.

"Anyhow, dadgummit, they were quite respectful after it all, said they had been stimulated, and I don't think I will be bothered by that particular bunch again.

"I was sorry afterwards that I had allowed myself to be drawn into the discussion to such an extent as to express myself so aggressively, but perhaps it is just as well. If the English and Americans are to cooperate to maintain peace in the world the British can just as well realize now as later that they have ceased to be the

1569--1729

dog and are becoming simply the tail of the dog that will keep the sheep rounded ~~p~~ up. After all I fail to see why a ~~criticism~~ citizen of the most powerful country in the world, and by a set of fortuitous circumstances the most fortunate country, and above all the most progressive and independent country, should keep silent in the face of slurring remarks of ignorant people, no matter what their ancestral trees may show or how badly in need of spraying with insecticides and germicides those aforesaid ancestral trees may be.

"Nuff said. Good night, and love to all.

"Leen"

"Roma, 29 Settembre, 1925.

"Dear Eunice:

"Your nice, long, fat, newsy letter of August (September) 13 came a few days ago and found me puzzling over some conundrum of farm population, labor, and the housing of labor on farms which a very ingenious Austrian professor who is chief of the statistical bureau of the International Labor Office, ~~which is~~ a branch of the League of Nations, had devised and which the Labor Office wants to have included in the world agricultural census. I laid the problem aside long enough to read your letter and when I got through I found I also had a ready solution for the labor people.

"I am sorry you had the encounter with the ~~w~~ogs. Poor Teddy. He had the makings of a good dog and if I could have lived at Sunny Hill he would have had some discipline which would have made him a better and a happier dog and he would have worshipped me and have been a great satisfaction to me. I do not think there is one chance in a thousand that he was infected with rabies, but to make sure his body should have been sent to the laboratory of the Bureau of

Animal Industry in Washington for analysis of the brain. Poor Teddy--I'm sorry.

"The International Institute of Statistics, a group of distinguished statisticians that take themselves very seriously, began assembling in Rome last Saturday and will continue until the end of this week. The prelude of the real performance began Saturday with a reception and welcome at the Palacio Nazional de Economie. For the first time I wore my cutaway black semi-official suit that I had made in Buenos Aires. It makes me look like a long-tailed blackbird and I felt like a crow. The Palacio is a real palace of granite outside and marble inside. At nine o'clock I entered the portals, passed between a group of highly decorated flunkies in military uniforms, up a beautiful broad marble staircase to the cloakroom, and then into the reception hall. The hall is ^u~~much~~ like one of the rooms in our Congressional Library, marble floors, walls, columns, and ceiling, with brightly colored paintings on walls and ceiling. Along one side was a counter covered with a white tablecloth and heaped with bon-bons, little cakes, ices, ~~fruit~~, lemonade, wines, including champagne, and urns full of steaming coffee, chocolate, and tea. This little Sunny Hiller got next to the champagne bottle, which smiled alluringly at him, and also ^{captured} ~~rescued~~ a cigar that actually squeaked in its impatience to be smoked by an American. The hall was full of people of many nationalities. It was interesting simply to stand still, watch the varying expressions of the men and women and hear the bable of voices, German, French, Russian, Slave, Italian, Swedish, Swiss, and English, with a Jap and a Chineeser looking on but not saying much.

"I met a few men whom I had known before, Prof. Ricci, former Director of the statistical bureau of the International Institute of Agriculture, and Mr. Dore, the present Director. Then I spied a man whom I sized up as English because of his poker face and I asked him

in French, because French is the official language, 'Parlez vous ~~Anglais~~ Anglais, Monsieur?', and he replied 'Certainly.' Then I said 'I'm Estabrook, United States, World Census; who are you?' He answered, 'I'm Bowley, England, Elements of Statistics,' which is the title of his great textbook on the subject. Then he introduced me to Sir Henry Rew, former Assistant Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture and to Mr. Mallet, of England, /President of the Royal Statistical Society of England; ~~and to Mr. Mallet~~ Then I began to make acquaintances fast. I am always a little surprised that I am able to get along pretty well with French and Italian. One of these days, while I am resting, I am going to learn German--because after all they are our cousins.

"The following day, Sunday, I attended a reception of the ~~V~~ Institute members by the Municipality of Rome, and the opening session of the Institute in the Senate Chamber on Capitoline Hill, one of the oldest and most ~~historie~~ and sacred spots in Roman history. In the evening, on the same hill, there was another reception in the National Museum at which there was music and refreshments, including champagne. At both of these functions there was a regiment of flunkeys, big fellows picked and matched for size, dressed in pink brocade or silk, knee pants, silk stockings, slippers, and festooned with gold cord, embroidery, lace, and face and hair powdered. They stood at attention, motionless like statues, and all the time I wanted to poke my finger in the tummy of one of them to see if he would so much as wink or show some other sign to indicate that he was human and alive.

"After ~~four~~ months of nearly continuous sunshine and clear skies, and considerable heat, we seem to have entered the rainy season. For several days it has been cloudy, cool, and many showers.

"I have not written half what I intended to write, but it is getting near midnight and I must quit. I shall be exceedingly busy

~~1569--~~ 1732

all this week and may not have another opportunity to write until next week when I return from Naples. Yesterday and today I received letters from Sister Nellie, Wifey, and the two niñas, so that the home folks are getting ahead of me in the matter of correspondence and I shall not be able to catch up until after the statisticians disappear next week.

"With love to all.

"Uncle Lee."

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On the 30th I attended a formal meeting of the statistical institute and had an interview with Sr. D. Campos, the Brazilian delegate, who introduced Sr. Cavalhos, chief statistician of Brazil. Had luncheon with Dr. Durand. In the afternoon the members were taken in automobiles over the old Appian Way to Mariano, on to Frascati, and back by way of Rocca de Papa, Lakes Albano and Nemi, and back to Rome by seven o'clock.

Early in the forenoon of October 1st I accompanied a group of about fifty members of the Statistical Institute on a tour of inspection of the Statistical Division of the International Institute of Agriculture and heard Mr. Dore, its chief, explain^{ed} the organization and work of the division. I followed with a brief statement regarding the proposed organization and work of the agricultural census in 1930, and answered many questions. Then followed the regular sessions of the Statistical Institute. I was too busy writing letters in the evening to attend the reception that had been arranged.

(Wife, Oct. 1, pink folder).

with the spirit of the law.

"Two days ago I wrote a letter to Eunice, a copy of which I mailed to you, in which I mentioned proceedings of the International Institute of Statistics, including the reception Monday evening at the National Bank of Italy. Tuesday morning was taken up with regular sessions, and in the afternoon the entire Institute and invited guests, probably 150 to 200, went on the train to Ostia Vechia (Old Ostia). This was the seaside resort of the old Romans 2000 years ago or more. It is now about two miles from the sea and is buried to a depth of from 12 to 20 feet. The main street has been excavated, and about a city block on each side, for nearly a mile. The old streets are paved with large flat stones, much like the stones that people in Frederick County use for walks in the country, and there are ruts and worn places in these stones showing where the old cart and chariot wheels went. Then there are solid foundations of walls of varying heights, marble stairs, marble fountains, broken columns and statues, theaters, public and private baths, court yards covered with mosaic floors in beautiful patterns, and a few walls with colored plaster on which are pleasing pictures of men and women. A few of the ruins are massive, with walls twelve feet thick and two stories high. It gives one a most peculiar sensation to walk through these old streets that have been buried for so many centuries. No one knows how far the ruins extend on either side under the open fields that are now in cultivated crops. Of course, it costs a lot of money to remove the soil ten to twenty feet deep over hundreds of acres, as they would have to do to find out how large the old city was.

"After spending two hours viewing the ruins, the party boarded a special train and went on a mile or two farther to New Ostia, which is on the beach of the Mediterranean. This is a new looking town. We followed the procession into a large restaurant on the beach in which

everything was free to those wearing badges. By the time I and my companions got there people were lined up along the counters ten or twelve deep. After waiting awhile we backed out and went to another part of the restaurant where we had two glasses of beer each--being quite thirsty--which cost us nothing. We got back to Rome after dark in a rain.

"I went to the hotel and washed up, and then to the famous Ristorante Ulpia, which is situated in an old Roman ruin near the Forum of Trajan. There I had as my guest Dr. Durand, former Director of the U.S. Census, whom I have known for many years in Washington.

"Yesterday, Wednesday, after the morning session, the entire outfit, about 200 I judge, were taken in high powered automobiles out over the old Appian Way ten miles or more; then to Marino--which is a most interesting hill town--thence to Frascati, with the wonderful view over the Roman Campagna and the center of a great wine industry; back by the foot of Rocca de Papa--another stair-step town on the peak of a mountain, to a point overlooking the beautiful crater Lake of Albano; thence through the State forest to a number of hill towns overlooking the Campagna and the blue Mediterranean; through the town of Albano, past the Castello Gondolfo, to a ristorante overlooking Albano Lake, where we stopped and had free eats and unlimited champagne, wines, and liquers--think of it, ye Pewrightans of the Lahnd of Unkle Psalm--all the water being in the lake where it was available for bathing purposes--and stately rows of chaste and modest bottles full of liquid sunshine and alegria, good cheer and fellowship, on the tables. Then came the long drive across the Campagna in the dusk of evening with a full moon shining in the east. We reached Rome at eight o'clock in time for supper.

"To me the drive over the Appian Way was the most interesting event of the day. Here is an old road more than two thousand

years old, over which the Roman legions marched to conquer the world and over which they returned laden with booty and driving herds of human captive slaves before them, still in good condition and still in use. For several miles it has high walls on either side; then it crosses the level plain of the Campagna and up the hills and over the mountains as straight as the crow flies. Some miles out from Rome it was lined on either side by tombs, some still standing, but most of them obliterated, the marble, stone, and brick of which they were constructed carted away centuries ago to help build modern Rome. Talk about sentiment and respect for things ancient and artistic--the modern Italians have some, yes, but the popes and others stole the marble and the metal, the stone and the art treasures of the tombs and temples, which they did not hesitate to desecrate, to build their own ugly churches and houses and to pave their streets in a way ~~the~~ the people of America would not dream of doing. On either side of the Appian Way also, as far as one can see there are sections of old aqueducts as high as a three or four story building, square watch towers, foundations of old buildings, theaters, and arched subteranean passages, as if the whole country was at one time a great city like Chicago or London. It gives one the impression that for miles and miles the fields on which crops are growing cover similar ruins which/crop out in isolated places everywhere. And all the time I keep asking myself how in the world these old buildings came to be buried from ten to twenty feet deep. As yet I have heard no satisfactory explanation.

"Today's sessions ran from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., ^{and began} ~~beginning~~ with a gathering of members of the Statistical Institute in the Statistical Division of the Agricultural Institute. Mr. Dore, Chief of the Statistical Division, explained its workings and how the international crop reports are made up. I followed with a statement regarding the

world agricultural census. Then followed continuous sessions of the Statistical Institute, which I confess made me very tired. The proceedings were all in French, and this is really the first opportunity I have had to hear much French spoken. I decided not to go to the official reception this evening but to return to the hotel after supper and write this letter, as it will be the last chance this week.

"Tomorrow the real work of the Institute will end. The next day, Saturday, we will all go to Naples as guests of the city and at the expense of the Italian government. In fact, all these expenses of free refreshments, train rides, automobiles, badges, literature, etc. are at the expense of the government.

"I inclose a few blossoms of wild cyclamen from the woods on the Alban Hills that were perfectly lovely. They are a beautiful pink and grow in patches like violets. We have had ten days of and nights of cloudy, showery, cool weather that is making some vegetation green up a little.

"Well, here it is 11 o'clock and time to go to bed. Love to all, and remember I'm thinking about getting back to 1026 in December if possible. ~~Love to all.~~

"Daddy."

(1925)

~~E--1571.~~ 1741

On October 2 the formal sessions of the International Institute of Statistics closed at 1 p.m. with some unfinished business. With Prof. Willcox, Sir Henry Rew, ^{and} Dr. Durand, I participated in the banquet given the members at the Ristorante Apollo, and got away at 3 p.m. This gave me time to return to my room, change to evening dress, and attend a banquet at the Hotel Excelsior given by the Internal Institute of Agriculture on behalf of the Italian government to the visiting delegates.

(Eunice, Octo.2, pink folder.)

"Roma, 2 October, 1925.

"Dear Eunice:

"Just a line to acknowledge receipt of your letter of September 20 which came today and which I did not have time to read until tonight. These are busy times, but thank goodness the sessions of the International Institute of Statistics ended today at 1 p.m.--just one hour after the time set for closing with a whole lot of unfinished business. I wrote to Wifey last night, bringing ~~corve~~ correspondence up to date--and then came your welcome letter today.

"After the session closed the Institute and invited guests went to the Ristorante Apollo--where in ordinary times they have chorus girls, but today the occasion was too dignified for their appearance. I rode in a high powered automobile with Prof. Willcox, a distinguished statistician of Cornell, Sir Henry Rew and wife of England, and Dr. Durand, former Director of the Census in the U.S. The dining room of the Apollo is a large hall richly decorated and I suspect there were at least four hundred guests. We had a fine spread, with three kinds of wine and champagne. Pray for me, because I drank only seven glasses, after which I felt in right good humor. I was seated next to the musicians. They gave us a few classical pieces that were good. Most of their pieces were American jazz. ~~I/could/not~~ I greatly enjoyed watching the faces of these Europeans--they could not help keeping time to the music and smiling, notwithstanding the contempt they express for that low order of music. Several selections were played by four signorinas on great golden harps that were very pleasing. The musical program ended with a medley of national airs--English, Italian, and French--with a conspicuous absence of the German, although two-thirds of the delegates were from Germanic countries. Then followed a lot of speeches. The first one was by the Italian Minister

of Economy who praised Italy to the skies, about like a Californian would talk about his State. The President of the Institute, a Frenchman, responded in equally flowery style. About that time I made my escape.

"I had just time to go to the American Express Company and deposit my September salary, and then to the hotel, where I changed into my blackbird cutaway suit, took a taxi and got to the reception at the Hotel Excelsior tendered by the International Institute of Agriculture to the International Institute of Statistics. There I met the same distinguished bunch again, had refreshments, including more wine--you see I emphasize the wine because it is so good and there is so little of it in the United States. The great Mussolini, dictator of Italy--we would call him a political boss--honored the gathering with his presence. He walked slowly through the assembled multitude, wearing a poker face, said not a word, and then out. The Italians present went into hysterics. I was with an English party and during the excitement and enthusiasm of the moment I asked the Irish wife of my English friend if she had ever heard the Rebel Yell. She said no and expressed a wish to hear it. So I let out a little, quite respectable, subdued Texas yell, waving my arms the while. This aroused much applause from the English, American, and Brazilian delegations at tables nearby. Then we adjourned to another hall where some moving pictures were being shown to illustrate Italy's 'Battle of Wheat'--attempt to grow enough wheat so she will not have to buy from other countries.

"Tomorrow morning I have to be at the station at 7 a.m. to take special train to Naples for two days--all at the expense of the Italian government. Wish Wifey or some of you all were along to participate in the festivities.

"It's late and I've got to pack up. Good night to all.
"Uncle Lee."

October 3, Saturday, we left on a special train at 7.30 a.m. and arrived at Naples at 12.30 p.m. Most of the way I rode with Mr. Montgomery, acting chief of the Division of Economics of the Agricultural Institute. I had a reservation at the Grand Hotel on the Bay, and after luncheon went to the Royal Palace where there was a reception by the city authorities. *P* After the reception I walked the streets, observing the interesting life in this old Italian city, had supper at a restaurant, and again walked the streets and saw some of the interesting sights to be seen only by gentlemen traveling alone. This included a visit to the Crystal Palace. This is not listed in the guide books, and yet I suspect many men who visit Naples have seen it. I learned of it through a chubby little boy with curly hair who asked me if I did not want to see the Crystal Palace, because if I did he knew where it was and would show me. I asked him to describe it to me and he said it was a "magnificent house with many rooms, and the rooms were lined with crystal mirrors, and in the rooms were many beautiful ladies that were like ⁿ ~~age~~ls because they wore no clothes." That sounded alluring and I told him to lead me to it. The "magnificent house" turned out to be a dingy brick structure on a dark side alley. However, seeing me hesitate my youthful guide insisted that it was a "palacio inside". *P* I gave him a coin and was about to turn away when the door opened and a fairly attractive woman appeared in it and invited me to enter. I inquired if this was the Crystal Palace the little boy had told me about. She said it was. And is it "lined with crystal mirrors and full of beautiful ladies like angels because they were ^a ~~were~~ no clothes," I asked. She said it was. I said, "Of course the angels who wear nothing but their innocence ^e are at no expense for clothing, but

(1925--Rome.)

~~E-1573~~ 1749

I imagine that if they are human angels they have to eat and have a place to sleep and artificial heat to keep them warm in cold weather, all of which costs money, which I suppose the visiting gentlemen are expected to contribute for the privilege of looking upon their angelic charms. May I ask just how much I would be expected to contribute for that privilege?" *P* I suspect she had some difficulty in following my Italian version of this statement, but at any rate she answered my question by saying that it all depended on what the gentleman wanted, whether he wished a private exhibition of one, three, five, or a dozen nude damsels; whether he ~~wished~~ was willing to share the exhibition with other gentlemen; whether he wished to have music; whether he wanted to see the angels dance and perform, or simply line up before him, or pose; or whether he wished to form the acquaintance of one or more of the angels and spend the evening or the night with one or all of them. "So you see, Signor, it all depends upon what you wish," she added. *P* "Very accommodating, I am sure," I remarked, and asked what would be the charge to sit with other gentlemen and see a group of the fair maidens. She named a sum equivalent to about two dollars, which I paid her, and was conducted down a corridor and ushered into a room of medium size where I was given a chair by the side of three other men who had preceded me. *P* The room was rather dingy, with worn carpet, sofa, a few chairs, and a dais in the center, and some rather rusty looking mirrors on the wall. At a signal six ~~women~~ nude women entered from behind a curtain, paraded around the room, and then seated themselves on the dais, all ogling the men. They were a plain looking lot, ranging in age from twenty to fifty. They were obviously patched up with powder and paint, but several

(1925--Rome.)

~~E-1574~~. 1744

of them were quite shapely. ^{PP} At another signal the ladies rolled over each other, assumed various postures, and again paraded around the room. This time the parade was a halting one because it stopped from time to time before the four foolish looking men sitting stiffly, if expectantly, in their chairs. Apparently because I scanned one of them with more interest than the others she promptly flung herself into my lap and through ^{ew} her arms about my neck, as others did with my three male companions. The incubance in my lap, kissed me and in French called me "dear," and asked if I would not go with her to her room where we could have wine and a good time all by ourselves. "But, my dear," I must hasten back and join my wife and babies who will be desolated if I do not return soon," I lied cheerfully. She scanned my face intently for a moment and then abruptly abandoned me, whereupon I thanked the "angels" and departed. ^{PP} Temptation? No, not in that group; but a very interesting spectacle to men who pass their lives without a glimpse of the nude body of a woman--and there are many such, absurd as it may seem. As I walked back to my hotel I pondered the question, Why is it necessary for any man, especially a married man, to go to such a place to see a nude woman. I wonder if after all clothes ^{ing} that conceal women from the gaze of men is not simply a device developed through ages of civilization to make women more mysterious and attractive to ^{a man} ~~men~~ and lure him on to marriage and a sacred contract to dedicate his life to one woman. well, unquestionably a lot can be said for and against clothes, especially for concealment and ornament. And so cogitating I returned to my hotel and a good night's sleep. Since that episode I have talked with many men who spoke of having seen similar spectacles in Naples and in Paris, and without exception their reaction and thoughts about it seemed to be the same.

The next morning a special train took our party to Pompei where we ~~may~~ spent two hours walking about the ruins and then back to the restaurant near the entrance for luncheon. Dr. Durand and ^I decided not to stop for luncheon but to hire horses and make the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, which we did in time to catch the special train, ~~back to Rome, which we reached~~ ^{Rome} shortly after midnight.

The 5th I had luncheon with Mr. Hobson. I met Sr. Brebbia, just back from Buenos Ayres, from whom I learned that Dr. LeBreton had resigned as Minister of Agriculture, and that both Sr. Vallejo and Dr. Urien had been retained in service. I felt much fatigued from the horseback ride up Vesuvius the day before and returned to ^{the} room shortly after 3 p.m., went to bed and slept soundly until the next morning. After a bath I felt normal again. At the office I had two visitors from India. About closing time Dr. Durand called and we adjourned to the sidewalk restaurant on the Piazza ~~del~~ ^{di} del Popolo and had a glass of beer together. Then I walked with him through the Pincio park to his hotel, the Majestic, where we separated.

I spent the 7th revising manuscripts. At noon Dr. Durand, I and one other met at the American Embassy and were driven out to the Ristorante Cesare where we had an excellent luncheon on ~~the~~ ^{the} terrace overlooking the ancient ruins of the baths of Caracalla. In the afternoon Mr. Hobson came over to announce the birth of a baby daughter.

(Wife, Oct. 8, pink ~~folder~~.)

(~~Dragoni~~, Oct. 8, blue folder. ^{omit})

"Roma, 8 Octubre, 1925.

"Dear Mommie:

"I think I sent you a carbon copy of the letter written to Eunice last Friday night, describing the activities of the International Institute of Statistics last week, including the various receptions.

"On Saturday ~~evening~~^{morning}, October 3, the delegates and about five times as many Italian non-members left Rome at 8 o'clock in a special train and arrived at Naples about 1 p.m. The weather was ideal and the scenery very interesting.

"First we crossed the historic Campagna near Rome, with old
aqueducts, watch towers, foundations of villas, arches and broken
columns, as constant reminders of the early civilization of Rome.
Following the recent rains the meadows had begun to green up a lit-
tle and the farmers were plowing with their slow-moving oxen, and
big, one-handled, primitive looking plows, preparing the ground for
winter wheat. Then the train climbed up to higher levels between the
hills and mountains nearby whose lower slopes were covered with
vineyards ripening in the hot October sun. Above the vineyards were
the silvery olive groves, and above them the rocky peaks of the
mountains from 1500 to 3000 feet high. Usually the mountains above
the olive orchards are bare of trees, although a few of the slopes
are under State forest management and the trees are making some growth.
I saw many fine stands of young chestnuts, some of them covered with
big burs which will pop open when the frost comes and release the nuts
within them. Probably you have seen some of these nuts in the fruit
stands in America. They are twice as large as our wild chestnuts.

"One of the most peculiar and striking features of the Italian landscape to an American are the hill towns, that is, the old towns dating back to the earliest times built on the peaks of high hills or

low mountains for protection, many of them in most inaccessible positions. Usually the houses are five or six stories high, built solidly together, with walls many feet thick, and separated by narrow streets that sometimes are only a few feet wide. Often there is a castle at the very top about which are clustered the other houses which descend a few hundred yards below. Because of their conspicuous position these towns can be seen from a great distance and one realizes what is meant by the Bible phrase 'Like a city that is set upon a hill and cannot be hid.' These towns are picturesque and swarming with people and children, but their poverty and lack of sanitation is appalling.

"The train winds in and out among these mountains almost the entire distance from Rome to Naples--a distance perhaps of 120 miles. There is some farming in spots along the railroad, but generally the soil is rocky and thin. Within 25 miles of Naples the valley widens out, the soil seems to be of better quality, most of the little farms are irrigated, and the land is divided up into small separate plots, all in a state of high cultivation. Three-story crops and succession crops are grown. For example, a field will be set with poplar trees in rows about thirty feet apart that are pruned annually to a height of twenty feet or more and the trimmings used for fuel. Wine and table grapes are grown in the tree rows, the vines being trained up the trees to a height of 12 or 15 feet and across from tree to tree so that the vines hang in beautiful festoons between the trees. Then in the space between the tree and vine rows various crops are grown. That is what I mean by 'three-story crops,' namely, first the tree crop, second the grape crop, and third the ground crop. The ground crop consists of flax for fiber, maize (corn) for grain and for fodder, and ²various truck crops. The truck crops are grown in succession, that is, as fast as one crop matures and is har-

vested other vegetable crops are planted in the same ground and harvested the same season. I saw no potatoes and no sweet potatoes, but many patches of tomatoes, peppers, onions, egg plant, and more than anything else collards, which in Italy are grown as a substitute for cabbage. Most of the labor of preparing the ground, planting, cultivating, and harvesting is done by hand, and I saw more men and women in the fields in this section to the square mile than anywhere else on the same area at one time. My attention was attracted also to the long strings of bright scarlet peppers and tomatoes hanging on the walls of the houses to dry, and also little round melons in nets hanging so naturally that they looked almost like giant bunches of grapes.

"The approach to Naples by rail is very unattractive because the road passes between dingy factory buildings and slums. It is a large city with a population of nearly 800,000, which would make it about the size of Baltimore. We arrived at about 1 o'clock and the party I was with drove across the city, through the crowded streets to the beautiful bay and along the water front for a mile or more to a modern hotel, the Grand. By the time we had washed up and got something to eat it was time to attend an official reception given by the City of Naples to the Statistic Congress at the Palazzo Reale, which was the palace of the former Neapolitan Kings.

"The Palazzo Reale is a large, ugly square building covering a whole city block, one side facing the harbor and the other facing a large public square that is surrounded by high buildings and is without a fountain or bit of green to relieve the barren monotony of several acres of bare pavement.

"At the appointed time I entered through an arched doorway with great iron gates and guarded by groups of soldiers. Inside one climbs up a magnificent white marble stairway, with steps made of single

slabs about twelve feet long. ~~A~~ On what we would call the second floor along two sides of the building is a series of large halls which are perhaps 40 feet wide, 60 feet long, and 30 feet high, with the most wonderful glass chandeliers I have ever seen. On the walls are large oil paintings, a few of them attractive, but most of them rather crude and dingy. The throne room has at one end a gilt, high-backed, highly ornamental chair that must have been exceedingly uncomfortable for a king to sit ~~in~~^{on} unless ~~it~~ it was well padded with cushions. On the side facing the harbor there is a wide terrace, perhaps 100 feet wide and ~~3~~⁶ 600 feet or more in length, from which there is a beautiful view of Naples, of the Isle of Capri in front, and a large part of the city of Naples to the right; to the left the harbor and shipping; and beyond old Pompei, Sorrento, and mountains near the sea. I was told that on the other side of these mountains is the Mediteranean Sea again.

"The reception which was supposed to be given by the officials of the City of Naples to the visiting delegates, really turned out to be a most informal affair. Refreshments were served, including great quantities of little cakes, bon-bons, ice-cream, and wines, which the Italian contingent consumed with great avidity and enjoyment.

"I made my escape while most of the party were still making inroads into the refreshments and spent an hour or more exploring the streets of Naples. I would describe nine-tenths of the residential and business section as slums and nothing but slums, which come down to the main business street of the city and within one block of the Palazzo Reale. Here, in large, dirty, six-story buildings, without elevators or running water and with but little light or air, because most of the streets are only about 12 feet wide, are housed swarms of people with whole families living in single rooms. On the street level one can look into the dwellings and see men,

women, and children repairing shoes, sewing, doing laundry work, in the imperfect light and gloom, with unmade beds, broken chairs, cooking utensils, fragments of food, and ~~the~~ flea-bitten dogs, cats, and babies all about them. Every little interior square or open space is surrounded by fruit and vegetable stands, carts, meat stalls, little grocery and wine shops, their wares displayed without protection of any kind and black with swarms of flies crawling over them. Garbage is deposited in the corners and the smells are indescribable. Much of the hauling and transportation of wares is done in little two-wheeled carts, pulled by small ponies, cute little donkeys, or by men and boys. These alley streets are swarming with children; in fact, one gets the impression that Naples is simply a great baby factory. In Rome the babies and little children are plump and pretty, but in Naples they look undernourished and unwashed. Nowhere that I have been have I seen so many crippled and deformed people.

"The next morning, Sunday, October 4, I joined the party at the central station where our special train was waiting, and leaving Naples at 8.30 we arrived at Pompei about 9.45. The road lay through the outskirts of Naples, across numerous small market gardens and through many villages, always within a few hundred yards of the beach. Two things struck me as of special interest. One was that the old buildings in these market garden fields have very thick walls and circular oval roofs made of cement, so constructed as to sustain the weight of ashes from Vesuvius. The other was the various crude but ingenious devices for raising water out of wells with which to irrigate the gardens. Throughout the trip one could look out over the Bay of Naples, see the Isle of Capri in the distance, and on the other side Vesuvius and its beautiful column of white vapor shining against the blue sky.

"At 10 p'clock our party was admitted through the gates at Pompei. We were divided into three parties^s, each having a guide--English, French, and Italian. The English and American group was small and therefore probably got more benefit from their guide than the larger parties. First we went through a small park ~~p~~set with pine trees and shrubs and up a winding path to the maritime entrance of Pompei, which is the old city gate, a massive structure of brick in the form of a huge archway, with heavy doors and chains that can be placed across as a means of protection. The archway, which is paved with the original blocks of slate-colored square stones, ascends an incline for a hundred yards or more, between high walls, until the old street level is reached. Here begins the old city of ~~Po~~ Pompei, which is said to have contained about 30,000 inhabitants. Most of the streets are straight and narrow, just wide enough for a stone paved driveway with high stone curbing and sidewalks on ~~e~~ither side. The walls of the buildings and temples generally are still standing, but mostly without roofs. They walls are rarely more than one storey high, but always from two to three feet thick. The city was laid out into squares in much the same way as modern towns. At every intersection of two streets there are some large stepping stones on which pedestrians could cross, with spaces between for chariot and cart wheels to pass. The ruts worn in the stones are still visible. Occasionally at one side of a street is a public fountain, just as in Rome today.

"The temples and theaters were large affairs, ~~always~~ ^{now} without roofs, and generally with colonades. But few of the columns remain and most of the statuary has been removed. One is struck with the fact that most of the private houses, even those of the wealthy, were relatively small and the rooms in them were small. Most of them have mosaic floors, a vestibule opening on the street, and in

one of them I saw the picture of a wild boar; and in front of the picture one sees a very familiar word, 'Have,' meaning 'welcome.' Inside the vestibule was a small open court in which might be a fountain or a bed of flowers. Beyond this was a reception room or interior ~~open~~ porch opening on the court, and at the sides were the sleeping rooms.

"We went up and down these streets for several hours, inspecting the public baths, temples, theaters, a bakery where we saw old stone mills for grinding grain and the ovens for baking bread; the wine shops, of which there were many, and in which the old earthenware wine jars are still in place; the house of alleged ill-fame with its pictures for men only; the soap factory, many private dwellings, a restored garden in an interior court, with fountains and statues; we inspected the interior decorations, the paintings and frescoes, some of which are bright and really very attractive, and then went through the museum.

"The Museum was especially interesting because in it have been collected many curious things such as cooking utensils, surgical instruments, pieces of clothing and food, locks and keys, chairs, chariot wheels, pottery, bronze statuary, and metal work of various kinds. Perhaps the most interesting and pathetic of all are the petrified remains of several human beings and a dog. One of the figures is lying face downward, with the head resting on an arm. Another is lying on its side with a piece of cloth wound about the lower part of the face, just as we would do for protection against smoke or gas. The poor dog is very realistic, because he appears to have been caught in the act of suffocating and his body is twisted violently as if he were struggling for life.

"The excavated portion of Pompei is circular in form and about half a mile in diameter. The guide said it was covered with ashes

to a depth of about fifteen feet. It gives one a very uncanny sensation to walk through these deserted, desolate looking streets and see the ruined dwellings that are the evidence of a city teeming with life 2000 years ago that was covered by the ashes of Vesuvius in such a short time and has laid buried for centuries and uncovered only a little at a time within the last hundred years.

"Our party returned to the hotel at noon rather tired from the long walk in the hot sun. We found that the program called for luncheon at 1 o'clock and return to Naples at three. Dr. Durand, former Director of the Census, and I very much wished to have a look into the crater of Vesuvius, which is six or eight miles from Pompei and over 4000 feet in height. We were told that it was just possible to make the various train connections and ascend by Cook's cog-wheel railway to the summit, or we could make the trip by horseback. We decided to take the horses.

"We were first driven in a carriage about three miles up the lower slopes to a small restaurant where we had luncheon and a glass of wine. Up to this point the country was mostly in vineyards between the lava flows. Streams of lava have come down at various times during the last thousand years or so of varying width and depth. Villages and individual farm houses lie buried under them and will never be uncovered because the lava turns to solid stone except for a corrugated crust about two feet thick at the top that looks like the rough melted slag from a furnace. The guide said this lava does not disintegrate with time and weather, and the areas covered by it can not be utilized again until they receive a covering several feet deep of ashes from the volcano. The ashes turn to soil that is very fertile and is especially suited to vineyards.

"We had impressed upon the pony impresario the absolute necessity of getting up to the top of the volcano and back in time to catch

the train for Rome. He fulfilled his contract. He drove the pony attached to the carriage from Pompei to the restaurant up hill for two miles or more at a hard trot, and the poor animal was ready to drop from exhaustion when we reached our destination. ~~The~~ restaurant where we stopped was ~~at~~ near the dividing line between vineyards and other vegetation and the barren lava and ash slopes above, say about one-third of the way up to the summit. Here we mounted nondescript nags whose powers of endurance we greatly underestimated. Dr. Durand led the way with a fourteen-year old boy hanging to the tail of his horse. I followed on a small brute with a saddle that was an instrument of torture. The guide followed on a similar pony which appeared to be suffering with asthma. Under the urgent necessity of reaching the top and returning in time to catch our train, the guide lashed my pony into a gallop and the boy did the same with Dr. Durand's horse. The ^{guides} ~~Norsses~~ emitted a series of agonizing grunts as if they were suffering from great pains in their tummies which the ponies seemed to understand and to which they responded instantly. My nag seemed to have an overwhelming desire to run into the boy ahead of him who was hanging onto the tail of the front horse. I carried my favorite cane in my hand, which I declined to leave behind at the restaurant, and with the other I tried to hold the little beast in check so he would not hurt the boy. Oh, how I wished I might be at the head of the column and let my horse run all he wanted to ~~up~~ a 40% grade. I think he would have dropped inside of twenty minutes, but it would have served him right. As it was, I had to hold him in check with one hand, my cane in the other, and be jerked up and down 30 times a minute for 120 minutes going, and nearly as long returning, with the result that it will take me ten days or two weeks to recover. It took this long because of the loose ash which caused the horses to slip back half a pace for each step they took.

"However, all this inconvenience and discomfort did not prevent me from noting the character of the lava flow which had solidified on the side, or the great waste of ashes now turning to earth, the small areas set out in tree plantations by the State, the wonderful glimpses across the valley spread out below like a flat garden with villages and isolated villas sprinkled over it, and beyond ^{was} ~~were~~ the forest clad mountains with villages at its base, and convents, monasteries, and castles at its top. We made three or four stops en route to let the horses breathe. The last stop was made 300 feet below the rim of the crater and we walked ~~1~~ up the intervening space through loose, shifting, volcanic ash. Then we came to the rim and the glorious spectacle in all directions fully repaid us for the discomforts of the ride to the top.

"Perhaps the first thing that attracted our attention was the crater itself. It is a great basin, perhaps 500 feet deep, with nearly perpendicular sides, oblong in shape, probably two miles across in one direction and a mile and a half across in the other. The floor of the crater appears to be nearly level, but solidified in corrugated waves and streaked with brown, green, and yellow colors, the yellow being sulphur. This great hollow is really two craters, not one. The southern half of the rim is much lower than the northern half. Apparently the whole southern half of the volcano blew off when Pompei was buried. Many of the subsequent eruptions did not overflow the rim, but found their way through subteranean channels in the wall of the crater. The different lava flows can be distinctly traced. They seem to have flowed in rather narrow streams, perhaps a few hundred yards wide, until they reached lower levels where they spread out fan-shaped and cooled.

"However, the dominating object of interest is the active cone in the northern end of the crater. It is a perfect cone in shape,

with surface sloping at an angle of 45 degrees from the base to the summit. Everything is on such a grand scale that it is difficult to estimate dimensions, but apparently the cone is about 150 feet in height, 500 feet or more in diameter at the base, with an orifice at the top that is perhaps 60 feet in diameter. Out of the orifice come intermittent puffs of white vapor about as frequent as the pulse of a person, and then at intervals of about a minute would come a great explosion. When the explosion came white vapor would be ^{shot} forced up to a height of several hundred feet in a glistening white column and then float off in beautiful white expanding clouds like the steam from a locomotive on a frosty morning. Also a beautiful column of red flame would flash up to a height of perhaps fifty feet or more and light up the white vapor with a wonderful pink glow. Each explosion was accompanied by a report and a roaring sound like the exhaust of a blast furnace, and then one could see against the white vapor and the blue sky innumerable black specks. Immediately after the roar of the explosion one could see the black specks falling from a height of many hundred feet and a shower of stones strike the lava below with a sound like rattling musketry. Clearly it would not have been safe to venture within several ^{hundred} yards of the active cone. This constant succession of intermittent reports and giant explosions at frequent intervals was fascinating. Also it was fascinating to watch the volume of vapor shoot up high above the crater and expand in beautiful convolutions and float away as a glistening white cloud against the blue sky.

"Turning our backs to the crater a wondrous vision of beauty was spread out to the west. First one saw the shimmering, rippling Bay of Naples and the Mediteranean Sea beyond stretching far away to the horizon line and dotted with miniature steamships that looked like toy models approaching or leaving the harbor. Because of the

height it was the largest expanse of open water I have ever seen, and it melted away in the distance until it was difficult to distinguish between sky and sea. At out ^{feet} feet, 4000/below, was the semicircular shore line of the Bay of Naples, bordered by pigmy cities and villages. In the middle foreground was the fair Island of Capri. Across the bay to the left was a range of mountains clothed in forest green with a fringe of stately pines along the top which seemed only an inch in height, and at the base Sorrento and a number of other picturesque villages. Between Vesuvius and this range of mountains is a flat valley covered twenty miles or more with vineyards and vegetable gardens, roads, villas, villages, and country dwellings. If I should live ~~to~~ a thousand years I should never forget the scene of beauty surrounding Mount Vesuvius, or the mysterious power that belches forth, fire, vapor, and stones from the subteranean depths. Six or eight miles away at the foot of the mountain one can plainly distinguish the deserted streets and squares of ruined Pompei, mute witness of the destructive power of Vesuvius and of the human tragedy of ~~g~~ twenty centuries ago.

"We retraced our steps, stopped at the restaurant for a few minutes, and were duly ~~de~~ deposited at the trolley station. All our small change had been exhausted in tipping the various and sundry persons connected with the expedition, or who thought they were connected with it. The smallest bill we had was for 50 lire, worth about \$2.00. We tried to buy tickets at the station, but the agent had only about 15 lire--60 cents--with which to finance the operations of his office. After a wait of 15 or 20 minutes the electric train stopped at the station, every car crowded with people and others hanging on outside like flies. We climbed over the rail at one end of the car on top of the standing passengers, at which they naturally protested. One of the protestants, when he learned that

we were obliged to be in Naples in time to catch the train for Rome, volunteered the information that we could make better time by taking the train on the other side of the town, which we did and which put us into Naples in ample time.

"Our private train left Naples about 8 o'clock, 40 minutes behind schedule. We had supper in the dining car and reached Rome about 1 a.m. the following morning. We found at the station that there were not enough taxis to go round and we had to wait for more than half an hour to get transportation to the hotel, so that it was after 2 a.m. when I reached my room.

"On this trip the light was good and I took 50 or more photographs which you will see sometime. My only regret is that you and the niñas were not with me to share the pleasure of the trip.

"Hoping that the next time I make the trip to that beautiful region you will all be with me, and with love and kisses for all from

"Daddy."

On the 9th I dictated an answer to a letter from the International Labor Office at Geneva regarding the census of farm labor.

The next day I moved my belongings from the Hotel Russie to an apartment at Pierre Luigi da Palestrini 63a which I had rented from Signora Scolari. I sent a copy of my statement regarding farm labor in the census to the President of the Institute who was said to be very desirous of cooperating with the Labor Office. It was to the effect that in my judgment it would be impracticable to obtain all the information desired by that Office and that it would be a mistake to try to get it in a farm census.

On Sunday, the 11th, I walked across and along the Tiber to Monte Janiculo and saw some beautiful gardens and statuary; then across the city and spent an hour or more exploring the Forum and Capitoline Hill. After luncheon at a restaurant I returned to my rooms for a nap and to write letters. Found a workman installing a hot water heater in the bathroom, an item which I had stipulated in the lease agreement.

On the 12th I accompanied Mr. Hodgson ^{and} Mr. Hobson to the Municipal building to serve as witnesses to the registration of the birth of Mr. Hobson's baby. We had great difficulty in getting the employees to understand Mr. Hobson's name.

Excerpt from letter written Oct 12
"Poor Mrs. Bode; her life has ~~it~~ turned out to be a tragedy because she made the fatal mistake of marrying a dapper young Prussian. She slaved for him and made it possible for him to accumulate something during the rise in prices of the war period, and at the same time she raised three beautiful daughters. Then, because Adolf wanted to see his mother, his many brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins in der ^vaterland after the war, the country which he left in youth to escape compulsory military service, and the country from which he remained absent in order to escape military

duty in time of war--she consented to accompany him with the three children to Germany. There she discovered what a natural unmitigated brute a Prussian can be. He, true to form, and true to the characteristic selfishness of Prussians, refused to return to America with her, nor would he even consent that one of her three daughters accompany her. The few good American dollars she helped him accumulate in the United States probably mean many thousands of marks in Germany and I suppose he passes as a rich and very important man in his native village. In America he was simply an insignificant effeminate ladies' tailor. Perhaps one should not blame him for wanting to stay in the only place in the world where he is really appreciated. My interest and Nellie's interest in the matter is principally with regard to Catherine. She was born in our house nearly twenty years ago, was like a daughter to us, and we loved her as our own and she loved us as foster-parents. To me she was the most beautiful girl, physically, mentally, and morally that I have ever known. We are hoping that Catherine will have enough good American sense not to marry a d..n wooden-headed German and ruin her whole life. If only she could get back to America among her own people her life would be infinitely better than it can possibly be in Germany. No wonder Mrs. Bode is sad. She has reason to be. I hope that her stay at Sunny Hill will be a bright spot in her somber life.

"I hope that Eunice will succeed with her pipe organ lessons. After her success with the violin and with her knowledge of music, her ambition, and her untiring ability to work, I would expect her to succeed. The steady grind at the theater must be very trying to her as well as to Charlie and I hope that in the course of another year she can switch from the violin leadership of the orchestra to the pipe organ in one of the metropolitan churches.

"I had to smile at what you said about the performance of the

couple I described in a former letter. Their conduct was perfectly normal, as was also the conduct of the spectators. I am convinced that the Puritanical views of most Americans are largely abnormal and hypocritical. As an artist you are accustomed to viewing nude figures in the art galleries and should be able to realize how utterly absurd is the pretended shocked attitude of most Americans towards ~~the~~ nude statuary or nude figures in painting. It is precisely the same with living people. I suspect that naked savages are just as moral and just as virtuous, if not more so, than their so-called civilized brothers and sisters who wear clothes--or some clothes. ¶ Do you remember thirty or more years ago when women wore skirts that dragged to the dust and mire, and how shocked some people pretended to be if occasionally a woman exposed her ankles? Horrible and shocking, wasn't it? And today girls all the way from three to eighty years both their hair and wear skirts that come only to their knees. ¶ In an Italian paper yesterday I read an account by an Italian in New York who said that most of the young women are wearing short stockings and short skirts, with a gap between, so that it is quite fashionable to expose the knees. If that is common in New York it will not take long to spread to all the cities and towns in the United States. I suspect it would be precisely the same if the fashion should change to dispense with skirts altogether. ¶ Do you suppose the angels in heaven wear clothes? Do you ever think what a difference clothes make in the relative standing of men and women? Have you ever read Carlyle's great work on clothing, 'Sartor Resartus'? I read it more than forty years ago with great relish. There is another very interesting book by Darwin in my library on the origin of clothes and also on the psychology of blushing, and the origin of the sense of shame, which all good Puritans should read. Oh well, there is no use worrying about the subject. I suppose that a million or more years ago the naked

1576-~~a~~ 1763

savages ~~that~~ ^{who} peopled the earth at that time, when they grew old, thought that the world would come to a bad end because the younger generation brushed their hair or painted their bodies a different way from their parents and ancestors. So it has been, is, and ever will be. The callow youths and flappers of today will rule the world thirty years from now, and they in their turn will speculate as to what the world is coming to because their children show a little ingenuity and originality in being different from their dull, prosaic old ~~dog~~ ^foggy parents. The world do move, thank God.

"Many thanks for the letters which keep me informed of what is going on at Sunny Hill.

"With love to all, and hoping that I may see you all next Christmas,

"Lee."

"Roma, 12 Ottobre, 1925.

"Dear Eunice:

"Your interesting letter of September 27 came last week. I am very grateful for the letters from home, because they give me a glimpse of what is going on and I do not feel so far away. I am grateful also to Charlie for his trouble in taking the folks on Sunday excursions. It means more to them probably than they realize at the time. In this country only the very wealthy can afford a Sunday outing in an automobile. The funny thing about the automobiles here is that a little Ford looms up so big, so grand and so sumptuous. So, with all your privileges you may count yourselves millionaires and be duly thankful.

"Saturday morning I moved from the Hotel Russie to rooms at Via Pierluigi da Palestrina 63A, piano 5, interno 19, with Signora Scolari-Fitzmaurice. There is a nice bedroom, a little parlor, and a modern bathroom. The hot water device was installed yesterday--

Sunday. The rooms are within ~~ten~~ minutes walk of the office, and about the same distance to the San Carlo restaurant where I get my dinner and supper. I believe that I am now settled during the remainder of my stay in Rome.

"Yesterday morning I was out before 9 o'clock and walked for more than three hours, exploring the hill west of the Tiber known as Monte Gianicolo, where I had a fine view of the city across the river, with some large monuments and beautiful gardens. Then I walked across to the Roman Forum and Monte Palatino, where I spent nearly two hours wandering among the ruins of what was best and most spectacular in Rome in the days of her greatest glory. The Palatine Hill is nearly half a mile in diameter and is perhaps 150 feet high. It is literally honey-combed with the remains of the palaces of the Caesars and the aristocracy of old Rome, each generation building on top of the preceding, tearing down and using the same materials to construct new palaces. Then came the Dark Ages, following which the Palatine Hill and the Forum were used as a quarry to build the churches and public buildings of modern Rome. Talk about the Italian love of art and antiquity. I doubt if the crudest, most unscrupulous, ignorant, speculative man in America would have dared to exploit these priceless historic treasures. No, he would have had business sense enough to know that the old ruins, with their marble facades, columns, arches, frescoes, and statues, would be far more valuable to humanity through the centuries than simply as a cheap quarry for marble and granite. I suspect that the popes and other ecclesiastics are largely responsible for the spoliation of old Rome because, like all people who profess a particular brand of religion, they were obsessed with the idea that anything pagan or heretic should be destroyed root and branch to make way for their special superstition.

It rained steadily all day the 13th. I spent the day revising notes and instructions for the census questionnaire. Lunched with Mr. Hobson. Received a friendly response from Prof. Cooper of the Washington office and approving the allotment of bureau funds to the census project.

On the 15th a Hindu^v called at my office and asked if I could arrange to connect him up with some American magazine as a writer on economic subjects. He said he was highly educated and was employed from time to time by the Institute to prepare technical articles.

(Thelma, Oct. 15, pick folder. *out*)

(1925--Rome).

~~E-1578~~. 1769

On the 16th, with Mr. Hobson, I went to a theater and saw a moving picture illustrating how the census returns of Brazil were handled by means of automatic tabulating machines, after which we had luncheon at a rotisserie that was very good. After an interview with Mr. Hodgson, who was nervous over his position as librarian, I took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Hubback at their apartment, where I met a Mr. Darling from India, author of "^PPeasants in the Punjab."

On the 17th I finished revising the typewritten manuscript of the census questionnaire, instructions and notes, and handed a copy to the Secretary General with request that it be printed with the least possible delay. Really three forms were submitted, a long form that covered all subjects and items that could properly be included in a census, for the consideration of countries that had the means and wished to take such a complete census; a short form, that included only the most essential subjects and items, for the consideration and use of countries that had not the means to take a more complete census; and an intermediate form; but all three forms were uniform and strictly comparable for the items and subjects they included. I explained to the Secretary General that my plan was to send printed copies of these tentative forms to all governments with request that their statisticians check them over and make constructive criticisms and suggestions, on the basis of which I would revise them for consideration of the international committee of statisticians that was to be called early in the following year. Also I proposed to return to Washington in December to discuss these forms with the government statisticians with respect to American agriculture. The Secretary General agreed to all this. That evening I heard a lecture by Sr. Cavalho on Italian immigrants in Brazil.

(1925--Rome.)

~~E--1579~~. 1770

Sunday, the 18th, was clear and cold and I took a long walk back of the Vatican.

The 19th I dictated an article on the world agricultural census for the editor of the Encyclopedia Britanica. Had luncheon with Mr. Hobson, and suggested that perhaps I could handle the census project better at the next General Assembly meeting when it would come up for consideration and approval if I were designated as one of the American delegates. He disapproved of the idea because I was an employe of the Institute. I said that my only ^areason for wishing to be a delegate was to have the freedom of the floor whenever the census was under discussion.

On the 20th I observed an artist making measurements of the dimensions of the Casetta.

(Gardner, Oct. 20, yellow folder. *omit*)

(Wife, same. *omit*)

(Mother, same.)

(Eunice, same. *omit*)

(Callander, 21 Oct., Yellow folder. *omit*)

(Cooper, same. *omit*)

(Thelma, same. *omit*)

(Otis, same. *omit*)

(1925--Rome.

~~E-1580~~. 1782

The 22d was a beautiful autumn day. I spent it in translating into French some notes on the principles of census taking and annual statistics. Mr. Hodgson and his assistant came over with some material from the library I had asked for. From them I learned that Miss Broad, my stenographic secretary, had prepared a journalistic article on the census the day after I dictated to her the article for the Encyclopedia Britannica. This did not seem exactly right, but I wished her luck. She had already hinted at literary aspirations, which I suspect were prompted by some of the material I had dictated to her. I learned from Mr. Hobson that his wife and baby were transferred from the hospital to their apartments.

On the 23d I began reading a French report of the statistical committee of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg in 1917. Mr. Hobson received a cablegram directing him to return to Washington as soon as possible, which was disturbing to him because no reason was given.

On the 24th I began translating and dictating the article on Luxembourg. Also began reading Mr. Darling's book, "Peasants of the Punjab." In the evening began reading in Italian "Sposo Promessi," one of the earliest and best of Italian works of fiction.. It contains an excellent description of the black plague, the same that forms the background of Boccaccio's Decameron.

On the 25th, Sunday, I walked to my office and found the contractor installing a heating plant, after numerous reminders to the Secretary General since my arrival in Rome. Then I walked across the city to the great cathedral of Santa Maria Maggiore.

The 26th was a lovely October day. Began drafting a report for the meeting of the General Assembly next year. Started Miss Broad to listing countries that had or had not statistical or-

(1825--Rome.

~~E-1581~~.1763

ganizations. Mr. and Mrs. Batchelder called at the office. They were from California and interested in walnuts. The Piazza del Popolo was decorated with electric lights to celebrate the march on Rome of Mussolini and his followers.

Another lovely day was the 27th. I called at the Institute library and asked Mr. Hodgson's assistant to make me a short list of the best Italian authors whose books I could purchase.

ZFitts, 27 Oct., pink folder.

(1925--Rome.

~~E-1582~~. 1784

On the 28th dictated the report for the next General Assembly meeting. Mr. Hodgson called to tell me about the trouble he was having with his assistant. Mr. Hobson called to express his concern about a cablegram he had received from the State Department instructing him to refrain from taking part in the meetings of the Permanent Committee. I suggested that probably this was the protest of the State Department against the rather arbitrary action of the Italian government in other matters, especially in the matter of emigration and shipping regulations, the establishment of immigration quotas by the United States having brought on retaliatory measures in various European governments. Offices were closed in the afternoon because of the fiesta in celebration of Mussolini's march on Rome.

(Mother, Oct. 28, pink folder.

"Roma, 28 Octobre, 1925.

"Dear Mother:

"Your letter of October 12 reached me last week. Thanks for the news.

"I note that you had some cold weather and fires. We are having alternating periods of cloudy, showery weather, followed by a few clear, bright October days, cool nights, and warm during the day when the sun shines.

"Sunday was comparatively bright and clear. After breakfast I walked through the bright sunshine across the bridge over the Tiber, which is now as low as it gets on account of the long drouth, to the Piazza del Popolo, where I met Mr. Hobson, the American Delegate to the Institute, with his little four year old boy, and together we walked to the office.

"At my little office--the Casetta, or Maison d'Angelo--I found a group of workmen installing the heating plant. There I spent two hours reading Mr. Darling's recent book 'Punjab Peasants', which is a very interesting description of the peasant farmers of India. I met the author last week, and he seemed to be more of an American than an Englishman, probably because he has traveled and studied enough to break away from the insular provincialism that seems to be characteristic of Britishers.

"His book is very well written. Not only does he describe the country and the people, but he gives a very clear account of the present situation of farmers in India and the underlying reasons therefor. For example, he states that the average size of farms in the Punjab is only eight acres, and these farms are split up into plots, sometimes fifty or more to a single farm, and the plots are scattered about over the landscape for a radius of three or four miles. The young people marry at about fifteen, and at each wedding the whole village

must be entertained. They parents have to pay as much for a wedding as they can hope to earn in four or five years. The people are said to be improvident and any surplus they may make in one year they invest in jewelry. The result is that when there is a wedding, or when a dry year comes and the crops fail, as they do two or three times out of five, or when the cattle die from disease, as happens every few years, the small proprietors must resort to the money lender and obtain money at 12 to 25% interest, depending on the security they can offer. Over eighty per cent of the farmers of India are said to be slaves of the professional money lenders. Not only that, they multiply so fast and the pressure of population is so great that they are constantly on the bread line.

"After reading until my eyes began to give me trouble, I walked through the park and across the city to the great Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. This is a very old church, built near the beginning of our era, and covers the whole of a city block. On one side in the open piazza is an Egyptian obelisk, and on the other side is a beautiful marble column surmounted by a statue of the Virgin Mary. I walked through the central corridor of the church, with great columns and a succession of altars on either side in many of which services were being held.

"Then I threaded my way through the narrow alleys to the Piazza Venezia, where I sipped a glass of wine and had a smoke at a sidewalk restaurant and watched the kaleidoscopic procession pass by.

"While I was there a long procession hove in sight, bearing a multitude of brightly colored banners and keeping step to music--all in honor of Italy's principal product, the 'Uva,' (grapes and wine). It does an American's heart good to hear an Italian band play. They play as if they really enjoyed it, and the music is bright and lively and full of allegria, altogether different from

the solemn dirges played by the bands in South America.

"I spent the afternoon and evening reading at my rooms.

"I wonder if you can see this little picture-- Monday ~~and~~ and Tuesday were quiet, calm, pleasant, sunny, autumn days. About ⁹ 2 o'clock I thread my way through the massive Porta del Popolo, the outer gate through the great Roman wall from which the Flaminian Way from the north enters Rome. I ascend a slope and pass through a stately gate of the Villa Umberto, formerly the Villa Borghese. This gate is monumental, probably one hundred feet wide, several stories in height, and has grotesque griffins perched on top. On the inside is an avenue of great ilex trees that form a perfect symmetrical archway of curved branches and a green-leaved canopy overhead. The trunks of the trees are gray and many of them are covered with a velvety green moss that makes them look very old.

"The driveway slopes upward and ends in a sort of pavilion with a large fountain before it. On either side are walks for pedestrians. I turn to the left and follow a smooth road, bordered on one side by a rustic fence. On the left is a sloping hillside with green grass and tall trees, and a few dripping fountains and grottoes. On the right ⁱⁿ is a hollow space as large as a city block is an emerald green meadow, surrounded by trees, and with a broken ancient marble column and some antique statues. Evidently there is much moisture in the air, although no mist or fog can be seen, because the sunlight is distinctly visible sifting through the leafy canopy overhead in slanting rays on the green grass beneath. The golden rectilinear rays of light seem almost solid and they are visible almost to my very feet. They look as substantial as if one could walk right up into the sky on them.

"There is quite a hill to climb, and at the top of the hill

is the small statue of Bacchus, somewhat the worse for long years of exposure, whose uplifted arms gilded in the golden glow of the morning sunshine seem to welcome me.

"As I salute Bacchus the Casetta, the small stone cottage, Italian style, rises up before me and its open doors and frescoes and smiling aspect invite me to a day of peaceful meditation on the possibilities of a worldwide census, of the waving fields of grain, orchards and forests, and friendly herds of horses, cattle, sheep, and swine, and incidentally goats, asses, elephants, and bees, *which such a census would represent.*

"Statistics may be dry and dead as mummies, uninteresting to mediocre minds, but intensely interesting to people blessed with imagination, who understand that statistics are simply the magic symbols and formulas that represent the life of a planet in its relation to humanity.

"Enough of foolishness for the present. I say these curious things simply to show you that to be a successful statistician one must not ~~N~~ only have knowledge and experience, but he must have imagination and an artistic sense of harmony, in order to visualize and interpret the statistical symbols and formulas, without which he cannot hope to be a statistician because otherwise statistics would be dead and dry as dust.

"Hoping all is well with you and others at Winworth.

"Affectionately,

"Lee."

The 29th I had a visit from Mr. Walsh, the English administrative assistant of the Secretary General, who promised to see that all publications of the Institute were sent to my office and to facilitate in every way the prompt printing of the reports I had submitted or might thereafter submit. Mr. Hobson called to say that he had been ordered to return to Washington by first steamer.

On the 31st I finished dictating my report to the General Assembly that would meet in the spring of the following year.. Had a brief interview with Mr. Thompson. Invited to take luncheon with Mr. Hodgson who was much embarrassed when he found he had no money with him and I had to pay for it. I walked with him across town to see a tailor whose shop was near Trajan's Forum. The Corso was so filled with parades that we had difficulty in getting back to the office.

Sunday, Nov. 1st, was cloudy and cold, and I slept most of the day.

The 2d was warmer, and the afternoon was a half-holiday. Lunched with Mr. Hobson, who was to leave in the evening for the United States. Had a pleasant interview with Mr. Thompson, who expressed great interest in the census project and promised full cooperation, which meant the cooperation of the British government.

On the 3d read the draft of the agenda of the next General Assembly submitted by the Permanent Committee. At supper in a restaurant had a piece of apple pie which I could not eat because the apples had not been cooked.

The 4th, another holiday, in celebration of the Italian victory over the Austrians at Veneto. City decorated with flags and a succession of parades. I spent an hour at the sidewalk restaurant to one side of the Piazza Venezia, smoking, sipping

(1925--Rome.

~~E-1584.~~ 1790

wine, and watching the endless succession of processions and
parades, and listening to the band music.

2Mother, ~~Oct~~ Nov.4, pink folder.

"Roma, 4 Novembre, 1925.

"Dear Mother:

"Last week I received your letter of October 12, Sister Nellie's letter of October 13, and Eunice's letter of October 18. This letter will have to be in answer to all three. I am just recovering from a five days tussle with a grippy cold, the first I have had in a year, and I hope it will be another year before I have ^{it again} another. I have consumed enormous quantities of quinine and today my sense of humor and interest in life has returned so I shall expect to be my normal self again within a few days.

"It is November, but about the same kind of weather we had in September--if anything a little warmer and hotter at midday. I hope it will last. There has been no sign of frost, although the leaves on some of the trees are beginning to fall. About every ten days we have a slow, steady, gentle rain. The other nine are clear and delightful.

"We had a half holiday Monday afternoon--I did not learn just why. Three holidays last week, October 28 to 30, in commemoration of the third anniversary of the march on Rome of the Fascisti under Mussolini. Mussolini, by the way, is building up one of the finest, best oiled, smoothest running of steam rollers--absolute dictatorship--in all history. He has a politico-military organization that is all-powerful--mail and press cornered--and the most voluminous press propaganda I have ever seen.

"Today we have another holiday in commemoration of the Victoria Veneto, when seven years ago the Italian armies defeated the Austrians. The whole city is decorated with flags and troop after troop and band after band, with banners flying, marched up the Corso.

"Mr. Hobson, the American Delegate to the Institute, left Monday for the United States. He was chairman for two years of a reorganiza-

tion committee which agreed on a program that involved the elimination of some of the Italian deadheads in the Institute. After the Permanent Committee adjourned for the summer the Italians got busy, ^{called} ~~got together~~ a meeting of representatives of a lot of little countries that have never taken enough interest in the Institute to know where the building is located, and elected an Italian President, who is also Commissioner of Emigration and a Special Ambassador of the King, and is attached to the Italian Foreign Office. Then the new President got busy and upset the whole plan of reorganization, and also through the Italian Embassy at Washington ^{asked} ~~succeeded in~~ ^{that} having the American Delegate ^{be} recalled. Last week Mr. Hobson received a cablegram not to attend meetings of the Permanent Committee and to return to Washington by first boat--after he had fixed up a combination with the English, French, Holland, and Belgian Delegates to counteract the underhand work of the Italians--and they stood a good chance of succeeding, because this small group of countries with the United States contribute more than half the funds for the support of the Institute. (This, of course, is confidential). It shows to what lengths Mussolini's Fascisti organization will go. Mr. Hobson expressed fear that his letters would be intercepted. I shall be curious to hear from him what representations the Italian government made to our government regarding the American delegate to this International organization of which the Italian government is simply one of seventy equal members and pays less than one-fourth the amount paid by the United States for the support of the Institute.

"During my period of depression from the cold I have been reading some of the novels of V. Blasco Ibañez, the great Spanish writer. % They are very entertaining.

"Good night, and love to all.

% "Lee."

(1925--Rome.

E-1585. 1769. 1793

On the 5th I had a visit from Mr. Dwight Sanderson of Cornell. I took him out to luncheon and found that he was acquainted with many of my colleagues in the Department of Agriculture at home. On the way back I stoped in a booksellers and bought some Italian books.

On the 6th Mr. Hodgson called and told me about a visit he had made to Pisa where he had secured the donation of a large private collection of books and manuscripts for the Institute library, and for his success in this venture he was naturally jubilant. Also I had a visit from a young American who said he was in Russia during the war.

2 Dragoni. Nov. 6, yellow folder.

"Roma, 6 Novembre, 1925.

"Dr. Carlo Dragoni,
"Secretary-General,
"International Institute of Agriculture,
"Rome, Italy.

"Dear Dr. Dragoni:

"I hope that in the press of your official duties in connection with the administration of the Institute and of the Permanent Committee, and the meeting of the Advisory Committee this week, you can find time to arrange to have printed without delay the English edition of the tentative census schedule forms I submitted with my letter of October 16th. Time is passing rapidly and it is important that these forms be printed and mailed to all the statistical offices and to a number of statisticians, so that I may have their criticisms and suggestions as early in the new year as possible. The General Assembly is only six months away. It will take at least three months for the printed forms to reach such distant countries as Australia, South Africa, India, Japan, and so forth, be examined, and have replies reach the Institute. I hope, therefore, that you will arrange to place the order for printing with a private company under instructions to let me have the proof with the least possible delay.

"I may add that as the forms submitted are not a formal bulletin of the Institute but only preliminary work sheets, they should not require editing or revision before going to the printer, as would be the case with an official publication of the Institute. I will greatly appreciate your efforts to facilitate this matter for me, and I hope that there will be no occasion for further delay.

"I am

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Director, World Census Project."

(1925--Rome.

E--1586. 1795

On the 7th an Italian aviator returned in his plane from Japan and landed in the Tiber. There was great excitement, the ^{river} Tiber was lined with crowds, and the sky was full of welcoming airplanes. I took Mr. Sanderson with me for supper at the Ulpia. I reached the apartment house at 10.15 p.m. and found the elevator closed for the night, so I had to climb five long flights of stairs to reach my rooms.

(Wife, Nov. 9, pink folder.

(Sister, same. *omit*

(Emma Burton, same. *omit*

"Roma, 9 Novembre, 1925.

Mommie:

Dear ~~Mother~~

"I have had no letters from 1026 since the Sunny Hillers returned from ~~Winworth~~ their vacation, although I have had weekly letters from Winworth. I suspect you have been very busy after returning to the city and that the children are working like little beavers with their lessons. However, I shall expect letters from you this week.

"The weather still continues mild, alternating days of blue skies and brilliant sunshine, with cloudy days and showers and muddy streets.

"Ten days ago, October 28 and for several days thereafter, the city celebrated the third anniversary of the march on Rome of the Fascisti under Mussolini. Last Monday afternoon there was a holiday of the same kind, although I did not learn just what it was. Then on Wednesday there was another holiday to celebrate the Victoria Veneto, when the Italian armies won a decisive victory over the Austrians in 1918, of which they are justly proud. Then Saturday there was great popular excitement and enormous crowds along the Tiber to witness the return from Japan of the Italian aviator, Pinedo. I left the office about 3 o'clock (we are not supposed to work Saturday afternoons) and reached the Ponte Margarita in time to see him come sailing out of the blue sky over the Campagna from Naples. The sky was full of army aeroplanes and two big dirigibles to welcome him. The air vibrated from the hum of motors as it does when there is a recurrence of the 17-year locusts.

"Last week I suffered from a severe grippy cold, from which I am just recovering. When I have these colds I feel as if I were living in a cave. I have been taking quinine regularly until my head swims. Yesterday I felt that the worst was over and that I was out in the sunshine again.

"Friday it rained all day. Saturday was bright and lovely. I looked out of my office and saw a locust tree wreathed in blue vapor. I went out to investigate. The tree was covered with a heavy coat of emerald green moss. Evidently the moss absorbed water like a sponge, and when the moisture evaporated in the sunlight it was condensed in the cooler atmosphere and became visible as vapor--just as vapor can be seen rising from a sheet of water on a cool morning. It was a curious and almost uncanny sight.

"Saturday evening I took Mr. Sanderson to lunch at the Ristorante Ulpia. He is American, a professor at Cornell, spending his year of Sabatical leave in Europe making a study of country village life. I have known of him for the last twenty years and he has known me by reputation. He knows most of my departmental friends and we enjoyed comparing notes and reminiscing. He is here as a member of a consulting committee acting with a joint committee of the International Institute of Agriculture and the International Labor Office, trying to organize a secretariat for the agricultural associations of all countries.

"Yesterday, ~~morning~~ Sunday, I slept, read, and played the phonograph--a real day of rest, because it was raining and I felt under no obligation to go sightseeing.

"Love to all,

"D. J. J."

(1925--Rome.

~~E--1587.~~ 180F

On the 10th read the report of the Secretary General to the Permanent Committee. Obtained sailing dates from the American Express Company for the trip to Washington in December.

The 11th was rainy and I suffered from a cold. I met Mr. Bolle, the Belgian delegate, in the park, who said that everyone connected with the Institute was expected to go to the Quirinal and register for the King's benefit on the anniversary of the Armistice.

On the 12th I tried to have an interview with the Secretary General regarding the printing of the sample census forms and was told he was busy. Had a call from a representative of our Bureau of Standards who had been in Germany with Mr. Willingmeyer, the wool expert of our Bureau of Agricultural Economics. Spent some time revising a set of definitions copied from dictionaries by Miss Broad of a list of agricultural terms I had dictated.

The 13th was the 6th successive rainy day. Had a very unsatisfactory interview with the Secretary General who now ^{raised} objections to the printing of the forms I had prepared, which I knew at once had originated with Mr. Dore in charge of the statistical division. The main objection to the forms was that they were tentative and not perfect and ready for use, not "perfect," and therefore beneath the dignity of the Institute. I rejoined that the forms did not purport to be final and perfect, but on the contrary expressly stated that they were tentative and were submitted only for consideration and for constructive criticism and suggestion, on the basis of which a better form could be devised that would more nearly meet all objections. In view of the fact that I had stipulated for a free hand before accepting the appointment with the Institute I resented any interference on the part of the Secretary General or the chief of the statistical

(1925--Rome.

E-1588. 1802

division, and I told the Secretary General that I did not think that either he or Mr. Dore was competent to pass upon the question and that I would insist upon the printing of the forms. I returned to my office and dictated a new form of report to the Secretary General.

The next morning I called again at the office of the Secretary General for another interview, only to learn that he was absent. I spent the evening with my landlady, Signora Scolari. She was a middle-aged highly educated and accomplished lady of Irish birth, a widow, educated in France and Germany, and married in Italy. Her chief interest in life seemed to be an only daughter who had gone to the United States to teach Italian history at Vassar.

(Wife, Nov. 14, pink folder.

(Thelma, same.

(Otis, same.

1892

Division, and I told the Secretary General that I did not think that either he or Mr. Davis was competent to pass upon the question and that I would leave upon the writing of the Bureau. I returned to my office and dictated a new form of report to the

Secretary General.

The next morning I called again at the office of the Secretary General for another interview, only to learn that he was absent. I spent the evening with my family, at home in Italy. She was a middle-aged highly educated and accomplished lady of Italian birth, a widow, educated in France and Germany, and married in Italy. Her chief interest in life seemed to be an only daughter, who had gone to the United States to teach Italian

history at Vassar.

(Wife, Rev. 14, Pink folder.)

(Thelma, same.)

(Lola, same.)

"Rome, November 18, 1925.

"Mr. Thomas P. Cooper,
"Chief, Bureau of Agricultural Economics,
"U.S. Department of Agriculture,
"Washington, D.C.

"Dear Mr. Cooper:

"Your letter of November 2 reached me on November 17, and I note the suggestion that I postpone my visit to the United States until Mr. Hobson returns, in order to avoid the appearance of excessive travel on the part of the Bureau men stationed in Europe. I am sorry this is the case, and would be glad to postpone my trip were it not for the fact that the Secretary General of the Institute proposes to call a meeting of leading European statisticians at Rome the first week in February especially to go over the proposed universal census schedules with me, so that if I go at all I must leave Rome in time to have at least two weeks in Washington and return by the last week in January. The trip cannot be postponed until after the meeting of the committee in February because of the necessity of being in Rome to prepare for the General Assembly the following May.

"I am therefore planning to leave Rome about the first of December, proceed to the Hague to consult with officials regarding one or more candidates for the position of assistant in the census project, and sail on the "Republic" from Bremen December 8, due in New York on December 19.

"When Mr. Hobson left Rome on November 2 he expected to be able to leave Washington before the middle of December, so he will not be there when I arrive. However, if the reimbursement of my travel expenses from the Bureau allotment will cause embarrassment to the Department I will charge the expenses to the allotment from the International Education Board, although I am trying to conserve this fund as much as possible for next year when travel expenses will necessarily be heavy.

"I have to report a rather unsatisfactory experience with the

Secretary General in getting him to agree to have the tentative census schedules printed. The manuscript was turned over to him on October 16, shortly after the adjournment of the International Institute of Statistics, with request for immediate printing. At that time he said the printing could be done within a few days, but nothing having been done prior to this week I succeeded in having an interview with him on Monday, November 16, in which he definitely agreed to have the English manuscript put into printed form for the early consideration and revision of the special committee to be called for next February. For your information I inclose a memorandum of my understanding of the program as outlined in our interview which I sent to the Secretary General the ~~fl~~ following day.

"I can throw more light on this situation in a personal ~~int~~ interview, as there are some things I do not care to put in writing. Mr. Hobson will understand.

"Mr. Hobson will have reached Washington and explained the situation that has developed in the Institute before you w receive this letter. I am not sure whether you will appreciate how extremely embarrassing it was for him to receive instructions from the State Department and from the Department of Agriculture first to refrain from taking part in the opening meeting of the Permanent Committee, and second, to return to ~~S~~ Washington immediately. We could only speculate as to the reasons that led to this action; no doubt they were good and sufficient and will be made known to us in due time. I will say, however, that Mr. Hobson, as a good soldier, acquiesced without murmur and followed instructions literally and promptly.

"On November 6 5, Prof. Dwight Sanderson, now of Cornell and on his year of Sabatical ~~leave~~ leave in Europe making a study of country village life, ^acalled at my office. We were together more or less during his stay in Rome. He was here as an invited member of the Agricultural

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were good and sufficient and will be made known to us in due time.
I will say, however, that Mr. Hobson, as a good soldier, acquiesced
without murmur and followed instructions literally and promptly.
"On November 8, Prof. Dwight Sanderson, now of Cornell and on
his year of Sabbatical leave in Europe making a study of country
village life, called at my office. We were together more or less
his stay in Rome. He was here as an invited member of the Agricultural

Advisory Committee, at which reports were submitted and considered on the following subjects:

- (1) Vocational Education of Agricultural Workers.
- (2) Farm Household Management Instructions.
- (3) Cooperation in the Sphere of Agriculture.
- (4) Marketing of Agricultural Produce.
- (5) Creation of Allotments.

"No doubt a report of this meeting, with the conclusions reached, will be communicated to the Department from Mr. Hobson's office.

"On November 12 Mr. W.E. ^WEmley, of the Bureau of Standards, called. He accompanied our Mr. Willingmyer to Great Britain, France, and Germany, in connection with the wool standards, and seemed to be much pleased with the reception they had met with and the success of their efforts.

"A few days later, November 16, Mr. Willingmyer called. He confirmed the statements of Mr. Emley as to the satisfactory outcome of their negotiations with the representatives of the wool industry whom they met in Bradford, England, a place in France the name of which I cannot recall, and at Berlin. Mr. Willingmyer had interviews with the officials of the Institute regarding the proposals submitted by the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Commerce through the American Delegate last summer to develop a better system of reporting wool production and stocks. He knows his subject, is enthusiastic as a specialist, and I am sure that his interviews have made a good impression and perhaps will have a stimulating effect. Through the courtesy of Mr. Dore, Chief of the Statistical Bureau, he was able to get in touch with the President of the Italian Wool Federation and had a very satisfactory interview.

"Today Mr. William T. Holt of our Cotton Division called, and I introduced him to the officials of the Institute. He reported very

satisfactory interviews with the cotton spinners of Milan regarding the cotton standards, and also the new system of arbitration recently established in that city.

"During the past month I have been engaged in translating from the French the forms, instructions, and procedure used in the 1907 (last) census of Luxemburg, which were based on the forms used in the German census of the same year; also trying my hand at definitions of terms used in the trial forms of census schedule. When I took charge of the project I found that the cooperative agreement between the Institute and the International Education Board called for the preparation of an agricultural lexicon in connection with the universal census. For the life of me I cannot see the necessity for preparing a compendious agricultural dictionary or lexicon for use in connection with the census. It seems to me that all that is required is a simple glossary of terms, especially names of the crop plants and domestic animals, and a few terms that are employed in a technical sense that should be defined in the schedule itself, such as 'farm,' 'operator,' 'owner,' 'tenant,' and so forth, and that the description of plants and animals, in addition to the scientific Latin name and common name in the principal languages, should be in brief, popular form rather than a technical, botanical description of their characteristics. However, this is one of the questions I wish to talk over with my colleagues in the Department of Agriculture and in the Census Bureau.

"I will probably cable the date of my departure for your information.

"With best regards and good wishes, I am

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Director, World Agricultural
"Project."

On the 19th I wrote letters to Mr.Hobson and to Mr.Squire, the latter a former employe of our bureau whose appointment was made upon my recommendation, who did good work in Germany, but who had difficulty in getting along with Dr.Taylor and secured a transfer to the Department of Commerce.

(Hobson, Nov.19, yellow folder. *omit*
(Squire, same. *omit*
(Mother, Nov.20, pink folder. *omit*

On the 20th I notified my landlady that I would probably leave on December first. Had a call from a Russian lady in some official capacity who asked a surprisingly large number of questions regarding the proposed census and the future of agriculture in the United States.

Sunday, the 22d, was another cold rainy day. In the forenoon I spent a few hours at my office reading. After luncheon took a nap and then read some Italian romances. I saw Sra. Scolari for a moment who asked if I would be willing to pay rent during my absence, to which I readily consented in order to retain the rooms, because I expected to be away less than eight weeks and these rooms were better for \$25 a month than I could obtain at a hotel for \$100 a month.

(Wife, ~~entry~~ 23 Nov., ~~pink~~ folder.

(Thompson, Nov. 23, ~~y~~ellow folder.

19th, I hope in time to catch a train for Washington the same day.

"It was not easy to arrange this trip, but nothing but the Roman police or the Italian army will prevent my going. First of all I did not wish to leave until certain printing was done which I will need in Washington. The Secretary General held the manuscript a whole month and then had all sorts of arguments why it should not be done. I laughed at him and said some things that made him go white in the face and he almost forgot how to speak English. When I saw him three days later he had changed front entirely and was as pleasant as a basket of chips. A rush order for the printing was given the next day and I expect to have the proofs tomorrow. Then, I had written to the bureau in Washington asking if they would pay my travel expenses, explaining the reasons for asking. This week I got a nice letter from the chief, but saying that because Mr. Hobson was to be in Washington at the same time my expenses could not be paid, and suggesting that I delay the trip until after he returns. I can not do that because I must be back in Rome the last week in January to attend an important committee meeting. I wrote back that I was coming anyhow and that Hobson planned to be out of the country before I could arrive. This is to be an official trip and if the Bureau cannot pay the travel expenses I shall see to it that the Institute does.

"We have been having nasty, wet, cold weather here for several weeks. Last week a heating plant was installed in my little office building so that I am comfortable there. Yesterday the heat was turned on in the apartments, but hardly enough to detect. Last week was especially depressing and uncomfortable. But I have a feeling of satisfaction and expectancy every time I think of packing up, catching trains, boarding the steamer, landing at New York, getting off at the Union

Station in Washington, and last and best seeing old 1026 and the faces of those I love, Rosita, Pajaros, and all.

"With love to all from

"Daddy."

"Rome, 23 November, 1925.

"Mr. R.J.Thompson,
"Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries,
"10 Whitehall Place, S.W.1,
"London.

"Dear Mr.Thompson:

"I am sorry that I did not see more of you while in Rome, but I was fully occupied and presume that you were also, and the time passed quickly.

"After a delay of more than thirty days, two letters and two interviews, the Secretary General finally gave the order to have the tentative census forms set up and some proofs run off. I expect to have some of them this week. Mr.Dragoni would not agree to send copies immediately to all statistical offices as I suggested, but insists on calling a small committee of experts to revise the forms early in February. He also expressed doubt as to the advisability of asking the statistical delegates to the next General Assembly to meet in Rome a week in advance, but I think he will finally consent to do this.

"In order that there might be no further misunderstanding, after my last interview I dictated a memorandum outlining the program the Secretary General was willing to accept. I am inclosing a copy for your information.

"I hope it will be possible for you to be present at the committee meeting to be called early in February. I think it is important that at least one member of the committee be familiar with the agriculture of England and the colonies, as I am with that of America, because of

the ignorance which many Europeans show regarding agricultural conditions in countries of surplus production.

"In the course of time you will receive an invitation from the Institute to serve on the committee, together with copies of the preliminary census schedules for revision. Please bear in mind that the schedule was formulated primarily as a basis of discussion, for which reason many items are included which I know beforehand will have to come out, in order that they may receive consideration before being definitely discarded. When the time for discussion arrives I shall be among the first to propose the elimination of a number of items which I believe will interfere with the success of the program if retained.

"I am proposing to leave early in December for a short trip to the United States, where I shall meet with specialists in the Department of Agriculture and the Bureau of the Census and get their reaction on the proposed forms. En route I shall stop at the Hague to meet a candidate for the position of assistant in the Census Project, a young man who is highly recommended by Messrs. Van Rijn and Mansholt. I shall return to Rome before the end of January.

"With best regards, and hoping to meet you again next February, I am,

"Sincerely yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook,

"Director, World Agricultural
"Census Project."

(1925--Rome.

~~E-1593~~. 1724

The 25th I wrote the chief of the Washington Bureau of Agricultural Economics asking him to arrange for an interdepartmental committee to consider the census project. I called on the American Consul and submitted my passport for examination and was assured that it was all right.

The 26th was Thursday, our day of Thanksgiving, and the American flag was displayed at the Hotel Rusie. Had luncheon with Mr. Walsh, who described ^{ph}graphically conditions in England during the war.

(Sister Nellie, Nov.26, ~~pink~~ folder.

"Roma, 26 Novembre, 1925.

"Dear Sister:

"Another red letter day. Your letter of November 2 with account, and one each from Wifey, the Niñas, Mother, and Eunice, came two days ago all together. Inasmuch as my time is limited I must try to answer all six in one letter.

"I am surprised at the account of the cold weather you have had so early in the season--also at the price of potatoes. We have had disagreeable weather here too, but not very cold, and an occasional spring-like ~~dy~~ day. Since the middle of October the Italian sky has become like a sponge and drips almost constantly, night and day, clouds or sunshine, it makes no difference, the showers come and one must carry an umbrella no matter what the sky looks like in the morning. I have seen bright sunshine and no sign of a cloud at 9 a.m., and by 10 a.m. rain ~~f~~alling steadily. And there's plenty of thunder and lightning, just like spring with us. The leaves of the locust and sycamore trees are turning yellow and falling. The temperature has~~n~~ot yet fallen below 50 degrees, although Rome is as far north as New York. I should like much to spend the winter here. I am unhappy in the cold and all the little Jinxes have conspired to give me more than my share the last two years. First a whole winter in Argentina and then a winter in the U.S., one right after the other. Now I have to leave the mild winter of Italy for the arctic climate of the U.S. After next May I shall plan my travel so as to avoid the winters so far as possible.

"This week the proofs of the questionnaire forms were delivered, corrected and returned immediately, and the corrected proofs are promised for tomorrow or next day. Apparently there is nothing to prevent me from leaving December 1, spending December 5 at the Hague, and sailing from Bremen on December 8, due to arrive at New York

"Home, 26 November, 1925.

"Dear Sister:

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account, and one each from Wiley, the Kings, Mother, and Linnie,

came two days ago all together. Inasmuch as my time is limited

I must try to answer all six in one letter.

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had so early in the season--also at the price of potatoes. We have

had disagreeable weather here too, but not very cold, and an occa-

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and sailing from Bremen on December 8, due to arrive at New York

so

December 19. I fear that I shall be/occupied with official business at Washington that I shall not be able to visit Sunny Hill more than once, or at most twice--Christmas week and once again before I leave about the middle of January. I am sorry, but let's be thankful that we can all be together at least for a day during the holiday period.

"I have not much to write about because since the trip to ^{ap}N~~a~~les I ~~we~~ have settled down to a steady routine of work and reading, with no time for sightseeing. However, I shall expect to have lots to tell you when we all meet. I realized from the beginning that this first year in Rome would have to be one of study, of routine, and preparation for the future. After the meeting of the General Assembly next May my real work will begin. Then I shall be travelling, meeting new people, seeing ~~new~~ new countries, observing new systems of agriculture, learning something new every day, filling my mind with new images of people and customs that are different and yet strangely alike, and having something new and interesting to write about.

"I shall probably write one more letter before leaving Rome, and then you will hear nothing from me until I walk through the Union Station at Washington on December 19 or 20.

"With love to all--ariverderci--au revoir--hasta la vista.

"Lee."

(1925--Rome.

E-1594 1726

The 27th opened with frost and a coating of ice, which was said to be almost unprecedented. I got my transportation from the American Express for my coming trip. Had an interesting interview with Mr. Darling, who invited me to visit him when I reach India.

(Dragon1, Nov.27, yellow folder. omit omit

(1925--Rome.

~~8-1595~~ 1727

On the 28th I received a supply of copies of the proofs of the census forms, one of which I corrected and returned to the printer the same afternoon. I went on a shopping trip and bought some presents for the family.

Sunday, the 29th, still raining. I accompanied Sra. Scolari, my landlady, to the Museo Diocletian near the railway station. It is an enormous and very ancient structure and we spent about two hours inspecting the exhibits. She proved to have a very extensive and intelligent knowledge of antique and art objects. On the way back she declined to take luncheon with me at the San Carlo. I took tea with Mrs. Hobson in the evening.

(Wife, Nov. 29, pink ~~folder~~.

"Roma, 29 Novembre, 1925.

"Dear Mommie:

"Friday, November 7. Yesterday I wrote Sister Nellie that the weather had been bad, but had not been very cold, not below 50 degrees. While I was writing that letter the 'Tramontane,' a 'temporale' from the snow-capped peaks of the Alps swept down upon Rome and during the night the temperature fell below freezing--for the first time in a ~~great~~ many years at this season. On my way to the office in the morning I saw a sheet of ice on small pools of water and white frost on wood and other objects. The new hot water heating plant in my office felt good. Everybody was wearing their winter clothing.

"At noon I went to the American Express Company and bought my transportation so far as they could supply it. I have a cabin reserved on the steamer at Bremen and railway fare from Rome to Brussels, and sleeper berth for the first night, but none for the second night. I will have to change cars several times, and also will have to open up my baggage for customs inspection several times. At Brussels I will have to purchase transportation to the Hague, and from the Hague to Bremen.

"In the afternoon I had a long interview with Mr. Darling, an English employe of the Colonial Government in India. He has written a very interesting, instructive and entertaining book on the Peasants of the Punjab which I have read. He gave me a ~~very~~ cordial invitation to call on him when I visit India. My stenographer, Miss Broad, went home this afternoon with a grippy fever and cold which I suspect she caught from me.

"Saturday, November 28. Rained all night and today. Papers full of accounts of the great storm and damage in central and southern Italy, roofs blown off, trees uprooted, and ships forced to seek harbor. Miss Broad in bed and unable to come to the office. Comfortably

Roma, 22 November, 1922.

"Dear Mommie:

"Friday, November 7. Yesterday I wrote Sister Nellie that the weather had been bad, but had not been very cold, not below 50 degrees. While I was writing that letter the 'Typhons', a 'temporal' from the snow-capped peaks of the Alps swept down upon Rome and during the night the temperature fell below freezing--for the first time in a great many years at this season. On my way to the office in the morning I saw a sheet of ice on small pools of water and white frost on wood and other objects. The new hot water heating plant in my office felt good. Everybody was wearing their winter clothing.

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warm in the office. Hot water plant working fine. This reminds me that when the representative of the Institute asked me if I would be satisfied with electric heaters--electric lamps--I howled at him and snapped out 'No, NO, NNOO.' He seemed embarrassed at my savage manner, and I said 'Do you understand, no lamp will pass with an American for a heating apparatus; if the temperature falls below 70 degrees in this office I quit.' So I have the finest little heating plant in all Italy. And Guidi, my major domo, is supremely happy. I can depend on him to stuff coal into the furnace. To put in this heating plant they had to drill through walls three to ~~fo~~ five feet thick.

"Today 150 copies of my outline of the world census schedule were delivered. This is the one thing that made my homecoming doubtful because the Secretary General of the Institute was opposed to having the manuscript printed until he and some of his Italian colleagues had reviewed it. I simply told him politely that it was none of his business, that it was his job to have it printed immediately, and that he had assumed a terrible responsibility and would have to stand the consequences for having delayed the printing a whole month. After this he would not see me for three days, but when he did he was all smiles and gave the order for printing the next day.

"In the afternoon on the way to the apartment I stopped in a restaurant to have a glass of beer and a smoke, and greatly enjoyed watching young couples making love to each other openly and unashamed. Saw one of the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. She was dressed in black, evidently a young widow, and she had the face and expression of a saint. One sees many beautiful faces on the street, women especially, men, and children, with clear-cut features like cameos, brilliant eyes and complexions, wavy hair, and

perfect forms. The children are the dearest little creatures imaginable. The Italians are a loving and a lovable people. It is a great pity that the English and Americans, the best people on earth, are so stiff and conventional, so dignified and hypocritical, and afraid to give expression to their thoughts and feelings. I love the Italians because of their evident desire to please and when they are pleased they show it, and when they love one another or hate one another they show it.

"Sunday, November 29. This will have to be my last letter home, because tomorrow I shall have to pack up the typewriter and other things and the next day leave on my long journey. Last night and this forenoon the rain again fell in torrents; then clearing and very much colder in the afternoon and evening. After breakfast, while reading an Italian romance, the servant came in to say that the Signora Scolari wished to know if I cared to accompany her to a museum. I consented and in about twenty minutes the Signora and I left for the Museo Diocletian, which is near the railway station. It is an immense building with walls fifteen feet thick, great arched roofs of Roman brick 60 or 80 feet high, and covering at least a city block. In it is a wonderful collection of Roman, Greek, and Egyptian statuary, fragments of statues and tombs, frescoes, mosaics, jewelry, table and cooking utensils, etc. There are rusty knives, forks, spoons, locks, keys, chains, safety pins, hand mirrors, personal ornaments, made 2500 years ago that are almost exactly like those made in our factories today.

"I had luncheon down town and a three hour nap in the afternoon. Then I changed to my heaviest winter clothing and called on the Hobson family. Mr. Hobson is now in Washington, leaving his wife, new girl baby, Billie, a little five year old boy, and the two grandmothers here. The baby is seven weeks old, has black hair

and is very pretty, and crowed and smiled when her mother brought her out ~~to see~~ for me to see. All the women folk are anxious to return to the United States and hoping against hope that Mr. Hobson will give up his position as Permanent Delegate ⁱⁿ Rome.

"Had supper at a restaurant and enjoyed hearing an elderly American couple and an English captain at the next table. The old wrinkled American said he'd be God-damned if he could eat the horrible Italian cooking and if he had to stay many days in this Hell-of-a-country he'd be a living skeleton--to all of which I said 'Amen, brother, them's my sentiments.'

"Well, dearie, tomorrow I pack up, and the next day I'll say 'Au revoir, ariverderci, etc.' to my acquaintances at the Institute, and leave on the evening train for the north. I am going entirely on my own responsibility, without any authorization from the Institute or from the Bureau in Washington, and if they don't like it they can lump it; I'm that independent that I don't care a tinker's damn what they think. The printing job was finished and ~~150~~ copies delivered yesterday; so Hurray, Hurrah, in twenty days, or about a week after you get this letter, I'll be with you. I shall expect to have buckwheat pancakes, country sausage, and maple syrup every morning for breakfast; ^{and for dinner and supper} white bread, real bread, genuine bread, without a cast-iron crust, and butter instead of olive oil, and a piece of steak, and baked potatoes, smiling, laughing potatoes, instead of soggy sad potatoes, soaked in olive oil; and brown gravy instead of watery purgative olive oil--the Italian equivalent of castor oil that all children and grownup children loathe--and apple pie, mince pie, plum pudding, jellies and preserves, cranberry sauce, and layer cake, and so forth--things of which which Europeans are absolutely ignorant--as well as a warm house and comfortable surroundings in midwinter--of which Europeans have not even dreamed.

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Nov.30 opened bright, clear and cold, with ice on the water and frost everywhere else, which made the new heating plant in the Casetta a real joy. In the absence of my secretary I dictated a memorandum to Mr.Hobson's secretary giving detailed instructions for the management of the census office during my absence. Mr. Hodgson brought over some packages which he wished me to take with me to the United States and mail to relatives, which I much disliked to do but could not well refuse. I telegraphed for a berth reservation on the train. In the afternoon began packing up.

Dec.1. Raining steadily. Had interviews with most of the Institute officials. The Secretary General and Mr.Dore were greatly perturbed because the group headings in the forms I had submitted did not correspond exactly with those recommended by Prof. Ricci many years previously and adopted by the International Institute of Statistics, and both argued strenuously that I should delay my trip in order to revise these headings. I refused on the ground that the group headings in question were of no particular importance and that they should have brought the matter to my attention before I had made all arrangements to leave if they considered them so highly important, having had several weeks in which to do it, instead of waiting until the ^{very} day ~~before~~ I was to leave. On reaching the office I scribbled a memorandum on the subject and sent it over to Miss Dixon, Mr.Hobson's secretary, asking that she translate it into good French and send it to Mr.Dore.

Getting from my apartments to the railway station was no easy matter. The rain fell in torrents. The American Express Company had agreed to send for my trunks, ^{but no one} ~~noon~~ ^{and} came, I went

(1925--Rome.

~~E-1597~~. 1734

out on the streets and walked about half a mile without seeing a single conveyance, all the taxis in Rome being in use on account of the deluge. Finally I found an old carriage and driver and ^{later} ~~found~~ another man who, for thirty lire, carried my trunk down five flights of stairs, because the elevator could not be used for that purpose. The carriage conveyed me and my baggage across town to the railway station, following a regiment of soldiers and a band most of the distance. At the station I was surprised to learn that I would have to pay 232 lire, about \$9.28, for excess baggage. After the baggage was attended to I had supper in the railway station, thinking it might be cheaper than on the train. While waiting for the train I talked with ~~A~~ an American who told me about the remarkable development in the building of apartment houses in the United States. The train was due to leave at 8.15 p.m. but actually left at 9 p.m.

Wednesday, Dec. 2, en route from Rome. The porter ~~awoke~~ me at 7.30 a.m. after a good night's sleep. Had a cup of black coffee, dressed and shaved. Looked out of the window and saw that we were passing through a flat country. We reached Milan at 8.15, had breakfast at the station, changed cars and left at 9.45. At 12.30 we reached the St. Gothard tunnel and were fifteen minutes passing through. On the Italian side the sun was shining; on the Swiss side snow was falling and the ground was already covered to a depth of eight inches. There were many more trees ~~on~~ the Swiss side and the forests were beautiful with snow and frost. Between snow flurries and clouds one could see the Alps high up and entirely covered with snow. We passed many villages and towns. From Lucern to Basle the country is less mountainous and there is more evidence of agriculture. We saw many lakes, deep blue in color and with steep banks or mountains rising al-

~~1925~~ 1925--on route.

~~1925~~ 1935.

most from the water's edge and ~~mirrors~~ reflected in their mirror-like surfaces. We reached Basle after dark and left by the next train.

At Milan two passengers entered my compartment, a Hollander who spoke English very well, and an elderly Italian baron who understood English slightly and spoke it very brokenly. The Italian, a big man with grizzled hair and a very red face, said he was employed by the Italian government during the war to purchase horses and mules in the United States and that he had spent several months in New York, St. Louis, and Kansas City. He was very friendly to Americans as a result of that experience. He said that after the war he returned to his estates in the north of Italy and that more recently he was engaged in what we call agricultural extension work, that is, directing farmers in their efforts to increase the production of wheat in the great "P^Battaglia del Grano" under the leadership of Mussolini and his lieutenants. As we approached a station an hour or more later he pointed to a castle on a high hill covered with olive orchards and forest trees a mile or more away and said that it was his ancestral estate. He paid a high tribute to the Italian peasants for industry, frugality, and sobriety. He left at the next station.

My Dutch fellow passenger proved to be a very agreeable companion and we talked of many subjects. He explained how many Germans made fortunes during and following the war by purchasing and importing raw materials from other countries on credit, manufacturing them into goods with cheap but skilled labor paid with depreciated German paper money, exporting the manufactured goods to other countries, receiving the sales price in good money and keeping that money on deposit in the banks of those other countries. In other words, it was a system to exploit the German workmen.

Observing that I smoked cigars almost continuously my Dutch companion said that I should be prepared to pay an almost prohibitive duty on any cigars found in my possession on crossing the French frontier, as he understood that only six cigars per person were exempt. Inasmuch as I had a box with nearly a hundred cigars in it I smoked them more industriously than ever, gave him six to put in his pocket, and kept him supplied the rest of the day. I was equally generous in handing out cigars to the porters. On leaving Basle two customs officers came through the train. Almost for the first time that day I happened not to be smoking. One of the inspectors glanced up at my hand baggage on the rack and, pointing to it, asked with a smile if I smoked "cigarettes." Honestly, earnestly, and fervently I answered that I never smoked cigarettes, and he passed on. Both my Dutch companion and I laughed heartily, and then I wished I had not been so liberal in giving away my cigars.

The next morning, Dec. 3, we were passing through a beautiful undulating country covered with a blanket of snow and with many blocks of beautiful pine and spruce trees. The train arrived at Brussels¹ about noon.

I went to the Palace Hotel near the railway station and after getting settled returned to the station with the hotel porter for my trunk. After much inquiry we learned that the trunk had gone to the customhouse and that we should return at 4 p.m. After luncheon I walked the streets and looked into the attractive shop windows. The streets were full of people and they all seemed to be in a great hurry. I was struck by the difference in the appearance of the people on the streets of Brussels¹ and those one sees on the streets of Rome. The Brussels people seem less well nourished, less lighthearted, and less attrac-

tive in every way, especially the women and children. I stepped into a restaurant to ~~have~~ rest and have a glass of Bass ale, the first I tasted for several years. I found the customhouse and after being referred from one clerk to another was told that my trunk was at the warehouse three blocks away and that it was closed for the day. That meant that I had to remain over night in Brussels.

From the customhouse I went to a ^{restaurant of the} better class ~~restaurant~~ and had a nice supper and a bottle of wine. This was a memorable supper. I had given my order and was observing my surroundings, the decorations of the dining room, the waiters passing to and fro. the bright lights, the tables, and more especially the faces of the diners, when a well dressed young lady passed near my table. I looked up and she smiled. Perhaps unconsciously, because I had no such thought, I may have smiled in return as people do in Italy. At any rate, without any hesitation, she seated herself opposite me at the table, and said to me brightly, "Bon soir, messieur," and began to take off her gloves, quite as if she were meeting me by appointment. I returned her greeting and inquired whether she understood English. She replied that she spoke only French. I asked if she did not think she had made a mistake in coming to my table. She replied, "Certainly not; you are a gentleman, a stranger just arrived, alone, and you wish an agreeable companion. I am alone, also, and will be the agreeable companion." "I feel complimented" I answered, "Also I wish to perfect my French and you speak French charmingly. Have you dined?" She said she had, but would join me in a bottle of wine and a package of cigarettes. These were ordered. While eating my supper I asked her to tell me about the interesting sights to be seen in Brussels and she did so in a very entertaining manner. When I

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(1925--Brussels.

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had finished and the table was cleared we continued to occupy our seats for nearly two hours, sipping wine, smoking, listening to the orchestra, and conversing in French. She was somewhat reticent about her mode of life but said she was a widow and talked freely of places she had visited, including Paris, Lyons, Nice, Rome, and Berlin. Evidently she was well educated, refined, and had traveled, and obviously she was a most beautiful and charming young lady. When we separated at 10 p.m. and I thanked her for a very pleasant evening she returned the compliment and expressed regret that my stay in Brussels was to be so short and that we could not become better acquainted.

The next morning, Dec. 4, I put on three suits of heavy underwear to fortify myself against the cold. After breakfast I took the hotel porter with me to the customhouse and after endless formalities and many tips we finally succeeded in getting the trunk out of the customhouse and carted it to the hotel. I walked up to the Botanical Garden a few blocks from the hotel and spent about an hour inspecting the plants and exhibits. Returned in time to catch the 11.30 train for the Hague. For luncheon on the diner I had rolls, excellent butter, egg omelet, roast beef, mashed potatoes, endive, cheese, pastry, tangerines, coffee and half a bottle of wine, which cost the equivalent of one dollar.

The first hour out of Brussels the train passed through a perfectly flat country, cut up into small garden plots and nurseries. We reached Rotterdam about 3.30 p.m. and the Hague shortly after 4 p.m. The country between the two cities is perfectly flat and was covered with snow so that it looked like a frozen sea. There were a few canals covered with ice on which many men and boys were skating. I saw a number of windmills, some of them

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The first hour out of Brussels the train passed through a perfectly flat country, cut up into small garden plots and nurseries. We reached Rotterdam about 5.30 p.m. and the Hague shortly after 4 p.m. The country between the two cities is perfectly flat and was covered with snow so that it looked like a frozen sea. There were a few canals covered with ice on which many men and boys were skating. I saw a number of windmills, some of them

with towers and four large wings or sails, and others much smaller. The houses all looked neat and comfortable. At the Belgian-Holland frontier the customs officers simply asked if we had anything to declare and passed the baggage without inspection.

At the Hague I went to the Bellevue Hotel where I stopped in 1920 and was given a nice room and bath on the ground floor. Somehow I felt so much at home in this hotel that it was difficult to avoid the illusion that ~~xxx~~ I had not been away from it since my first visit. There did not seem to be the slightest change in it, not even in the furniture or the position of the furniture. I sat for awhile in the reception room and had a bottle of bass ale. Then in a spotlessly clean and white dining room I had the best supper since leaving the American ship at Cherbourg. After supper I took a walk up the street and bought a supply of cigars. What a satisfaction it was to be again in a country where cigars are to be seen displayed in the shop windows and can be purchased as freely as other articles, instead of being closely guarded and sold grudgingly the same as postage stamps, as in Italy. After crossing the Alps the climate was wintry and the country was covered with snow.

On the morning of the 5th the sun shone brightly over a $\frac{1}{2}$ blanket of snow and ice and the wind blew strong and icy cold. After an excellent breakfast, a real breakfast of hot rolls and real butter, honest ^ham and eggs, and a cup of coffee, I tried to find the Department of Agriculture on foot, but finally gave it up and hired a taxi that took me to a building within a few blocks of the hotel that I had passed several times but did not recognize. There I learned that Mr. Mansel, the director, was in a hospital. From his assistant I obtained full information about the organization and work of the department, especially about

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how their agricultural statistics were collected and published. Then I had a brief interview with Mr. Van Aarstein, who had been highly recommended by Mr. Van Rijn, the Permanent Delegate of Holland at the Institute in Rome, as assistant director of the census project. I invited him to take luncheon with me at the hotel. On reaching the hotel I was surprised to meet Dr. Schoenfelt, our agricultural commissioner at Berlin. He remained with me until after 1 p.m., mostly expressing his dissatisfaction with his present position and of living condition⁴⁵ in Germany. After terminating the interview I hurried into the hotel lobby to see if Mr. Van Aarstein was waiting, and asked the hotel clerk if he had seen him. Apparently he had not been seen. It was nearly 2 p.m. when Mr. Van Aarstein came down the steps from the dining room where he had gone and waited for me to appear. We had a nice luncheon together and talked about his education, experience and desires for the future.

Before Mr. Van Aarstein left at 3.30 p.m. another candidate, a Mr. Knobe, appeared and we discussed his experience and qualifications. Before he left Dr. Schoenfelt came in and remained with me until his train was to leave at 6 p.m. After he left I felt much fatigued from the long and uninterrupted strain upon my attention. Also I was shivery cold all day in spite of my three suits of underwear and heavy winter outer suit. In order to make an early departure the next morning without delay I asked for my bill in the evening. Roughly my room for two nights and a day, with meals, cost about \$9.00. While waiting for the account I talked with the clerk who said that it was the custom in Holland to pay for the use of a bicycle or automobile for the term of a year, the contracting firm paying for all repairs, and at the end of the period they turned in the machine and got a new one

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(1925, Dec., The Hague.

E--1603.

(1925, Dec., Hague-Bremen.

E--1604.

1741

under a renewal contract. He said he had a motorcycle and could cross Holland and return in a day. In response to a question he said there were as many as eleven different languages or dialects spoken in Holland by as many different peoples, each having a distinctive dress and peculiar customs.

Having suffered from the severe cold and paid more for hotel accommodations than seemed justified I felt that I could leave Holland with no wish ever to return again, at least in winter.

Dec. 6, Sunday, was a bright, clear, freezing day. I was up at 6.30 a.m. in the dark and at 7 a.m. went with the porter to the railway station and obtained a seat in the smoking car. I had a cup of coffee in the little restaurant at the station. We passed through Utrecht about 9 a.m. Beyond Utrecht the train passed through a region of sand dunes covered with low pine trees and occasional open spaces covered with clumps of shrubs. Generally the snow seemed to be from one to two feet in depth. The coach was comfortable warm and the windows were covered with frost in beautiful lace-like patterns. At 10 a.m. I went to the dining car and had a bottle of beer and some bread and jam. After crossing the boundary the customs officials came through the train and asked passengers if they had any cigarettes. When I said I had a trunk I was told to follow the inspector to the station. The trunk could not be found and I was told that it had probably gone on to Berlin. After leaving the boundary luncheon was served. It was a very poor one and cost the equivalent of \$2.00. It consisted of thin watery soup, boiled fish and potatoes, boiled veal, brussels sprouts, maccaroni, bread--but no butter, a cup of coffee, and a half bottle of poor wine. Soon after luncheon we reached Omaashauck where coaches for ^Hamburg were detached. All day we were passing through a fairly level country about

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(1925.Dec.Bremen.

E--1605

1742

equally divided between open fields covered with snow and groves of planted pine and spruce trees, also covered with snow and very beautiful.

In my coach were three American electrical engineers from Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Colorado, respectively, and one Danish engineer. All day long they continuously discussed technical questions, the young Danish engineer asking questions about the mysteries of electrical production, transmission, and utilization. Apparently they covered the entire field of electrical engineering from its earliest stages to its latest development, including all sorts of hypothetical questions and theories as to what would happen if such and such changes were made. They were all very enthusiastic and although much of the purely technical part of their discussion I could not follow, I found the gist of their discussion exceedingly interesting. For me it was a glimpse through a window of a new, a mysterious, and a fascinating world. I could not help wondering if I had not made a mistake in going to Washington as a government clerk thirty-two years before, instead of following out my original plan of going to the Chicago University and taking the course in electrical engineering. Quien sabe.

We reached Bremen about 4.30 p.m. in the dark. I went to the Columbus Hotel across the open square from the railway station and was shown to my room on the second floor by a bright little German boy in a smart uniform. It was a medium sized room with two windows, white curtains, a small reading table in the center, two comfortable chairs, a double bed and a feather pillow large enough to cover the entire bed, which to me looked very inviting. At the office I inquired where I could find a cigar store and was told that on Sundays they were all closed.

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Evidently all the puritans of the world don't live in New England. I bought some cigars from the hotel (cheap stinkerinos at 12½ cents each). I walked out on the poorly lighted street and found that it ran in a half circle. Some of the shop windows were lighted and the street was full of prosperous, cheerful looking people. Prices seemed to be somewhat higher than in the United States. I returned to the hotel at 6 p.m. with very cold feet. I went to the restaurant dining room, in which all the woodwork ^{was} painted white, the curtains were white, and the walls covered with vivid red paper. The supper consisted of two slices of bread and a tiny pat of butter, a small steak and boiled potatoes, cold canned string beans, a small piece of cheese, and half a bottle of sour German wine, which, with a tip of one mark, cost the equivalent of \$2.70. Before ordering this sumptuous repast I asked the waiter if I could get an oyster stew, thinking that in this northern country oysters would be plentiful and cheap, and I knew that a nice oyster stew was just what I wanted and nothing else. He looked at me in a surprised way and said, "Nein, nein, mein Herr," oysters are so rare and high in price we do not serve them." "How high," I asked. "One mark each," he replied. "Bring me one," I said, I want to see what a one-mark German oyster looks like." He simply shook his head with a mystified look on his face. After supper I sat awhile in the lounge room of the hotel, enjoying the lightness, brightness, and cheerfulness of it all in contrast with the funereal aspect of hotels in southern climes. Surely, life in northern climes hath its compensations, I thought, not the least of which is comfort indoors and cheerfulness.

The next morning, December 7, I had the hotel porter go with me to the customhouse for my trunk, but when the officials

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(1925, Dec. Bremen.

3--1607.

1744

found that I was leaving by boat they suggested that it be checked through to the boat so that it would not have to be opened and inspected, which was done. Then I walked a short distance to the office of the steamship company and got my ticket. This took more than an hour, the employees seeming to be more than extraordinarily inefficient and clumsy. At a bank I obtained some money and on the street bought a supply of cigars and a bottle of cognac. At the hotel I posted stickers on my baggage.

Then I had to go to the customhouse for a certificate of medical inspection as instructed by the agent of the steamship company. After luncheon I called at the office of the American Consul to inquire for mail, and returning purchased some picture postcards. Later I followed the porter to the railway station where we waited more than an hour before the gate was opened and we were permitted to enter the train for Bremerhaven. It was long after dark when the train left. We reached Bremerhaven in inky black darkness about 6 p.m. Because of the bitter ~~c~~old, probably, there were no porters at the terminus and passengers had to get their baggage out and into deep snow and wait until stewards from the ship could come and help get it aboard. I found that my cabin on the S.S. Republic had two berths and was unbearably hot. This condition was relieved by turning off the steam heat, opening the porthole, and turning on the fan. It was a great satisfaction to be on the ship at last and to know that my troubles were over until we landed in New York. As soon as I was settled I made a hasty inspection of the ship and then was assigned to a table in the large dining room and had a gloriously fine supper. After supper I adjourned to the smoking room and there, with a bottle of beer and a supply of cigars, I scribbled a long report to the Secretary General regarding the two candidates for the position of assistant and director of the census project.

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The next morning found us on a fairly smooth sea driving through rain and mist. I walked the deck for exercise, got out my typewriter and did some writing, and formed the acquaintance of a short, stout, elderly German from Pittsburgh who had spent a year in Austria and married a buxum woman much younger than himself, she being his second wife. He was very indignant over the difficulty of getting a passport for his bride. Part of the difficulty arose from her having been born in Galicia when it was a part of Austria, but after living more than fourteen years in Vienna she was not regarded as an Austrian citizen. Her papers had to be sent all the way to Washington for examination and more than two months elapsed before a reply was received. After months of negotiation and accumulating an armful of certificates and permits of various sorts he got his final visée. The crowning injury, however, which made him boil with indignation, was the medical examination of his wife by ~~xxxxassistant to the~~ **and his assistant** American doctor, who required her to remove all her clothing and stand entirely naked before them while they leisurely examined every square inch of her person. The man was so filled with impotent rage as he told me this that I felt almost the same emotion, and I devoutly wished that every man and adult woman in the United States could know of it---because such unjustifiable practices would soon end. To this day I can hardly believe that the regulations of our Immigration Service require such an examination, because it is incredible. Rather I think the two officials in question took advantage of their official position to gratify their pornographic desires to subject a helpless, young, attractive, and healthy specimen of the genus homo to a minute examination of her feminine charms. And the men who did it were official employees of the United States government--damn them.

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(1925, Dec. At sea.

E--1609. 1746

The next day, Dec. 9, we found that the clocks had been set back an hour over night. After breakfast I went on deck. The sun was shining, the sky and sea were blue, the waves with white caps were running, and to the west were white cliffs, so that I knew we were in the English Channel. We reached Southampton about noon and a tender came out with passengers and mail. Our ship was anchored midway between Southampton and the Isle of Wight. The entire crew with life preservers on had to undergo inspection. Also they were required to put one of the lifeboats in the water and give a demonstration of their ability to navigate it--a most unusual sight. I noted that there were 36 lifeboats, each with a capacity of 66 persons, on the upper deck; and that forward on the main deck were five life boats each with a capacity of 52 persons, so that altogether the boats I counted had a capacity of about 3,900 persons. On the Isle of Wight opposite our anchorage one could see a beautiful estate, a long slope of considerable extent covered with green grass and trees and in the center a long, low, rambling brick building with ivy covered walls and towers. We left about 3 p.m. with the bright sun shining on the racing whitecaps and a flock of sea gulls sailing about. The white chalk cliffs of the coast looked like a great snow bank as the sun set red behind the distant hills of England. At 4 p.m. I went into the social hall and had tea. In the evening we had a gorgeous supper of roast turkey and cranberry sauce. While at the table Mr. Batchelder of the California Walnut Growers Association came over to greet me. Also I saw Mr. and Mrs. Holt, our cotton standards man stationed in Europe. We arrived in the harbor of Cherbourg at 8.30 p.m. and I mailed some letters and sent a cable message to the department in Washington. Some passengers left the ship and more came on, mostly Americans returning to the States in time for the holidays.

(1925, Dec. 4, sea.

E-1609.

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(1925, Dec. at sea.

1610
E--1600

1747

The next morning, the 10th, the weather was warmer. We were off the southern coast of England and could see the heavy surf beating high against the white cliffs which were crowned with green grass. I began formulating a series of questions or topics for discussion by my colleagues in Washington. Also began reading a book on Australia and New Zealand. I was introduced by Mr. Holt to a Mr. Parker, formerly of the cotton division of our bureau, and to Mrs. Holt and Mrs. ^{A. W. Palmer} ~~Parker~~. We reached Queenstown, or Cobb as the Irish persist in calling it, at 8.30 in the evening and left within an hour. In that short interval there was an exchange of passengers. After the boat got under way I spent some time in the social parlor listening to the music and watching the dancing.

The next day the weather was warmer and the sea comparatively smooth. Again the clock was set back an hour over night. After breakfast I worked awhile on the census project. Finished the book on Australia and began reading on South America. It was very pleasant on deck in the afternoon and in my mind I contrasted the springlike weather and blue sky with my former crossing in 1920 when I saw nothing but cloudy skies, gales and mountainous waves. In the afternoon I gave Mr. Batchelder such foreign coins as I had left in my purse to add to his collection. The meals and service on the Republic were exceptionally good. One of my fellow passengers remarked that the American lines were hard put to it to meet the competition because of the prohibition against serving alcoholic beverages, for which reason they tried desperately to attract passengers by providing an extraordinary cuisine and service, which accounted for the large percentage of German passengers on the American boats because they are willing to forego their beloved beer for a time to enjoy the

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Holt to a Mr. Parker, formerly of the cotton division of our bu-

reau, and to Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Parker. We reached Greenstown,

or Cobb as the Irish persist in calling it, at 8.30 in the even-

ing and left within an hour. In that short interval there was

an exchange of passengers. After the boat got under way I spent

some time in the social parlor listening to the music and watch-

ing the dancing.

The next day the weather was warmer and the sea compar-

tively smooth. Again the clock was set back an hour over night.

After breakfast I worked awhile on the census project. Finally-

the book on Australia and began reading on on South America. It

was very pleasant on deck in the afternoon and in my mind I con-

tinued the springlike weather and blue sky with my former cross-

ing in 1920 when I saw nothing but cloudy skies, gales and moun-

tainous waves. In the afternoon I gave Mr. Batchelder such for-

eight coins as I had left in my purse to add to his collection.

The meals and service on the Republic were exceptionally good.

One of my fellow passengers remarked that the American lines were

hard put to it to meet the competition because of the prohibi-

tion against serving alcoholic beverages, for which reason they

tried desperately to attract passengers by providing an extra-

ordinary cuisine and service, which accounted for the large per-

centage of German passengers on the American boats because they

are willing to forego their beloved beer for a time to enjoy the

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general supply of excellent food. Again I spent some time in the social hall and listened to the music of a Philippine string orchestra, and watching the dancing. Some of the young German women were especially interesting because of their generous proportions, the shortness of their skirts, and the unusual display of feminine curves afforded thereby.

Saturday, the 12th, was another beautiful day of mild temperature, alternating sunshine and showers with rainbows, and a calm sea that seemed to flow by the sides of the ship like a great river reaching from horizon to horizon. *P*At the breakfast table I found myself seated with a group of Americans who were strangers to me. A pale, blond, insipid looking young man next to me said that he was from Memphis and was returning from a tour of the Mediterranean countries and expected to lecture on the subject of ancient art. I listened with a polite show of interest until he volunteered the statement that it was about time that we Americans realized that ancient art was superior to anything that had been produced since. I at once challenged this statement and characterised most ancient art as being very crude, so badly drawn, so out of perspective, and many of them so childish in conception, that if all marks of identification were removed and if they were furbished up and placed in a gallery for sale as the work of Smith of Memphis or Jones of Little Rock they would find no buyers. This brought on a heated argument between the art lecturer and myself. I praised the beautiful and stately architecture of the Greeks and Romans and the Egyptians and readily admitted that some of the Greek statues were quite equal to anything we had produced since, but severely criticised the ghastly crude carving and statuary of the Egyptians and other Mediterranean peoples, and I severely condemned much of the crude,

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childish, and utterly ridiculous paintings I had seen, many of them bearing names famous in art history and to be seen as priceless treasures in the art galleries of Italy and other countries. "Surely," I said, "you, as an American artist, must have seen that in many of these paintings there is utter lack of both proportion and perspective, heroic men or gods driving chariot horses that reach no higher than their knees, horses and oxen that are pictured as pulling heavy vehicles without a sign of a trace or other means of attachment to the vehicle, war horses and chariots going at full speed but the wheels motionless, horses and other domestic animals with only two legs, human beings, saints if you please, surrounded by fat and heavy babies in all sorts of positions in the air with wings sprouting from their shoulders no larger than their chubby hands, and a thousand other things that offend one's sense of proportion, harmony, and the laws of nature. Surely you must recognize these defects and blemishes and shortcomings as being due to the ignorance of the early artists, and that they were admired and praised in their time simply because there was nothing better with which to compare ~~them~~ then; but now, in the light ^{of} and with the examples of progress in painting that have been made since before us, the blemishes and defects and utter childishness of much of ancient art is simply ridiculous and intolerable. The time has not come and never will come when any considerable number of sane Americans will admit there has been no improvement in the arts in the last one or two thousand years. On the contrary, as more and more of them travel and see with their own eyes the originals about which so much rubbish has been written and believed they will more and more appreciate the excellencies and the defects of ancient art and the very great superiority of much modern art. I am sure that

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"Surely," I said, "you, as an American artist, must have seen less treasures in the art galleries of Italy and other countries, them bearing names famous in art history and to be seen as priceless childish, and utterly ridiculous paintings I had seen, many of

your statement was far more sweeping than you intended it to be, because, I am sure that you, as an artist, appreciate the glaring defects of many famous examples of ancient art and the vast superiority of many examples of modern art not so famous." He dropped his supercilious air and reluctantly admitted that much I had said was true.

Then he started another argument by asking me what I thought of cubists and futurist art? "Nothing," I said curtly, "because there is nothing to think about; there is no cubist or futurist art; the daubs that go by that name are not art any more than similar daubs made by a blind man with a pot of paint and a brush; what I think of the human beings that call themselves cubists and futurists is not fit for public utterance, at least not in the presence of ladies; but the least I can say is that they are probably lunatics or mentally defective that are allowed to run at large because they are so insignificant as to be relatively harmless and they serve as horrible examples to infants." My artist companion looked exceedingly uncomfortable and three gentleman who overheard my tirade ^ulaughed aloud.

But this did not end the argument. An elderly, very fat and bejewelled lady sitting opposite glared across at me with a flush in her cheeks and remarked in a tone of crushing finality, "Many people, many common people, do not understand art; the thoughts of many artists are so profound that they cannot be fully expressed and can only be indicated by forms of artistic expression." With that she threw her head up and looked defiantly about the table. . "Well, madam," I said, "if the cubists and the futurists, as they call themselves, have what they think are thoughts so profound that they themselves do not understand them and cannot express them it is ^{rather} conclusive evidence of their

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congenital imbecility when they try to make others understand them. This is further proved by the fact that their attempts at expression of thoughts they do not understand by artistic symbols are about on a par with the drawing of prehistoric neol^{utavistic} lithic man; in other words they are ^{utavistic} throwbacks, examples of arrested development, and ~~still~~ mentally are in the cave man stage of evolution. The thoughts they think are profound are not thoughts at all, but simply the manifestations of undisciplined caveman instincts. They are fit subjects for the anthropologists and the biologists because of the atavistic tendencies they display, but aside from that should be of no interest to normally intelligent people. To accuse ~~of~~ them of thinking thoughts, especially profound thoughts, is an insult to all intelligent men and women; and to dignify their daubs as art or them as artists is an insult to all real artists."

"What, what," sputtered the old lady, "Sir, do you mean to insult me?" "Not at all, madam," I replied, "any one who admires, respects, or advocates the monstrosities and atrocities that go by the name of cubist and futurist art is not worthy of the compliment of an insult." Whereupon the old lady and the sallow young man from Memphis left the table and throughout the rest of the voyage were not visible.

As soon as they were gone tongues were loosened. A gentleman sitting near raised his cup of coffee to his lips, bowed to me, and said, "Thank you sir, that is the first time I have heard my own thoughts on the subject adequately expressed out loud and in public," to which there was a chorus of approval. I answered, "I think, friends, I owe you all an apology for my outbreak as ill-timed and out of place. My only excuse is the extenuating circumstance that I recently saw an exhibition of

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examples of what is called cubist and futurist art and was so outraged by the conglomeration of incongruous and inharmonious colors and the childish attempts at drawing, that I nearly went insane, and was so aggrieved at the sense of insult to my intelligence that I had suffered by reason of the connivance of the authorities of the art gallery in permitting such an exhibition to be held that I would gladly murder anybody responsible for it. That is why I am dangerous when the subject of cubist and futurist art is mentioned. I would not hesitate to murder a professed or confessed cubist or futurist at sight, just as I would kill a serpent, or anything else that was offensive or dangerous to mankind. I understand, of course, that the authorities in charge of art galleries permit exhibitions of cubist and futurist atrocities because they believe in the innate right ~~of~~ to freedom of human expression, as we all do, and that the real test of the merit of anything is public opinion and the only way to get an expression of public opinion is to give the public an opportunity to see and judge for itself. Unfortunately, the public has been misled by the ravings of artists and the patter of artists and their supercilious manners, and when it sees these monstrosities and is disgusted by them it thinks there must be some merit in them because they hang in a public art gallery and that if ^{it} ~~they~~ express ^{its} ~~their~~ honest opinion of them it will simply expose ^{that} ~~its~~ ignorance and lack of culture, and therefore it passes on in silence. Meanwhile the mutual admiration society of mental defectives rave about each others' productions and get a certain amount of publicity, and so this imposition on the public, this insult to adult normal intelligence, goes on. I for one propose to speak out, hit it and hit it hard, at every opportunity, because I believe that every normal person feels about it as I do." This statement seemed to meet with general acclaim.

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During the day I finished reading "Illustrated South America" and had an enjoyable conversation with a Mr. Brounly of California, who was a true son of that great State and full of enthusiasm about its climate and natural resources, what it has accomplished and its glorious future.

Sunday, the 13th, we ^b faced a strong wind and heavy seas from the northwest, which thinned out the passengers on deck and in the dining room. Services were conducted by a Catholic priest in the social hall. After a long nap in the afternoon I read "La France Dulce" by Bazin, a book written for children to inspire patriotism and religion. During the night the storm passed and the next day was pleasant with a relatively calm sea. Read a book on Poland by Winters and started reading "Belgian Life in Town and Country," by Boulger.

On the 16th I read "Italian Life in Town and Country," by Villari, which has a good chapter on agriculture. In the afternoon the children on the ship were given a party, and in the evening a masquerade ball was held. Some of the passengers wore very interesting costumes.

The 17th I read an interesting book on the Philippines by Russell in which he argues that the Philipinos are a superior race and entitled to an independent government. He has a good chapter on the Japanese. In the evening an entertainment was given for the benefit of seamen.

The 18th the weather was much colder and the sky partly cloudy, with alternating sunshine and shadow, the sunbeams streaming down fan shaped over a rough and rushing sea covered with whitecaps and streaked with foam. Reading "Understanding South America" by Cooper.

On Dec. 19 the bugle blew at 5.45a.m. and as soon as I was

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During the day I finished reading "Illustrated South America"

(1925, Dec. at sea.

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(Dec. 1925, at sea.

E--1617.

dressed I went on deck but could see no land. However, at 1 a.m. a pilot came on board, the ship proceeded slowly up the harbor, and after medical and passport inspections, docked at noon. After getting through customs I took a taxi to the Pennsylvania Station and by rushing about managed to get a ticket to Washington, check my baggage, and catch the 1.15 p.m. train. After standing in line I managed to get into the dining car at 2 p.m. and had a nice luncheon. It was a cold still day and the landscape was covered with a bright haze. At Philadelphia I sent a telegram to my wife. We reached the Union station at Washington at 6.45. My coach was at the rear end of a long train and there were no porters so that I had to walk nearly three city blocks to the entrance to find a porter to help me with numerous pieces of hand baggage. When I passed through the entrance gate I found Otis waiting for me. He had grown so remarkably in eight months that I would not have recognized him if he had not stepped up with a shy smile on his face. How familiar the Union Station looked and how eagerly I looked for the familiar streets and buildings as we went across town and turned into 17th street and stopped before our house. Yes, it was there and looking exactly as it had looked when I last saw it. Wife and Thelma, dressed in their best, were in the front parlor waiting to welcome me. I had expected a demonstration from Rosie, the little dog, and was ~~little~~ disappointed that she was not at the front door or in the bay window to leap and bark a frantic welcome as in the old days. Her absence was accounted for by the fact that she had nine frolicking puppies, each half as large as she was, and the responsibility had sobered her. The basement kitchen had been turned over to the dog family and when I went down to visit them Rosie seemed

(Dec. 1922, at sea.

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(1925, Dec. Washington.

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very sedate and a little depressed. A hasty look about the rooms showed me that wifie had made many changes in the furniture and its arrangement and it was evident that she had gone to great pains to make the house attractive for my return. A nice supper was served, and before it was over I had a long distance call from my sister, who assured me that she and mother were both well and that everything at Sunny Hill was all right.

The next day was Sunday. For breakfast we had buckwheat pancakes, country sausage, and maple syrup--delicacies unknown outside of the United States. Began to unpack my trunk. During the morning my Sister Nellie, Niece Eunice, and her husband, drove in from Winworth and had dinner with us. After they left Mr. Hobson called. He seemed much discouraged because the officials of the State Department refused to approve his plan for opposing the officials of the International Institute of Agriculture; nor would they let him see the telegraphic correspondence that had passed between the department and the Italian Foreign Office relative to the controversy that had arisen ^{between} him and the newly elected president of the Institute.

After Mr. Hobson left wife and I sat in the little parlor with a cheerful wood fire blazing on the hearth talking over the events of the past months.

The next morning I called at the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and talked with the chief ad interim, Prof. Cooper, and then met some of my former colleagues and had luncheon with them. I was greeted by many of the employes and the colored messengers all remembered me. We had Mr. Hobson, Mr. and Mrs. Gage, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert and their daughter, as guests for supper, which was very agreeable.

On the 22d, in company with Mr. Hobson and Mr. Michael, I

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(1925, Dec. Washington.

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(1925, Dec. Washington.

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I called on Assistant Secretary Dunlap, who agreed to arrange an appointment with Assistant Secretary Wright of the State Department ~~and~~ ^{to} ask that the department agree that the post of Permanent Delegate at the International Institute of Agriculture is a technical one and that therefore the recommendations of the Department of Agriculture should be generally accepted regarding the conduct of that office. It was evident that at that time the Institute was only a name to Mr. Dunlap. ¶ I met many of my former associates, including Dr. Gray, who represented the Department of Agriculture in dealing with the Bureau of the Census. I gave him a copy of the draft of world census questionnaire that I had prepared as a basis of discussion. ¶ At the Farm Hands Club luncheon I gave a brief talk on the progress of the census project, the Institute, and life in Rome. Mr. Bauer gave a very clear statement regarding the status of the Muscles Shoals Project. Mr. Charles Holman said that considerable opposition w to the Institute was developing in Congress and at the next session the question might be raised as to whether the Institute should not be transferred from Rome to Geneva, or Paris, or Washington. ¶ In the afternoon I had an interview with Mr. Ossinsky, an agricultural economist of the Agricultural College of Moscow, in which I asked him about land tenure and other factors that would affect the taking of an agricultural census in Russia. He had much difficulty in explaining their system of land tenure, but as near as I could understand there were three systems, communal, cooperative, and private, but in all three systems the title to the land resides in the people, all the people, and not with individuals or groups of individuals. He did not impress me favorably because of a certain cynical, snarling quality back of his smile. As a

(1925, Dec. Washington.

E-1619.

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matter of fact, Mr. Ossinsky spent some time in Washington studying our Department of Agriculture and other branches of the government, was shown every courtesy and given every facility, visited other places and was courteously received, and upon his return to Russia wrote a book severely criticising everything he saw and heard in the United States as capitalistic and on the verge of ruin. Perhaps this was mainly for home consumption and to strengthen his own position.

On the 23d I accompanied Messrs. Hobson and Michael~~f~~, and Assistant Secretary Dunlap, to the State Department where we went into conference with Assistant Secretary Wright and two of his associates. Mr. Wright read a memorandum to the effect that the State Department did not wish to intervene in any way in the situation that had developed in the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome and that the details of the work there had been and would be left to the Department of Agriculture. Then Mr. Michael read from a memorandum prepared by Mr. Hobson in which he proposed that the department should adopt a policy of passive participation in the affairs of the Institute and that therefore the Permanent Delegate and the delegations to the General Assembly should be left free to exercise discretion in attending or remaining away from meetings, that the delegation to the General Assembly should be composed of a small number of technical men, that the item of \$10,000 in the pending appropriation bill for expenses of the delegates to the General Assembly should be dropped, and that in the future as in the past the American Delegate should take his instructions from the Secretary of Agriculture. On the question of withholding the extraordinary contributions of the United States, Mr. Wright expressed the opinion that it could not be done under the wording of the appropriation

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On the 23d I accompanied Messrs. Hobson and Michels, and

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bill, but that the wording of the bill could be changed a year later so as to make the payment dependent upon the approval of the Secretary of Agriculture.

On the 24th I sat through a meeting of the Crop Reporting Board, which seemed like old times, because for ten years I had served as its chairman and its members were all old friends. Now, I sat to one side, smoking, reminiscing, answering questions about my foreign experiences at intervals when the board members were waiting for material. I left early and did some last minute Christmas shopping. Wife and I were up late dressing the inevitable Christmas tree and laying out the packages.

The next morning the children, now young people, were up at 6 o'clock, and we could hear them opening their packages down stairs with exclamations of delight. I spent most of the day reading Jensen's "The Long Journey," a story of the development of man during the stone age in northern Europe. In the evening the ~~Senen~~ family, husband and wife, and two nephews with whom Otis had become acquainted, spent several hours with us. Mrs. ~~Senen~~ was an agreeable little woman, but her husband was of the selfish German type for whom I conceived a great dislike. The two nephews were about the same age as Otis and inclined to be both foolish and boisterous. The family were exceedingly tiresome, wore out their welcome, and I gave a profound sigh of relief when they finally took their departure. I felt that if ever an involuntary host would have been justified in showing an unwelcome bore to the street I would have been justified in so dealing with Mr. ~~Senen~~. That I did not do so was simply out of consideration for my wife, his wife, and the young people.

Dec. 26. I had arranged with a young colored man to take us in our Ford car to Sunny Hill, neither I nor my wife having suffi-

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(1925, Dec. Washington.

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(1925, Dec. Washington.

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1759

cient confidence to drive the car, and Otis being still too young. The young man, James, came at 10.30 a.m. In the little Ford car were five persons (^{my}myself and wife, the two children, and James), four blankets to keep us warm, two baskets of provisions, a large box of presents for the folks at Winworth, Rosie the dog, a crate containing five of her puppies, two bird cages, and two pair of rubbers, and probably other things that escaped my ^{notice}attention. Of course we were all very uncomfortable, but my wife would not consent to leaving the menagery behind. It was 11 a.m. when we got under way. The ride was familiar to me until we reached Henderson's corner, half way between Washington and Frederick, where a new road had been constructed during my absence that shortened the route about ten miles. Frederick looked familiar, but I noticed several new ^gbun~~al~~ow houses on the west side. We stopped a few minutes at Winworth, saw mother and Sister Nellie, Eunice and her husband. Sister Nellie gave us a pound of butter, some milk and cream, a pan of baked beans, and a mince pie. On reaching Sunny Hill we found that the hired man had started a fire in the Cricket House and we were soon warm and comfortable. Although the sun shone brightly it was freezing all day. Traces of snow were to be seen in places on the mountain. After ~~supper~~ dinner Rosie and I took a long tramp over the place and back through the woods. I noted that many of the trees I had planted had made considerable growth. After supper wife and I walked down to Winworth and spent the evening with the folks. Eunice and Charlie were in Frederick playing in the orchestra at the hotel. Sister Nellie had a new radio and we listened to some good music.

Sunday, the 27th, was clear and cold, three degrees above zero in the morning but gradually rising to ten degrees during the day. I got up during the night and heard the puppies whining

(1925, Dec. Washington.

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(1925, Dec. Washington.

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and some mice squeaking. In the morning we discovered that the mice ~~and~~^{had} found the bread and butter and had a feast. All the pumps and faucets on the place were frozen and we had difficulty in thawing some of them for water. I cut some ice from one of the tanks and ~~thaw~~ melted it in a pan on the stove. At noon Charlie came for us in an automobile and took us all down to Winworth where Sister Nellie had prepared a fine dinner of roast turkey, stuffing and gravy, mashed potatoes and other vegetables, hot biscuits and butter, cranberry sauce, pies, cakes, marmalade, coffee and tea. We sat around a stove and talked and listened to the radio all the afternoon.

It was bitterly cold the next day and penetrating because of a high wind. I walked down to Winworth and visited with the folks until noon. After luncheon we packed up, James, the colored driver appeared with the automobile, and we got away at 1.20 p.m., spent an hour at Winworth, and after a cold drive reached home at 3.30 p.m.. I paid James \$20 for driving us out and back in our own machine, with an extra trip for him, a total of about 200 miles, which seemed reasonable in 1925, but rather excessive in 1932 when this was written. We had supper at a restaurant and spent the evening trying to get the house warm.

The 29th was very cold and the water pipes in the house froze. At the Farm Hands Club luncheon I heard an interesting talk by Mr. Sorrenson, Danish agricultural attache, who had spent two months in his home country in the autumn. He said that the Danish farmers had suffered because of the high exchange value of the Danish money in comparison with the money of other countries, making their returns in terms of foreign money much less than cost of production in terms of their own money. Received mail from the Rome office, including a letter from Mr. Hobson's

(1925, Dec. Washington)

E-1625

and some nice squeaking. In the morning we discovered that the mice found the bread and butter and had a feast. All the pumps and faucets on the place were frozen and we had difficulty in thawing some of them for water. I cut some ice from one of the tanks and then melted it in a pan on the stove. At noon Charlie came for us in an automobile and took us all down to Winworth where Sister Nellie had prepared a fine dinner of roast turkey, stuffing and gravy, mashed potatoes and other vegetables, hot biscuits and butter, cranberry sauce, pies, cakes, marmalade, coffee and tea. We sat around a stove and talked and listened to the radio all the afternoon.

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(1925, Dec. Washington.

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1761

secretary saying that Miss Broad, my secretary, was seriously ill. Working on my expense account. Had luncheon at a Child's restaurant of buckwheat cakes, country sausage, and maple syrup. That is my idea of a breakfast or luncheon on a cold, snappy day. It seems incredible that this feast is unknown outside the United States. I met the chief of bureau and a number of former associates. Received a package of the world census of agriculture forms from Rome. Talked with Mr. Charles J. Brand, former chief of the Bureau of Markets, then with a Fertilizer Association, about a meeting of fertilizer delegates in Rome next February or March. Saw a paragraph in the Washington ~~Times~~ press to the effect that "Estabrook Has Confidence in the Argentine Crop Estimating System," evidently based on a conversation I had the previous day with a newspaper correspondent.

The last day of the year was extremely cold. At the office I met a number of former associates, one of whom had been to Buenos Aires with the Road Congress and had made a lot of moving pictures. Had luncheon with the family and in the afternoon we went to a theater and saw Barrie's "A kiss for Cinderella," which was very good. We had supper at the Connecticut Inn in the next block from our house. On the way back we stopped to see the Johnstons at the corner of our street. Mrs. Johnston appeared to be much older and feebler than when I last saw her. Miss Abby, her daughter, greeted me with a kiss. At home wifie had old Mrs. Jenkins and her elderly daughter, Miss Mattie, spend the evening with us. Thelma coming down with a cold. Otis very tired and cross.

And so ended another year. The first three months were devoted to writing a report on Argentina and Paraguay, and full

(1925, Dec. Washington.

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And so ended another year. The first three months were devoted to writing a report on Argentina and Paraguay, and full

(1925, Dec. Washington.

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of interest because of uncertainty as to the future, aggravated by the fact that I could not discuss~~d~~ that future with my wife and a decision to accept the Rome assignment would involve separation from her and all else I held most dear. Then followed eight months of change, hard work on the census project, an interesting life experience in Rome, ending with the trip home and two weeks of home life. Not bad; might have been better; or, far worse. If the census project~~s~~ succeeds my decision will be justified and this will have been a year well spent. At any rate I have added to my store of experiences, knowledge, and mental images, that are a part of my permanent personal possessions that no change in fortune can deprive me of.

(1925, Dec. Washington.

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